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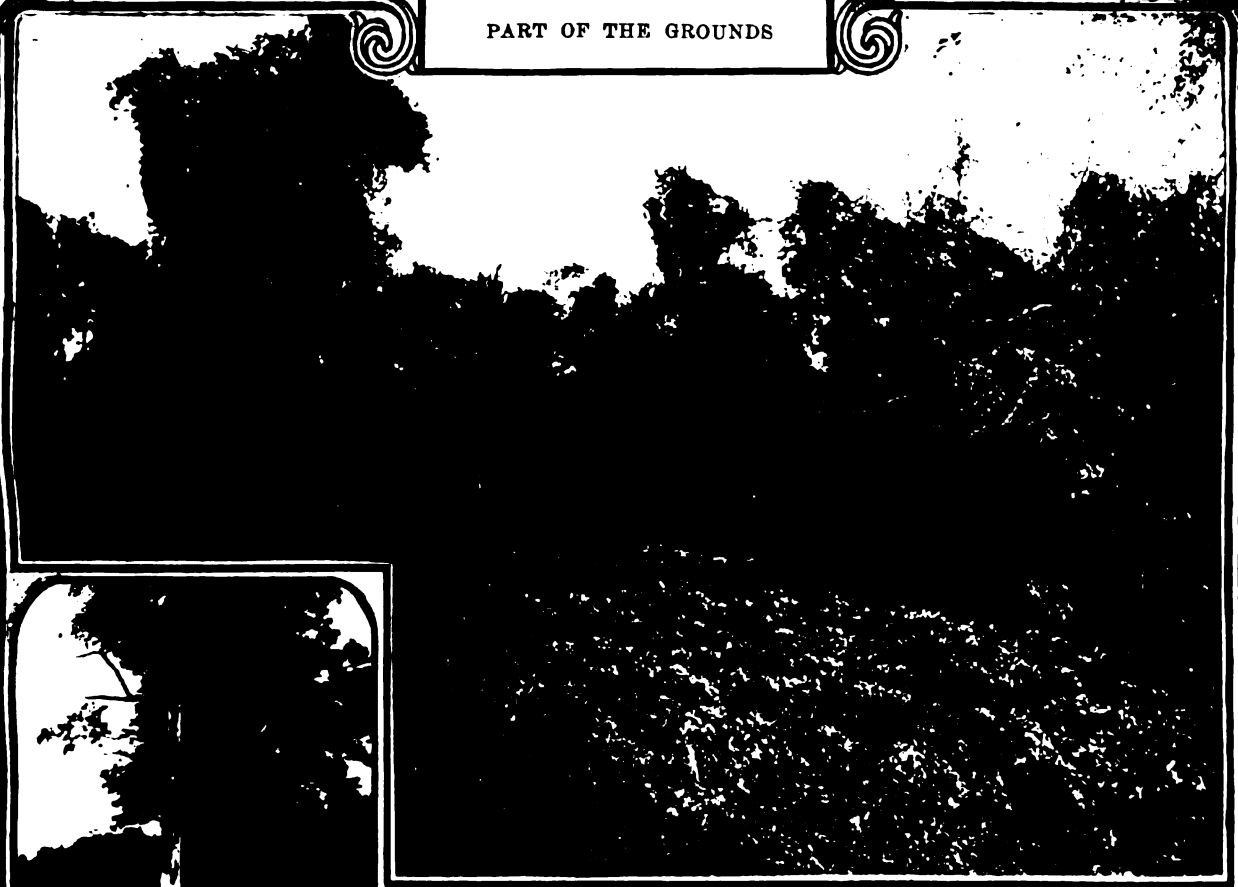
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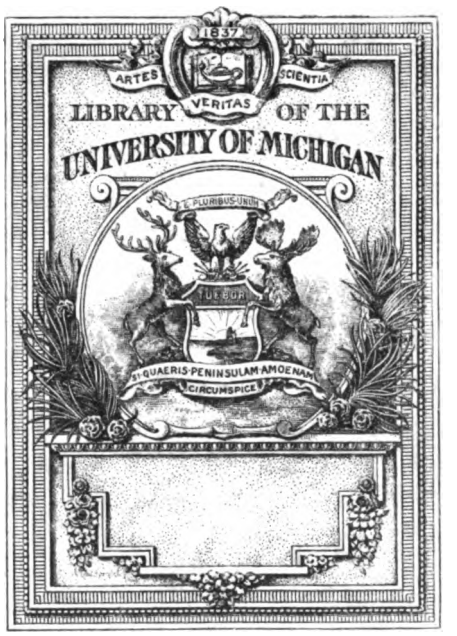
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House Beautiful

THE BACK OF THE HOUSE

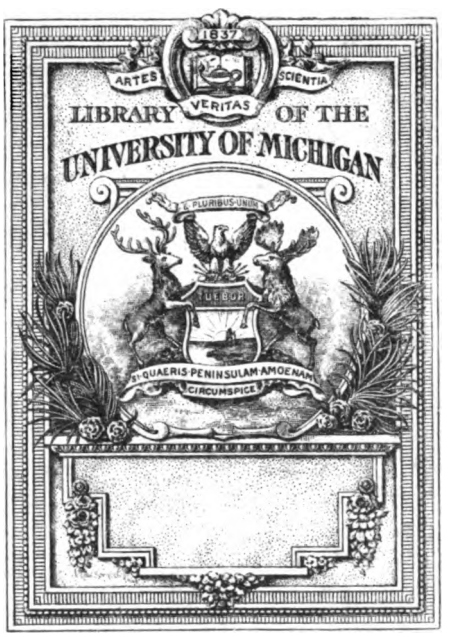
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THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL

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VOLUME XII

June to November

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HERBERT S STONE
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THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL



A MAGAZINE OF HOUSEHOLD ART AND DOMESTIC ECONOMY

JUNE 1902

OVER FIFTY ILLUSTRATIONS

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A COUNTRY HOUSE. Designed by ARTHUR HEUN.

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The HOUSE BEAUTIFUL

VOLUME TWELVE JUNE, 1902 NUMBER ONE

THE SIMPLIFICATION OF LIFE

BY MRS. HENRY WADE ROGERS

I

IT is the very joy and fullness of living that creates a longing for the simplification of life. Out of the marvelous abundance of things material and spiritual, one brief life, one limited body and brain, can appropriate so small a part for its own that wisdom in the choice becomes vital, and human nature cries out for some help and companionship in the effort to keep true to the best things life offers. The arts and inventions of modern civilization have added immensely to the chaos and complexity of life rather than tended to its simplification. The restless modern temperament, and the race after false ideals and standards, have combined to make simple and artistic living the most difficult achievement, and to confuse and mislead even enlightened spirits. It is easier to conform than to set up individual standards and hold to them. That invaluable trait in child and man, imitation, is potent for evil as well as for good. To forego luxury and put aside trivialities and superfluities is not difficult when a motive strong enough presents itself. The primitive and simple are alive in us yet, only hidden from view under rubbish. War or arctic exploration, or new gold-fields, or any cause promising glory or gain in spite of dire peril and deprivation, proves how readily the non-essentials of life are dispensed with.

But what if a wide appreciation existed of the fact that, with

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infinitely less courage and self-denial, high things are to be gotten out of life when its chaos of claims and possessions are brought to the test of simple and artistic living? What if enlightened spirits, desiring earnestly to put into life and get from it the most and the best, should begin to lead what William Morris calls "a simple life fit for men"? And to paraphrase him slightly, to attain peace, order, beauty, freedom, good will between man and man; a life free from craven care, but full of incident—not more stuffed chairs and more cushions, and more carpets and gas, and more dainty meat and drink, and therewithal more and sharper differences between class and class.

Is there a real desire for the simple life, a longing "to double the soul's leisure by halving its wants," or is it but a pose, a mood of our complex life? Is it choice that leads us to live as Tolstoi puts it, "far from nature, from animals, in artificial conditions"? Would hours with nature make us glad indeed, and other hours of companionship with kindred spirits whom now we only touch and lose in the passing show? Do we want time for books and pictures which might cheer and inspire if we could linger? times for some congenial handicraft perhaps, and to lend a helping hand in civic and social undertakings for the common good? time to think and to realize the joy of being alive and in a world of mystery and beauty? Evidence increases of an eager desire and somewhat blind striving for the simplification of life by those who have the insight to recognize the real wealth of life and its stern limitations. Not a few would forego the insistent trivialities for the illuminating verities, believing that the simple life must precede mastery, and set the human spirit free to express itself in worthy thought and deed.

The return to nature and country life is one hopeful evidence of the revolt in progress against the conventionalized and overburdened modern life, with its real joys and vital meanings overlaid by wearisome imitations and acquisitions. And as surely the revived interest in simpler architecture, and in simple and artistic household furnishing, marks the beginning of a better time. Matthew Arnold once said that in America everything was made to last one generation, and beyond that no one cared. This is still true of the vast majority of houses and furnishings, for the masses of the people do not ask for better things. But simple, strong, and beautiful design and workmanship are to be seen nowadays, and will perhaps educate public taste to the final overthrow of the unsound and the ugly.

That mouthpiece of our modern civilization, the novel, voices the note of longing for the simple life, of eagerness for relief from the needless burdens and possessions which custom saddles upon all. Richard Whiteing, in "No. 5 John Street," going to live in the slums to study social conditions, finds in his bare tenement rooms the solution of another problem:

"Monastic style!" he exclaims; "that is exactly what I want to come to. I have at last some practical insight into the mystery that the right way to belong to yourself is to have as few possessions as possible of other kinds. . . . Reduce the claim of externals—this is the true spiritual tale of the tub, and mere cynicism is no part of it."

Simplicity in the tenements is as rare

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as elsewhere he would find, for here, too, the ideal is, "more stuffed chairs, and more carpets and gas," and his tenement neighbor would speedily relegate him to the limbo of undesirable acquaintances. Elizabeth of the German Garden, too, in "The Benefactress," weaves her story around the efforts of the charming heroine to lead "the better life of simplicity, frugality, and hard work."

Life is simpler for men than for women because they must and will have it so.

"The present civilization," President Hall of Clark University tells us, "is harder on women than on men, and riches are harder on her than poverty." Men work toward a large aim for which unnecessary and frivolous demands are pushed aside. Women too often give their precious hours and efforts unstintedly and unwisely, because they are naturally long-suffering, lack courage and well-defined purpose. They have the supreme opportunity of making daily living a worthy end in itself. They succeed in burying themselves under trivial obligations and possessions, instead of rising to the level of ideal living in a simple and artistically ordered life, with time and room abundant for human gifts and graces to flower into perfection. But if women most need courage and purpose for the simplification of life, men need self-restraint, that the getting of money, or power, or knowledge even, shall not destroy the sense of proportion in life. There are men in plenty like "The Man with the Hoe," who, as Mr. Markham himself has said, "is in a large way the type of the man who has forgotten to grow, who has forgotten that man does not live by bread alone."

In a recent Christmas sermon upon "Peace on Earth," the preacher lamented the fact that modern homes with their burdensome cares and possessions were less the abodes of peace and of harmonious living than the simpler homes of our forefathers; it is not to be denied; nor that home, which should be the place of peace and the haven of rest from which one should go out fresh for work or enjoyment, and to which tired, homeless people should come to share the boon of rest and peace, is too often the place to escape from to find rest and save one's life. Women live through a few months of the wear and tear of average home life with its endless demands, and go away for long rests and the cessation of worries. Men tolerate its stress and strain, paying the bills wearily, and betaking themselves to their clubs for rest and the opportunity of free-handed hospitality. Inconvenient houses, makeshift sanitary equipment, redundant carpets, furnishings, and bric-à-brac, untrained domestic service, the struggle for effect in imitation of richer people's displays, and other potent causes make too many homes a travesty of the real thing. Hospitality vanishes in the worry over service and belongings; the forms of it which most survive are voted a bore by the long-suffering victims; children are given over more and more to "the care of the state" in kindergartens, public and high schools, museums, libraries, and parks; young people find a free and congenial meeting-ground at the country clubs and summer resorts, and in theaters and lecture-halls. The evolution of the apartment-house, and the transfer of homes into its narrow limits and conditioned existence, follow natu-

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rally from the complex and overburdened life of the time. It is not necessary to assume or claim that this change will imperil American home and social life, but few can doubt it is a radical change, and a loss that its advantages illy compensate for.

De Amicis, in his "Holland," after describing a Dutch cottage in Delft, where he was entertained, says: "That house, made me understand Holland better than all the books I had read. In our country there is no such thing as the true home; there are only divisions in barracks, abstract habitations, which are not ours, but in which we live hidden but not alone, hearing a thousand noises made by people who are strangers to us, who disturb our sorrows with the echo of their joys, and interrupt our joys with the echo of their sorrows." We are told to make the best of it, and with the rapid displacement of the single family house by the multiple apartment-house there may be nothing else to do. The city of New York, not including the boroughs added to make Greater New York, has almost ceased building separate homes. In 1890, 835 houses for single families were built in New York. The number has steadily declined since, and for ten months of 1901 the number built was 97, and for the whole year the number will not much exceed 100. As a rule these are costly dwellings for the rich.

This gregariousness rushing on apace in American cities, this living in tiers and learning to bear patiently the sound of the neighbor's pianos and noisy children, to endure the odors and publicity and restlessness of apartment-house life, is, after all, a struggle to simplify life and yet enjoy all of the "modern conveniences" and keep in close touch with the city's panoramic life. There is danger of sacrificing the wrong things in the effort to simplify. Work and care and duty are the very fabric of life, and not to be escaped, but gladly undertaken. What we get in exchange for them is the important point—whether gold or dross.

Wisdom and co-operation are needed to guide and develop the growing feeling and effort to evolve the simple life, artistically ordered, out of the average chaotic and commonplace one.

AN IDLER'S SONG

Lying, ever lying,
 Basking in the sun;
Dreaming, ever dreaming,
 Till the day is run.
What care I for work or play?
Let me dream my life away.

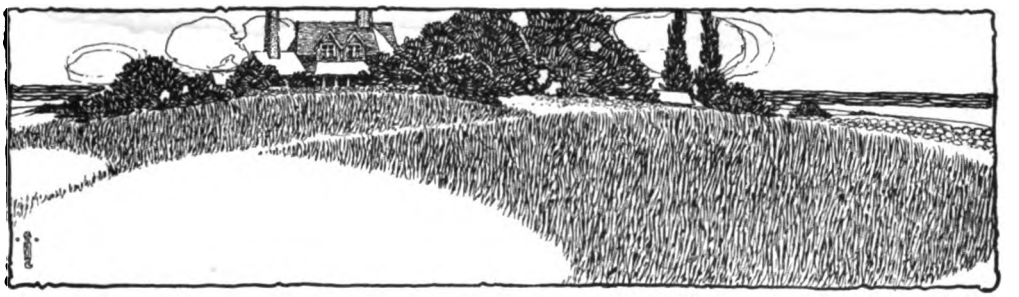
Wond'ring, ever wond'ring,
 What's behind the sky;
Watching, ever watching,
 Lazy clouds float by.
What care I for "honest pay"?
Let me dream my life away.

Singing, ever singing,
 When the lark mounts up;
Gazing, ever gazing,
 On the buttercup.
What care I for sorrow's day?
Let me dream my life away.

Loving, ever loving,
 Is it not the best?
Dreaming, ever dreaming,
 What is all the rest?
What care I for what men say?
Let me dream my life away!

ELSWORTH LAWSON.

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THE DEVELOPMENT OF A COUNTRY HOUSE

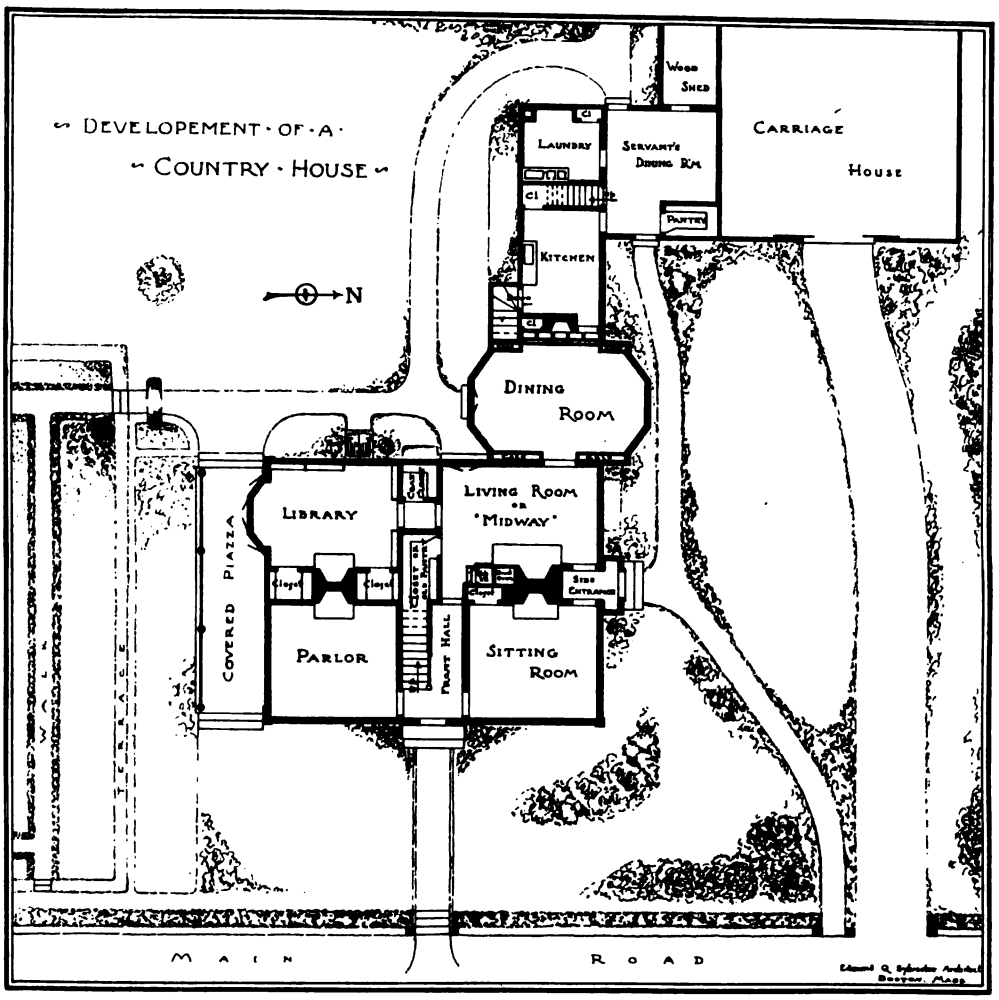
BY EDMUND Q. SYLVESTER

WE know so little about this big country of ours, after all, that it is hard to realize how many old and picturesque homes which have stood out against the marches of "progress" are scattered over it. It is only when some old house is described with pen and pencil in one of the magazines, or when some new book is presented to the public describing the colonial furniture in America, that we realize how many beautiful old homes we have, filled with charming pieces of furniture and bric-à-brac, much of it a hundred years old or more, yet well preserved, and with an air of quiet dignity and home comfort so lacking in our more modern houses.

I have in mind an old house in Hanover, Massachusetts, "Meadow-View," which was built nearly a hundred years ago, but which has been remodeled to make it convenient, yet without losing that indescribable air which a new house never has. You will see from the plan that it was originally a square house of four rooms, facing the road, beyond which are broad, rolling meadows, stretching down to a brook which wends its way along till it reaches the river, which can be seen in the distance. One of the four rooms was the old kitchen, with its huge open fireplace with crane and various kinds of hooks and brick oven; stairs leading into the cellar and a door opening into a shed. Both of these doors could be made wider when needed by removing a board on one side, which was held in place by a button at top and bottom. Later on, with the advent of stoves and the desire for more room, the kitchen was used as a dining-room, and a new kitchen made out of the shed.

But as time progressed, this room was moved still farther from the main house, and the kitchen used for a dining-room again. The rooms were then well placed, with dining-room and kitchen in the L, and the original kitchen used for a living-room; but in these days no house is comfortable with only stoves, and a dining-room nine feet wide hasn't a true air of hospitality. After many consultations, we decided to throw out a bay on each side of the dining-room, dig a subway under the south bay for a passage to cellar, remove cellar stairs to kitchen, and put in a furnace, running the flue up through the old brick oven. We now have a fine wide dining-room,

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the width being the original length; and although it is only about seven feet high, yet it looks higher by reason of wooden cases on both sides supported on brackets and running to the ceiling, filled with rare old blue china, of which the house has always boasted. It has no pictures, but depends entirely upon these cases for decorations; an Empire sideboard stands under a high window in one of the bays; a large round dining-table, not old, but made to match the sideboard, and old empire chairs, which were the one-time haircloth parlor set, but are now covered in leather. The board between it and the old kitchen was permanently removed, giving a generous opening into the living-room, or "midway," as it is commonly called.

This is still as undoubtedly it was when used as kitchen, dining-room, and general living-room, the most attractive room in the house, with a cheerful fire always burning in the large fireplace;

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the old crane on which still hang the many hooks, the deep broad hearth—the bricks worn and settled in many places, and door opening into the brick oven, now concealing the furnace flue. A long casement window, put in where the cellar stairs cut out a valuable corner, lets in a flood of sunshine, and here stand the old clock, desk, and bed-lounge, the oldest inhabitants of the house.

The other rooms have not been changed; the library, with broad windows leading on to the piazza, which was added at the same time the other changes were made, overlooking the old-fashioned garden, with box paths separating beds filled with cheerful bachelor's-buttons, effective hollyhocks, and a wild mass of old-fashioned roses, and other flowers of long ago peeping out from unexpected places in their season.

The parlor is papered with the original paper which was brought from "over seas," as was some of the furniture, by the owner, a sea captain. The photographs show how attractive and remarkable this paper is, although they give no idea of the exquisite coloring, which has never faded, and there is no mark of age on any of the walls after all these years. It is the story of the shipwreck of Telemachus on Calypso's beautiful island, all richly colored the delicate greens of trees and grass, the lovely blue of sky and sea, combined with distance and drawing which would do credit to the modern artist. This is not exactly a room to be lived in, but is kept more for a "show-room," with furniture and ornaments quite stiff and severe. The original chairs were those rare old rush bottoms with openwork backs, which are still in use in various parts of the house, and may be seen in several of the photographs.

The papers in guest-room and hall are also the original papers, but they are not as well preserved, being somewhat defaced by use and dampness. These are more curious than beautiful, although the color, which is largely gray with a touch of pink in the border, is very restful after the brilliant coloring of some of our modern papers.

There are many interesting associations con-

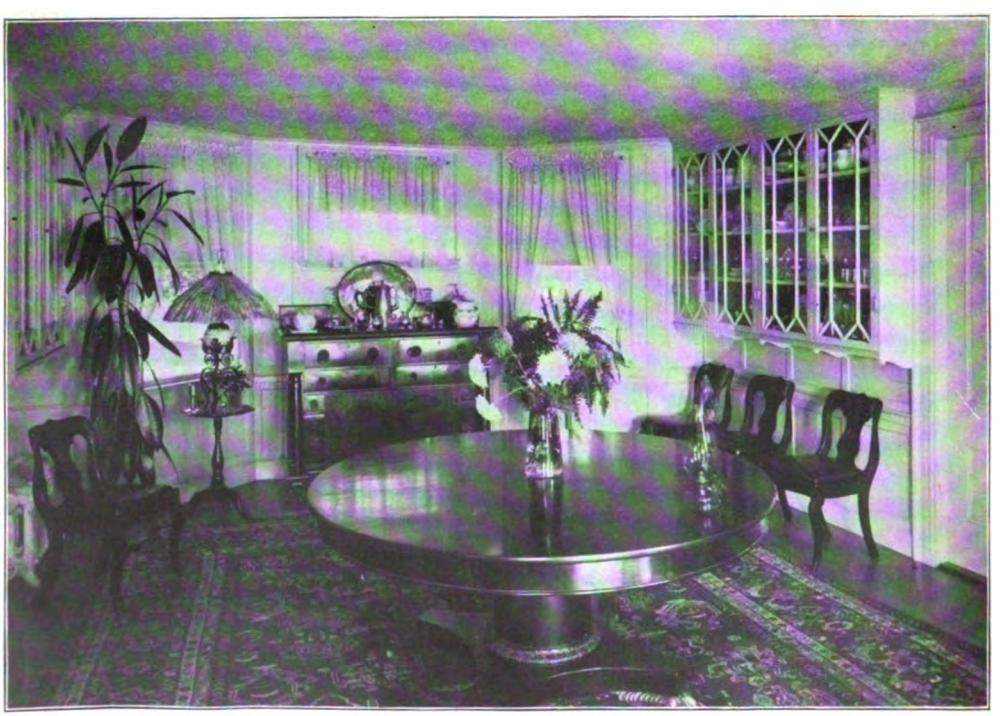


THE OLD WALL-PAPER

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THE SOUTH END OF THE DINING-ROOM



THE NORTH END OF THE DINING-ROOM, SHOWING THE OLD SIDEBOARD, TABLE, AND CHAIRS

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nected with this old house, in which the harmony of old and new has been preserved; but perhaps the most interesting of all is the fact that it has always been lived in by direct descendants of the original owner, which is something remarkable in these days of "no homes" in this movable country of ours.



THE GUEST-ROOM

MISS STARR'S BOOKBINDING

BY WALLACE RICE

IF it be assumed that a worthy book is to receive the worthiest possible treatment, it must, of course, be viewed from an artistic, and not from a commercial, vantage-point when its binding is to be considered. For commercial uses the present methods answer admirably, and the present generation has seen such a growth of artistic feeling in and through the commercial aspect of the case as gives great hope and encouragement to lovers of the beautiful everywhere. But it is still to be remembered that these bindings, however beautiful in the design, are purely a question of machinery in the application and reduction to practice, and can never be considered as the worthiest envelopes for a

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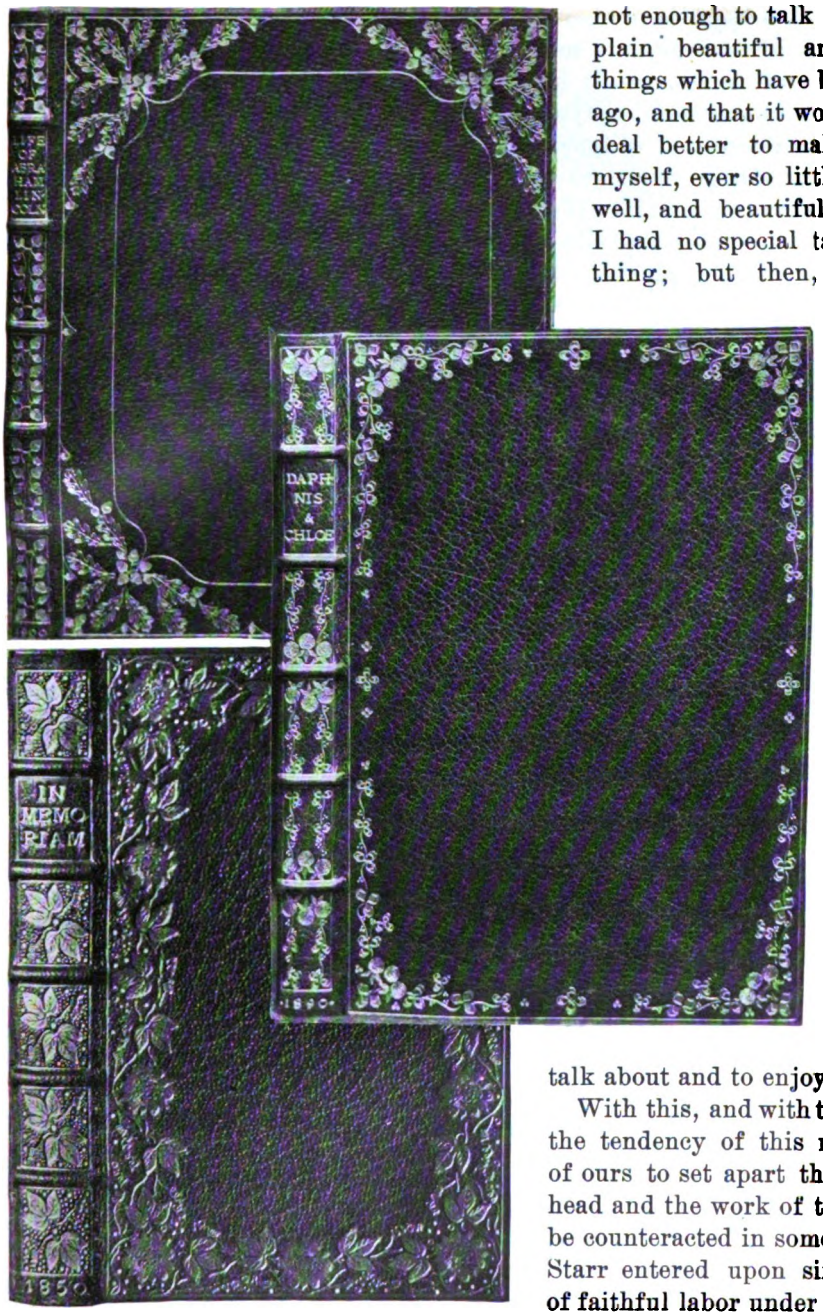
worthy book. For the human mind is a finite organ, and mechanical symmetry and rigidity are distasteful to it; and art must always be the product of the human hand, with such simple tools as it may properly wield, animated always by loving care and by the joy of doing.

A little reflection will show what a thoroughly worthy binding for a worthy book cannot be. Since art excludes mere commercialism, it can never have the appearance, in the commercial sense, of looking cheap. Cheap leather of the commercial sort, common calfskin or common chamois, may do very well indeed for boots or undervests, but not for bookbindings. If the flesh side of the leather be turned outward, not only is the process of nature reversed, but the purchaser of a book with its leather cover reversed will suffer. The softness and lack of finish on the wrong side of leather make it pretty for the moment, and enable the manufacturer to produce some meretricious and striking effects by inexpensive means; but the book cannot be handled without showing signs of wear at once, it is certain to collect dust, whereby the pages within must become soiled by reason of this lack of smoothness, and unless it be the proper function of a worthy book to keep itself out of sight in a box, for all the world like a body in a vault, such binding cannot be considered to be binding at all. It will also be found, when this sort of thing is resorted to, that the means taken to insure the permanence of the binding will be of the cheapest, nothing but the pasting in of a thin slip of paper serving to hold wrapper and book together. This sort of thing, then, is all that a worthy binding should not be.

There remain two things for the publisher of the worthiest possible books to do: he may place so simple a wrapper on his book that it will be apparent as a mere convenience to hold the volume together until a really worthy binding can be substituted for it; or he may himself set up a bindery in connection with his establishment, either in person or through another, as Mr. T. J. Cobden-Sanderson set up the Doves Bindery adjacent to William Morris's Kelmscott Press. The connoisseur will, therefore, obtain from the worthy presses either a worthy book in the worthy binding, which is the work of some great binder associated more or less intimately with the press, or in the plain boards or vellum which shall hold the book together until he can transmit the book to some binder of his own choice, at once an artist and an artisan.

Since William Morris's ideas of art, even where least accepted as conclusive, are everywhere revivifying and rejuvenating the art of the English-speaking peoples, particularly in the matter of presenting the worthiest possible books in the worthiest possible dress, association with the Kelmscott Press or the Doves Bindery is, so to speak, an imprimatur that certain conclusions of Morris respecting the handicrafts will be carried out in practice. It was undoubtedly the dominance of the Morris conception of art, as expressed in his lectures by way of theory, and in his whole later life by way of practice, that led a Chicago woman, Miss Ellen G. Starr, to drop her lecturing on art, and leave the kindly atmosphere of Hull-House to serve her apprenticeship under Mr. Cobden-Sanderson in Hammersmith. She says herself:

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THREE EXAMPLES OF MISS STARR'S BOOKBINDING

"I began to feel that it was not enough to talk about and explain beautiful and well-made things which have been done long ago, and that it would be a great deal better to make something myself, ever so little, thoroughly well, and beautiful of its kind. I had no special talent for anything; but then, suppose that all the people who had no genius, in the ages when the most beautiful building, carving, book-making, silver and gold smithing, and the like were done, had fallen to talking about the work of past ages, and refused to do any work themselves, how much less we should have now to talk about and to enjoy!"

With this, and with the notion that the tendency of this modern world of ours to set apart the work of the head and the work of the hand must be counteracted in some degree, Miss Starr entered upon sixteen months of faithful labor under the eye of her master, whose work has been given the approval of the best judges of

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bookbinding all the world over. If the apprenticeship seem short—and short it unquestionably is if the absolute mastery of a handicraft is sought—it had its compensations in the moral earnestness and mental maturity of the apprentice; and, let us flatter ourselves as Americans, in a certain Yankee deftness and handiness that runs in the blood, and is not to be acquired by thick-witted Europeans working in a sluggish atmosphere.

The proof of the workwoman is her work, in the last analysis. Since Miss Starr's return to Hull House in Chicago, where she maintains her shop, much that she has done deserves high praise for its conscientious workmanship, for its faithful carrying out of the spirit of her master's designs, and for close adherence to the principle of binding none but worthy books, and those in the worthiest manner. In spite of the disadvantages under which the American bookbinder labors in respect of the finest materials, which must be had in Paris, and after much has been taken by the famous Parisian bookbinders, Miss Starr has achieved some noteworthy results in her chosen occupation.

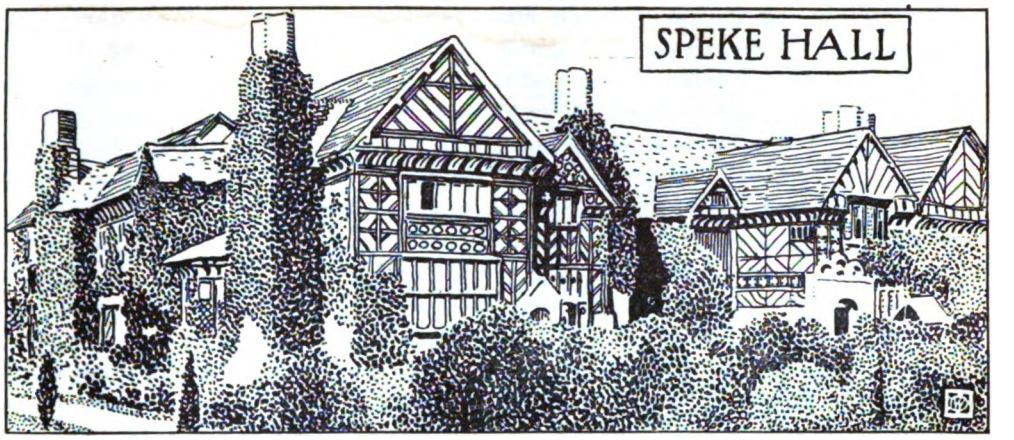
Without descending into minute detail, it must be felt that an indisputable appropriateness—and that not the servile grouping of self-evident similars which led Morris to damn all mere appropriateness—is implicit in the use of clover leaves and blossoms for the simple pastoral of "Daphnis and Chloe," the passion-flower and its vine for "In Memoriam," the lily and its bending bud and stalk for "The Idylls of the King," and the oak leaves and acorns for the "Life of Abraham Lincoln." Could the work be examined more minutely and at first hand, many more things would become evident: but they may be summed up in a few words: Joy in labor, expressed by the use of the best attainable materials to produce the best attainable results by the skilled hand of the artist-artisan, is the gist of the entire matter.

"THEY TOIL NOT!"

The Lily of the Valley giveth pause!
 In all the perfumed and pervasive air
 There is no bloom so lowly and so fair
Wherein mere beauty hath more righteous cause!
Yet labor from no worthy life withdraws.
 Doth Nature from her dusty workshop flare
 This signal forth to show that toil will wear
A robe of rest when wise men make our laws?
Methinks I read this lesson in thee, flower!
 That I may rest me yonder by the stream
 Which fails not, flowing ever to the sea,
May thoughtful linger there and learn of Power!
 Nor deem my life be lost if I but dream
 With thee, of all the Good enfolding me!

CHARLES W. STEVENSON.

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THE VALUE OF VINES AS DECORATION

BY ALICE M. KELLOGG

EVERY one who visits rural England during the summer months carries away with him vivid mind pictures of its beautiful homes. There the completing touch to an historical, architectural background is the spontaneous, exuberant growth of trees, flowers, shrubs, and vines. Through the agency of time these become incorporated in an artistic unity with the buildings.

As shown in the illustrations, the massing of foliage against the houses is often accomplished by the simple expedient of sturdy vines. This point will appeal to those in our own country who are intent upon beautifying their home grounds. Here the value of vine decoration should not be overlooked.

The use of vines is universally acceptable to the town house, the suburban villa, and country residence; to homes of high degree, and to the humble cottages of work-a-day people. Irrespective of plants or other growths necessary for landscape-gardening, the vines entirely by themselves may be the means of giving a picturesque setting to a house. Experiments, too, with vines do not incur the risks nor incur the disappointments that attend efforts on a more expansive scale.

After hardy vines are planted out, and show their willingness to make their characteristics known, there is a waiting space of time that may be profitably covered with some of the quick-growing annuals. To hurry these forward to reach their best effects in flower and foliage by midsummer, the seeds should be started indoors very early in the spring. Especially necessary is this plan if the vines are to be depended upon for shading the piazza.

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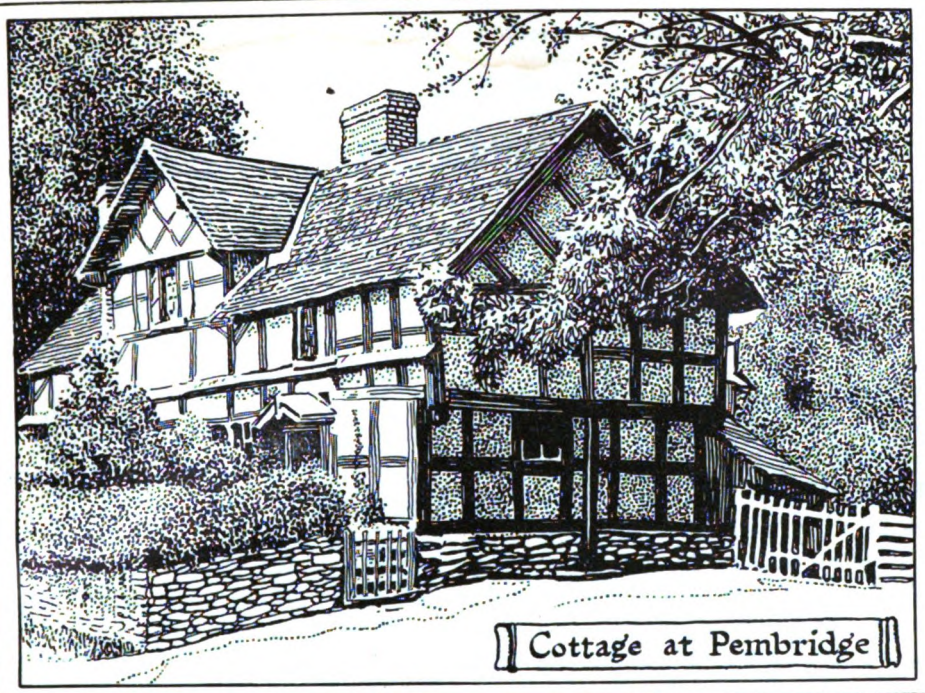
The training of the vines should aim towards a distinctive treatment individually. The wild cucumber's graceful festoons may be used to form an archway at an entrance. The dark, close-set leaves and curious blossoms of the cobæa scandens are peculiarly interesting when twined near a window for indoor enjoyment. The straight, stiff lines of the convolvulus major seem admirably suited to small, narrow openings and an eastern exposure. The bright little blossoms of the flowering bean demand a support from some leafier vine. The gourd requires a high perch for its final resting-place, and the delicate leaves of the thunbergia speak for a slender cord to uphold them. Each one of these every-day climbers has varied and interesting possibilities of culture. The eye for seeing and the hand for accomplishing must be invested with the imagination and taste of an artist combined with the practical attributes of labor and patience.

The hardy vines—creepers, ivys, hop, clematis, honeysuckle, and roses — in the course of time may supersede the annuals, but they will receive the benefit of experiments upon the latter climbers both in regard to position and growth.

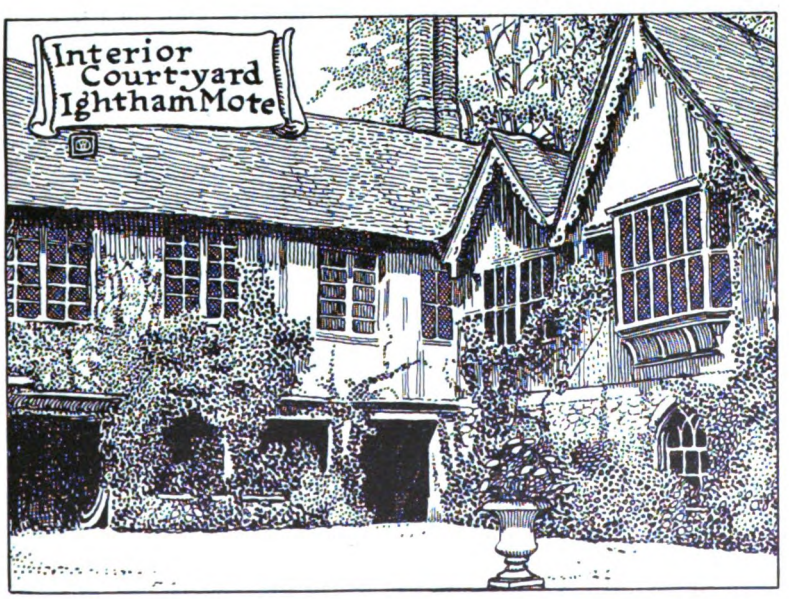
Vandalism in the Shakespeare Church

Professor Albert H. Smyth, in a letter to the *Public Ledger*, of Philadelphia, written from Stratford-on-Avon, thus refers to certain strange proceedings in the church of Shakespeare's burial, carried on under the name of "restoration": Sir Theodore Martin recently placed in Stratford church a marble pulpit of exquisite workmanship, as a permanent memorial to his distinguished and lamented wife. It was a generous and beautiful gift, but it was not received without an unseemly squabble as to its design and its place in the church. It is my unpleasant duty to relate that it has already been mutilated, and that its mutilation has evidently been planned and ordered by some one high in authority. One of the beautifully carved figures about the pulpit represented St. Jerome, bearing a crozier. By some mysterious order, and apparently without any communication with the generous donor of the pulpit, or with any other person whatsoever, the crozier has been sawed away from the figure, apparently because ecclesiastical pedantry is offended by the assumption that St. Jerome was a bishop! Many and strange have been the changes made in Shakespeare's church in the last fifteen years. In the name of "restoration," a work of destruction and transformation has gone steadily on. The galleries have been torn down, and the solid masonry back of the bust has been removed to make way for a hideous window, vulgarly suggestive of the Stratford "mop." Even the old church doors have mysteriously disappeared, vanishing like the gates of Gaza, if not upon a strong man's back, at least by a strong man's will and stern compulsion. When the visitor looks up to the hoary, crumbling tower of the Guild Chapel, and understands that no passion of homage can possibly perpetuate much longer its matchless charm, and realizes that a little care and money now might save all that beauty to the world, he becomes more impatient of the petty vandalism and unnecessary waste of money in the alterations in the church, which make the sacred place strange to the eyes of those who, a few years ago, loved to pray and meditate by the grave of Shakespeare.

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Cottage at Pembridge



Interior Court-yard Ightham Mote

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THE CRAFTMAN'S LIBRARY

BY GARDNER C. TEALL

AN essential factor to the fullest success in his accomplishments is the artist-craftsman's working library. His tastes may not be bookish, wherefore he may forget the necessity, or at least the advantage, of an acquaintance with the literature of his craft. I do not know that William Morris urged this in his writings, but he did in his conversations, and in his spoken advice to young artist-craftsmen.

There is a certain joy in picking things up for one's self, yet after all, it is extravagant to spend time in re-solving problems already solved, when the process does not discipline one. In all of his many experiments with glass, dyes, textiles, printing, and the like, William Morris consulted and possessed himself of many volumes throwing even a gleam of light on the subjects he was investigating. When he led in the English revival of art-craftsmanship, there was little this side of sixteenth-century literature which helped him in his investigations. Many were the ancient manuscript books of dyers' recipes, old pattern books, and other records which he and his helpers consulted. The present awakening has brought forth many valuable volumes to stimulate an interest in the arts and crafts. There are many books for the connoisseur, and sooner or later the artist-craftsman should receive some inspiration from them, even though he himself is neither a collector nor a hobbyist. However, those books which add a greater impetus to the producer by reason of their practical texts are the books every artist-craftsman is urged to absorb. I have met with many clever beginners whose ingenuity paused over the stumbling-blocks which a little technical knowledge would have removed. This technical knowledge is, much of it, to be added to in the practice by a study of the methods, the results, and the directions of those who, mastering their crafts, have written to aid others. Technical literature is what we have to take the place of the mediæval system of apprenticeship. Of course no craftsman can read himself into a skilful worker—I do not mean that he can—but technical reading will prove an excellent master to him along with the exercise of his natural skill.

In the plan I have adopted in my own working library, the various acquired volumes are bound in stout buckram, one color for books on metal-working; another color for books on wood-working; brown for works on textiles; dark green for works on pottery; blue for works on design, etc. In their stout coverings they stand the wear of bench-reference admirably, and their varicolored bindings facilitate returning to their proper shelf-places.

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Then one often wishes to preserve certain articles clipped from periodical literature. For these I have planned pamphlet cases which fit in the shelves. Each reference so filed is secured in a stout manila paper wrapper, labeled with the title, and a pamphlet-case reserved for each general subject.

Aside from these technical books and reference clippings, there are other shelves for periodicals devoted to the art-crafts (THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL and foreign periodicals of interest), and still other and separate shelves for volumes of general interest, but not of strictly technical matter. Such books, nevertheless, cannot help but exercise a broadening influence on the craftsman's art.

Those artist-craftsmen whose devotion to their art extends to its literature may be interested in having before them such a little bibliography as the following. It is merely suggestive, but it may be of use in calling attention to titles not before noticed, perhaps, by some concerned.

Basketry

1. Raphia and Reed Weaving. Knapp. Milton Bradley Co., N. Y., 50c.
2. How to Make Baskets. Mary White. Doubleday, Page & Co., N. Y., $1.00.
3. Cane Basket Work. Firth. Scribner's, N. Y., 65c.
4. Indian Basketry. G. W. James. Brentano's, N. Y., $2.00.

Embroidery and Lace

1. A Manual of Needlework. E. Rosevear. Macmillan, N. Y., 60c.
2. Dictionary of Needlework. Caulfield & Saward. Scribner's, N. Y., $8.40.
3. Needlework as Art. Lady Marian Alford. Sampson, Low & Co., London, 21s.
4. Samplers. Huish. Longmans, Green & Co., N. Y.
5. Embroidery and Lace. E. Lefebvre. Lippincott, $3.50.
6. History of Lace. Mrs. Pallisser. Scribner's, $12.00.

Bookbinding, Decoration, Book-Plates

1. Bookbinding and the Care of Books. Cockerell. D. Appleton & Co., N. Y., $1.20.
2. Bookbinding for Amateurs. W. Crane. Scribner's, N. Y., $1.00.
3. English Embroidered Bindings. C. Davenport. Macmillan, N. Y., $3.50.
4. Historical Sketch of Bookbinding. S. T. Prideaux. Scribner's, N. Y., $2.40.
5. The Decorative Illustration of Books. W. Crane. Macmillan, N. Y., $3.50.
6. English Book-plates. Castle. Macmillan, N. Y., $3.50.
7. Ladies' Book-plates. Labouchere. Macmillan, N. Y., $3.00.
8. German Book-plates. Count zu Leiniger-Westerberg. Macmillan, N. Y., $4.00.
9. American Book-plates. C. D. Allen. A. Wessels, N. Y., $3.00.
10. The Rise of the Book-plate. W. G. Bowdoin. Mansfield, N. Y., $2.00.

Design

1. The Bases of Design. Walter Crane. Macmillan, N. Y., $6.00.
2. Decorative Heraldry. W. G. Eve. Macmillan, N. Y., $3.50.
3. Alphabets. E. F. Strange. Macmillan, N. Y., $1.50.
4. Plant and Floral Studies for Craftsmen. Townsend, $2.00.
5. Studies in Plant Form and Design. Midgeley & Lilley. Chapman & Hall, London, 4s.

Fans and Jewelry

1. A Book about Fans. Flory & Jones. Macmillan, N. Y., $6.00.
2. Modern Design in Jewelry and Fans. John Lane, N. Y., $1.75.
3. Enameling on Metals. Cunynghame. Macmillan, $1.00.

Glass

1. Stained Glass as an Art. Holiday. $6.50.
2. Glass-blowing and Glass-working. T. Bolas. Truslove & Comba, N. Y., $1.00.
3. Glass-working. Cassell & Co., N. Y., 40c.
4. A Booke of Sundry Draughtes for Glasiers. Walter Gidde, 1615. Reprinted. Leadenhall Press, London, 6s.

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Metal-Working

1. Iron Work of all Ages. J. S. Gardiner. Chapman & Hall, London, 6s.
2. Elementary Metal Work. Cassell & Co., N. Y., $1.50.
3. Metal-working. J. Lukin. Scribner's, N. Y., 40c.
4. Russian Art. A. Maskell. Chapman & Hall, London, 4s.
5. Ancient and Modern Gold and Silversmith's Work. Pollen. Chapman & Hall, London, 2s. 6d.

Potter's Art

1. Treadwell's Potter's Manual. Frost & Adams Co., Boston, $2.75.
2. Pottery Decorating and Underglaze. Louise McLaughlin. Frost & Adams Co., Boston, $1.00.
3. Pottery and Porcelain of the United States. Barber. G. P. Putnam's Sons, N. Y., $3.50.

Textiles, Etc.

1. The Dyeing of Textile Fabrics. Professor Hummel. Cassell & Co., N. Y., $1.75.
2. Textile Fabrics. Very Rev. Daniel Rock. Chapman & Hall, London, 2s. 6d.
3. Designs in Textile Fabrics. Ashenhurst. Cassell, N. Y., $1.50.
4. Some Notes on Pattern Designing. William Morris. Longmans, Green & Co., N. Y., $1.00.
5. Textiles, etc., in South Kensington Museum. Rock. Chapman & Hall, London, 2s. 6d.
6. Bayeux Tapestry. F. R. Fouke. Macmillan, N. Y., $3.50.
7. Tapestry. A. de Champeaux. Chapman & Hall, London, 2s. 6d.
8. Gordon on Tapestry Painting. Frost & Adams, Boston, $3.50.
9. Costume in England. Fairholt. Macmillan, N. Y., $3.50.
10. Leather Work. C. G. Leland. Macmillan, N. Y., $1.50.

Woodworking

1. Polishes and Stains for Woods. Deeming. Scribner's, N. Y., $1.00.
2. The Art and Craft of Cabinet-making. Deeming. Macmillan, N. Y., $1.50.
3. Wood-finishing. Cassell & Co., N. Y., 40c.
4. A Course in Wood-carving, Japanese method. Ch. Holme. John Lane, N. Y., $1.00.
5. Wood-carving in Theory and Practice. Schauermann. Chapman & Hall, London, 5s.
6. The New Education: Woodwork. R. Wake. Chapman & Hall, London, 12s.
7. Furniture and Woodwork, Historical. Pollen. Chapman & Hall, London, 2s. 6d.

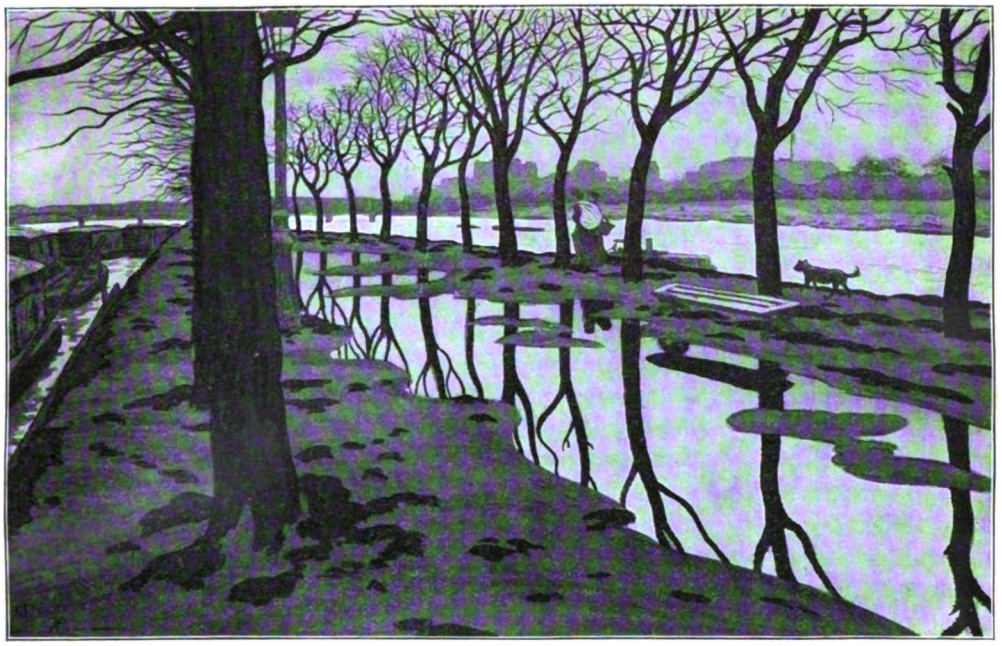
Miscellaneous

1. Elements of Handicraft. Benson. Macmillan, N. Y., $1.60.
2. Arts and Crafts Essays. William Morris, Walter Crane, etc. Longmans, Green & Co., N. Y., $1.00.
3. Industrial Arts of Scandinavia. H. Hildebrand. Chapman & Hall, London, 2s. 6d.
4. Industrial Arts of Denmark. J. Warsaal. Chapman & Hall, London, 3s. 6d.
5. The Training of a Craftsman. F. Miller. Truslove & Comba, N. Y., $2.00.
6. Decorative Painting (Textiles, Leather, Plaster, etc.). Saward. Scribner's, N. Y., $1.40.
7. Picture Framing. J. Lukin. Scribner's, N. Y., 40c.
8. Varied Occupations in Weaving. Mary Walker. Macmillan, N. Y., $1.00.
9. Varied Occupations in String-work. Mary Walker. Macmillan, $1.25.
10. The Mechanic's Friend. W. Axon. Kegan Paul, Trench & Co., London, 3s. 6d.

NOTE.—To the present time the best guides to the art of illuminating will be found in periodical references. It is likewise with certain other artistic crafts.



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ONE OF RIVIERE'S LITHOGRAPHS

SOME INEXPENSIVE NEW PRINTS

BY ISABEL McDOUGALL

Art that is in the Reach of All

WHEN a band of restless, experimenting Parisian artists turned their attention to the possibilities of various kinds of color-printing, benevolence was not among the springs of their action. Nevertheless, they have conferred a genuine benefaction upon innumerable lovers of beauty in two hemispheres. For where Parisian artists lead the way, Belgian, Dutch, German, and English soon follow, and between them they have put actual works of art in color within the reach of thousands of modest purses. For from three dollars to thirty dollars may be had original and beautiful prints going by various names—colored etchings, lithographs, auto-lithographs, litho-tints, block-prints, etc.

The poster craze, to which we also owe some slight improvement in our theater bill-boards and a marked step forward in commercial book-covers, no doubt suggested to successful designers that decorative lithographs might be in demand for other than advertising purposes. Thereupon, Mucha put forth any quantity of exotic beauties—The Seasons, The Months, The Hours, and so on—wearing fantastic floral head-dresses

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or curious golden helmets from whose confines tresses wandered out tendril-like, and wove themselves into strange patterns. And Berthon set mediæval damsels amid fields of flowers, with their hair waving out like blond flags against the sky. And Grasset, with a turn towards sadder thoughts, depicted weird ladies groping their way through life like Maeterlinck's heroines.

Perhaps none of Mucha's is really any better than his famous blue-and-gold mosaic of "Gismonda," and none of Grasset's touches a higher point than his "Jeanne d'Arc"; but the new ones have the same individual charm of design, they are more carefully printed on more durable paper, and they are not perpetual reminders of Bernhardt's latest play, or of Somebody's bitters. Framed in a broad flat band of wood stained black or green or yellow, they make stunning decorations for a room pitched in their own key. You cannot set one in a gold and ivory drawing-room amid a group of delicate miniatures, but it is admirable on the strong tints now favored for walls, and in conjunction with the sturdy "Mission" or "Arts and Crafts" furniture so much used. For halls, for dens, for country clubs, nothing could be better and few things as good.

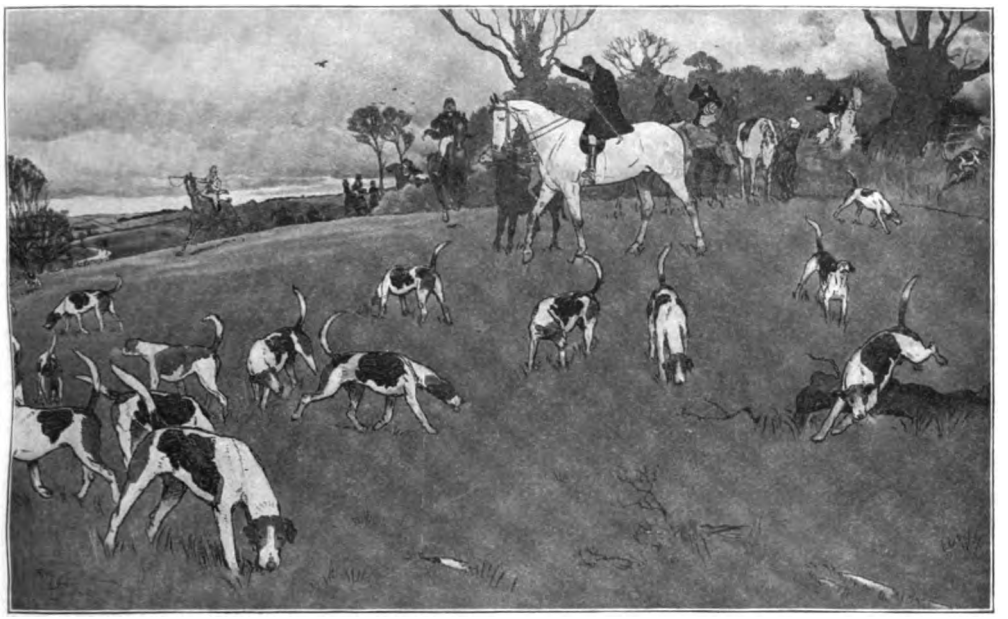
I have seen one of Berthon's or André des Gachons's tall Blessed Damosels most effectively filling the frame of an unused door. An oak over-mantel, with more brackets and shelves than the law allows, was fairly redeemed by Mucha's "Zodiac" head in a wide oak frame incorporated as a sort of center-piece. Others, again, hung in spaces where nothing else came in conflict with them, giving color and dignity far beyond comparison with a horde of small photographs which they replaced.

Cassiers, the Belgian, is best known for his brilliant posters for certain steamship lines, representing the arrival of these vessels watched by Dutch rustics in garments striped, spotted, and even patched with all the colors of the rainbow. Cassiers is a serious and skilful painter. In the intervals between medal-winning canvases at the Salons, he has taken pleasure in setting forth Dutch rural scenes in simple, joyous flat tints. There are fisherfolk and peasant girls in queer caps and gilt ornaments; there are milk-maids with yokes and buckets on their shoulders crossing the greensward towards black and white cows; there are canals mirroring golden sunsets, bordered with windmills and red-roofed cottages; there are heavy barges being loaded at antique docks. All are composed in a major key, like healthy tunes for children. They light up a room like sunshine, and put to shame the sentimentality of many an expensive picture that has not half their artfully concealed art.

Cecil Aldin, an Englishman, is the author of a number of sporting prints—foxhounds and huntsmen in red coats, old-inn parlors with bewigged worthies playing whist, and other scenes that are lively, picturesque and humorous without being caricatures. Hall and Suthers are two men that work as one on similar subjects, and so does Drummond. Their productions are eminently suitable for smoking-rooms, billiard-rooms, masculine "dens," and for some kinds of dining-rooms and halls.

Everybody knows William Nicholson's wonderfully clever portraits of Kipling, Whistler, Queen Victoria, and others.

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A SPORTING PRINT BY CECIL ALDIN

Less known is his inimitable set of "London Types" and of outdoor games. Le Forestier, a Frenchman, is getting out a series of French hunting pictures, done in much the same dark, solid manner, reminiscent of old wood blocks. Both deserve a place among the most genuinely artistic of modern workers.

Best of all, to the writer's taste, are Henri Rivière's suave landscapes. Rivière is not a poster artist, although he designed some music covers that were the talk of artistic Paris. One of his most beautiful works was "La Marche vers l'Etoile," where, in a few tones of deep blue, a few broken white gleams, the midnight desert was suggested, and over its emptiness moved all the pilgrims, legendary or symbolic, who have yearningly followed the Star of Bethlehem—shepherds, wise men, kings of Orient, soldiers, and so down to the weary and heavy-laden of to-day. All appear as silhouettes, vague and full of meaning, part of the innumerable caravan that moves towards the hope of the world.

There must be nearly a score of Rivière's large serene landscapes. Many of them concern those banks of the Seine that all dwellers thereon love with a contagious and deep-rooted affection, "far-brought from out the storied past." One has the Institut in the foreground, and farther up-stream that veritable heart of the world-city, "La Cité," with its twin gray towers. Another gives a lovely twilight view of the Bridge of the Holy Fathers (which sounds as odd in English as Thackeray's "New-Street-of-the-Little-Fields"); this is low-toned, with banks of purple cloud on the horizon; on the olive river, frisky bateaux-mouches and long strings of laden

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barges; on the shore an occasional spark from street lamp or early lighted window. Another is a decorative transcript of the suburb called "L'ile aux Cygnes," where a row of bare trees doubles itself in the reflections of a yellow pool, and a solitary workingwoman and a stray dog walk beneath them, as in one of Raffaelli's pictures.

Sometimes Rivière goes outside of Paris, and shows the Swiss mountains or the nocturnal sea, with a fleet of fishing-smacks bathed in dim starlight. Once he shows the ocean sunny and breezy, and once he depicts it foaming against some steep corrugated cliffs, with sure-footed cattle browsing on the short turf beyond. One of his most touching pictures is "Moonrise" in a scattered hamlet, where the smoke mounts straight into the still air from chimneys of thatched huts on a stony hillside, and a few peasants and domestic animals breathe a moment's leisure at the close of day.

Rivière uses few colors; that is where his extraordinary art comes in. His effects are had principally through harmonious combinations of browns, blues, grays, and greens, printed in smooth spaces, with more the quality of a Japanese wood-block than of a lithographic stone. How it is done puzzles American lithographers, consequently as yet his prints have not been cheapened by reproduction and imitation, as has befallen those of Cassiers and Mucha. They measure about thirty by twenty inches, sizable pieces of color for six dollars, and every inch a work of art. The other prints mentioned run less in size, and in price down to two dollars. Any one of them is infinitely preferable to a tinted photograph, a weak water-color, or an inferior oil-painting.



THE "ZODIAC" HEAD BY MUCHA

"But mere lithographs, next door to chromos!" some one objects.

Be not deceived. The usual chromo or lithograph is an imitation painting. Some small man is copying some great man's work—copying it, moreover, in a medium never intended to produce a like result and inadequate to produce it. These modern color-prints are not copied from anything else; they do not pretend to be other than they are; they are original works designed especially for this very process, and using to the full its peculiar qualities. The men who do them are men of acknowledged talent. Their productions are stamped with the same originality, the same spontaneity, that makes an etching—a "painter-etching"—valuable.

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CONTRARIWISE

BY CAROLINE McCORMICK

Mamma was once a little girl
Just eight years old, like me;
But, oh, she was as diff'rent—well,
As diff'rent as could be.

She never wanted marmalade
Or jam spread on her bread;
And all alone up in the dark
She liked to go to bed.

And when her nurse would pull her hair
I think she always smiled;
And everybody loved her 'cause
She was the goodest child.

She must have hated holidays
And playing in the yard,
And liked her lessons best of all
Whenever they were hard.

Do you suppose that she climbed trees
And tore her Sunday frocks,
Or ruined all her nice new shoes
In climbing on the rocks?

Or teased the cat, or spilled the ink,
Or ever broke her toys?
I don't, because she didn't want
To romp like naughty boys.

She could read books, and she could sew
As well as her mamma,
And she could really play a piece
To please her dear papa.

I saw a picture of her once,
And I don't look like that—
P'raps I could be the way she was
In such a funny hat.

I must be very bad, I s'pose,
And yet it seems to me,
I'm glad I'm not that little girl
Mamma once used to be.

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HOW TO FURNISH A DINING-ROOM

THE FIRST OF A SERIES OF PRACTICAL ARTICLES TREATING THE PRINCIPAL ROOMS OF A HOUSE

MORE than any other spot in the house should the dining-room express comfort, hospitality, good cheer. It may do so in the splendid terms of a Renaissance banquet-hall, with colored marbles, gobelin tapestries, gold plate, and cut crystal, or it may hint at the homely welcome of a country inn, where bread and cheese and ale are dispensed on deal tables and sanded floors, but there must be no mistaking its proffer of shelter, warmth, and snugness. Sings Thackeray:

"Winds whistle shrill,
Icy and chill,
Little care we;
Little we fear
Weather without,
Sheltered about
The mahogany tree."

With this feeling of indoors housing and shelter emphasized, the view from the dining-room window becomes of less account than elsewhere. It might also be advanced that as the principal event of the day is the evening meal, the question of artificial illumination becomes an important one, and the colors selected should be those said to "light up well," as to bring the matter home—green decidedly does not.

And yet, remembering at least one entirely satisfactory dining-room in green, and having in mind in another the ever-delightful morning greeting, where from the wide window an expanse of dewy lawn unrolled beneath the eye, and the birds sang close at hand, logic gives way to sentiment, as logic always must in matters of taste.

An undoubted aid to the effect of snugness in a room is a somewhat low ceiling. There is a plain strength and heartiness, so to speak, about the beamed ceiling that leads an architect of taste to declare, "I would have it in the dining-room if I couldn't have it anywhere else in the house." An open fire is a *sine qua non* with the same man, and he is an ardent upholder of wainscoting. He would use it from the simplest vertical boarding, joined with a tiny beading or wing molding to Jacobean panels of the cunningest workmanship. It might be stained in any of the soft browns, greens, or grays now popular; it might be enameled white, or it might be of some fine rich wood in its natural color. The price of wainscoting ranges from about one dollar and fifty cents per running foot to five or ten dollars, or any limit of elaborate carving determined on. In its moderate form, its beauty and durability go far to justify its cost even to the most parsimonious. A beamed ceiling should obviously be of the same wood as the rest of the trim, with perhaps the single exception of

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mahogany. Admirable as this is for paneling, veneering, or ornament, it is not a structural wood. No one ever uses mahogany beams.

A dining-room of moderate cost that would satisfy these conditions has a five-and-a-half-foot mahogany wainscoting in narrow panels, above that a tapestry paper of closely intertwined foliage, the leaves in different shades of green, the stems of reddish brown, like the mahogany, and some touches of yellow. A broad mahogany molding finishes it against the ceiling. The ceiling itself is of buff plaster; around its edge runs a border or plaster band, if it can be so called, which is fully a foot wide on its surface, and bevels towards the ceiling with a series of small moldings, making a sober yet sufficient enrichment. On either side of the chimney-breast two half-windows come to the top of the wainscoting. The mantel-shelf is of the same height, narrow and straight, with the woodwork under it elaborated slightly into a sort of lattice molding and brackets. The fireplace is faced with blood-red Numidian marble, and has brass fire-irons. The lights are brass side-brackets, not especially designed, but selected carefully from one of the excellent stock patterns always to be had. Over the center of the table hangs one low lamp, with a flowered shade, finished with deep yellow silk fringe.

The furniture of this room is colonial mahogany, fine old rush-seated chairs, and a particularly good specimen of an empire table, with gilt laurel wreaths and gilt caps to its round solid pillar legs. It would be a pity to cover the polished surface of this mahogany tree with anything larger than a square of heavy linen lace and a low brass jardinière. Besides the two short windows on either side of the fireplace there is a generous bay at the end of the room, wherein stands the small table and chair of an important member of the family, who is not yet equal to the big table and the long meals of the grown-ups.

These differing windows add their different attractions to a low-studded, well-proportioned room, wherein the practical part has been seen to. The serving-table is in proximity to the butler's pantry, for convenience in setting down the dishes; the connecting door is a swing door, so that the maid can come through easily when her hands are full, whereas on the contrary, the door between the pantry and kitchen has a spring to shut it tight and keep out odors of cooking. A safe for silver is concealed within the wainscoting, and only the heads of the household know just which bit of molding or button must be pressed to reveal its hiding-place.

This being a city dining-room, let us now consider one in the country home of an architect. Not a large room, possibly eighteen by fourteen feet, with a ceiling less than ten feet high, but so completely carried out in one style, and opening so charmingly into a small conservatory at one end, and into a large porch along the side, that it would be hard to find a more inviting place.

It is a consistently German room, and it carries out the first-mentioned architect's threefold demand for wainscoting, an open fire, and a beamed ceiling. The oak wainscoting runs up some five and a half feet, above which the walls are covered with Indian-red burlap. The beams of the ceiling are painted a

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soft yellow, and stenciled with genuine German Renaissance scroll-work, blue dragons with red tongues. The chimney-piece is placed across a corner, sloping back to the ceiling. Under the oaken mantel are carved three shields, one with the family crest, another with its coat of arms, and the third containing the initials of husband and wife, and the date of their setting up this new hearth together. The fireplace is tiled with old-fashioned blue-and-white tiles, representing dumpy ducks, impossible fish, and queer little men angling from absurd bridges. The fire-irons and frame are of black iron.

As for the furniture, there is a long, built-in sideboard, with a German motto carved above its leaded glass cupboards:

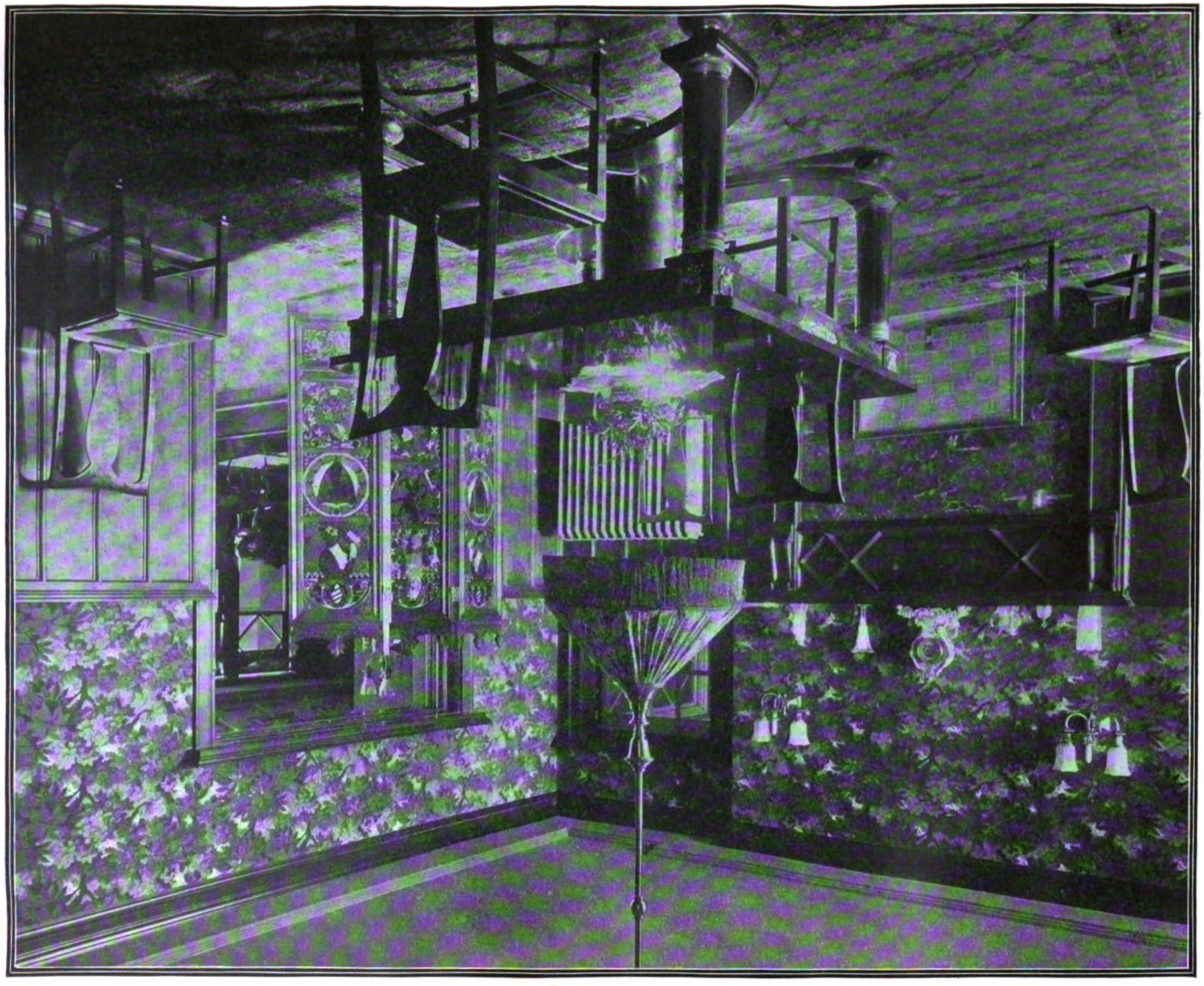
> "Kommt zu dir ein Gast,
> Gib so gut du's hast."
> (Comes to thee a guest,
> Give him of thy best.)

Underneath is a recess for china and silver, and the small twisted columns that support it, the little doors of glass set in Gothic tracery, even the pattern of the iron hinges and drawer-pulls are as Teutonic as brown bread and sausage. The chairs are of that familiar Bier Stube type of round backs, round seats, and turned legs, inserted at a spreading angle. A German cabinet-maker was found with patterns for just such chairs, and from him was ordered a set with carvings of jolly topers or students smoking long pipes on the medallion-like backs. The rug that covers a good part of the oak floor is Indian-red. The table-cloth is blue with a square of German needlework in the center, whereon a nosegay in a quaint old flagon makes sweet the room. There are curtains of ecru cotton, with occasional dark blue lines in them, at the windows, and here and there on oaken ledge or Indian-red walls a stein, a Delft plate, an antiquated teapot, a bit of old pewter, appear to advantage. Two long French windows open from this pleasant room into a spacious porch, if possible even pleasanter. Here dessert or coffee or cigars are enjoyed whenever the weather does not absolutely forbid. Indeed, the porch becomes the dining-room in hot weather. Needless to add that it is completely inclosed in wire netting, and was probably the first veranda in the vicinity of Chicago to be so treated, although now there is hardly a comfortable country house that has not the same feature.

In the East screening your porch from mosquitoes has hitherto been regarded as bad form, like wearing rubbers, but in the West we admit the existence of muddy streets and of winged tormentors, and we do both. Slowly the conservative East is following this culpably un-English example, and the great mosquito-producing centers of New Jersey and Long Island are beginning to inclose their verandas in wire netting and enjoy life. After all, why not frankly take the necessity of a screened porch as much into account as the necessity of a bath-room? Then people would not have to add makeshift wire netting to places never intended for it, turned pillars, for instance, to which it can scarcely be fitted. This particular porch has the lower part solid, topped with a ledge broad enough to hold books or anything else in reason, even after the screens are in. And the columns are square, so that the screens fit tight, and the spaces are nicely calculated for appearance as well as use.

But enough of the porch, and one

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word of the other window, a bay, looking south, which is turned into a small conservatory with two shelves full of plants, a cement floor, and tank for gold-fish, with a tiny fountain in it to keep all healthily moist.

There is no more delightful adjunct to a dining-room than this miniature jungle of verdure ever fresh, no pleasanter sight or sound than that of the wee water jet. Truth constrains the confession, however, that it is less simple than it looks. That windowful of plants with the requisite arrangements to keep them thriving probably cost twice as much as all the rest of the pretty room.

I know of but one plant-window which flaunts its foliage triumphantly and riotously at small expense, and that is in a house whose mistress loves the meanest flower that blows enough to devote most of her time to it. She has two shelves in the sunny south bay of the dining-room, while along the window-frames are innumerable brackets, hanging pots, wall-vases; and even a Japanese bamboo affords a hollow receptacle for water and openings whence wandering jew thrusts forth its glistening striped leaves.

Her walls, by the way, are green. Did I hear any objection to a green dining-room? Hers, having a sunny exposure, is simply enchanting. The green is soft and deep, precisely the right shade to show off all the bits of pottery in orange, blood-red, gray crackle, ivory, or what you will, that this lover of pottery disposes about them. She has no pictures on her dining-room walls, but her plant-window is a picture, so is her other window, filling all the east side of the room with diamond-paned casements, four feet at least from the floor, with wide ledges whereon more plants and earthen jugs and jars display themselves, the whole framed in by short curtains of Indian cotton. Opposite her built-in sideboard is a picture, too, though of the simplest design, with its shining old silver and rows of blue-and-white plates. And her table is another, with its wide strip of curious, soft-colored embroidery in faded silk and gold. "Really," she says herself, "I have very few expensive pieces of blue-and-white ware, but even the cheap ones were carefully picked out as having a particularly good, strong color, so they look well; and my table is by no means what I would like, but that Oriental strip of embroidery makes every one forget it."

In this room there is no fireplace, nor is it missed. In fact, an open fire in a small dining-room renders the seats near it almost untenable, while an unused fireplace is the hollowest of mockeries. Another exception to a generally good rule is, that while most people like a central lamp placed on or over a dining-room table, some rooms have been beautifully if expensively lighted by candles in sconces along the walls; others have four small electroliers hanging from the ceiling near the four corners of the room; others have a species of skylight filled with opalescent or tinted glass masking the glare of incandescent bulbs. In fact, where electricity enters in there is no end to modern devices for employing it. To those who think wainscoting has been too much insisted on, let it be said that an excellent effect is obtained by carrying a narrow ledge, or molding, around a room, with the plaster painted a strong color below and a lighter one above.

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An extremely pretty dining-room in the simplest of cottages had its walls left the rough, warm gray of the original plaster, a molding or flat band of pine stained dark brown carried around it for a chair-rail, and the space below broken at frequent intervals with vertical strips of the same wood. It has some of the charm of timber and plaster of Elizabethan houses, and those neutral walls make the best of backgrounds for pictures or other ornaments, while they greatly set off the window curtains, which are short ones of thin, yellow cotton or cheese-cloth.

It is a good plan to have one thoroughly satisfactory piece of furniture in your dining-room, if you cannot afford all. Put the greater part of your money into a sideboard, even if you have to do with some makeshifts, until you can gradually acquire other articles as good. After all, unless you deliberately stoop and look for them, you hardly notice the legs of a table, and its top can be covered. A low sideboard without brackets, shelves, mirrors, or other gimcrackery is the safest choice. It should be long enough to fill considerable wall space and become the feature of the room—supposing the room to be a small one without architectural features, such as a fireplace or a bay-window—and it should be practical enough to have roomy drawers and cupboards. Admirable shapes come now in weathered oak, and a sideboard was one of the articles in which colonial furniture designers excelled. A good old mahogany one, or for that matter a good reproduction, would be the making of any modest dining-room.

Table-covers may now be had in many effective and inexpensive materials. Heavy linens and cotton come in a variety of weaves and plain colors, and oriental striped goods without number may be cut into borders for them. Or a plain dark red, with an ecru band upon it, worked in red and blue cross-stitch, makes a warm spot in a room. There is no limit to what a woman of ingenuity can manufacture with her needle, while for those without time or inclination for embroidery the heavy so-called taffeta offers a convenient refuge. This must not be confused with the thin, plain silk which goes by the same name. It is a material not unlike a good quality of cretonne, but has more body, and is sprinkled with broché spots or figures. Like cretonne it is often stamped with floral designs, old-fashioned nosegays, and ribbons, which properly should only be used in a room with plain walls. It also comes in agreeable solid colors, brown, gray-green, or blue, more suitable for a room where the paper is figured. It costs about two dollars a yard, and being two yards wide, requires no seam.

With care and patience you can choose harmonious colors at any price. You cannot always have a well-proportioned room, unless your house was the work of a good architect, nor can you always afford to have the work of a poor one remodeled by a man who knows his business, but there are some ways in which you can improve upon a badly planned dining-room. The placing of the picture-molding has much to do with the apparent height of a room. Its natural place is even with the tops of the doors and windows, or if these vary, as unfortunately they often do, then it should be even with the top of the greatest number of openings. Sometimes, in old-fashioned houses, the windows are

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so high that it is best to give up the molding and have a heavy cornice, and frankly call attention to the junction of wall and ceiling instead of endeavoring to efface it by means of a strong lower line. Picture-moldings, chair-rails, narrow shelves, or ledges run about a room all tend to diminish its height. Windows may be made to look narrower or wider, the latter being more generally desirable, by hanging the curtains inside or outside of the casing. In the same way a valance hung above or below the top lengthens or shortens them. In one old house where the window was not high enough, the casing was carried to a foot above the opening, and the shade was always pulled down just far enough to conceal the wall thus included.

A tall, solid, threefold screen may be arranged so as in part to rectify the proportions of a room. It is also useful in concealing the butler's pantry from view of people sitting at table, when the architect has not been thoughtful in disposing his doors.

HOUSES IN RUSSIA

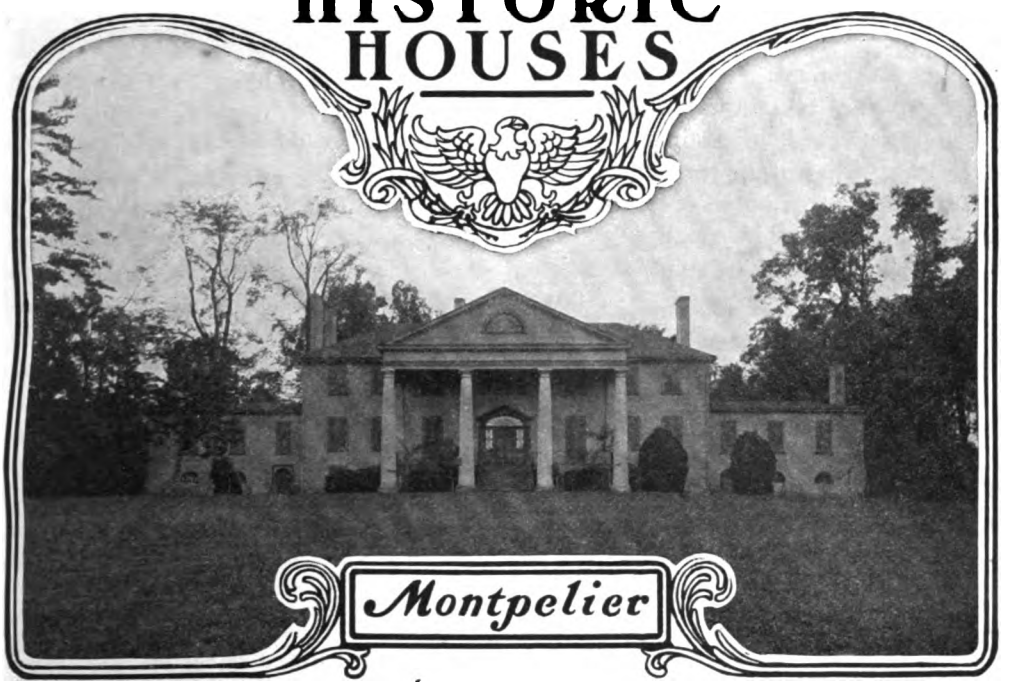
THE traveler in Russia sees in the country few traces even of the generation immediately preceding his own. Nearly all dwelling-houses, even those of the better class, are built of wood, their average length of life being about the threescore years and ten which man himself boasts, as the Russian climate is particularly destructive. Their frailness prevents the accumulation of historic additions to enrich the architecture, and no museums or libraries of value would be housed in such perishable constructions. Dwelling-houses are built all on the ground-floor, the walls made of square beams about a foot and a half thick, dovetailed together horizontally, vertical bolts of wood further strengthening the walls, and the spaces thus left are filled with dried moss saturated with pitch. This highly inflammable filling is sheathed with planks on both sides, the exterior finished with paint, the interior with plaster, while the roof is covered with thatch, or in more modern houses, shingled. Severe even to the point of ugliness, this style yet affords ample protection to the dweller within from bitter winds and frost.

Inside, the rooms are large and lofty, the walls tinted in water-color wash, and often decorated with framed engravings, or more rarely with a bit of handiwork on silk, where painting and silk embroidery are so dextrously combined as to produce a homogeneous effect. Much of the furniture is of the curious old-fashioned sort, made by hand, and eagerly sought for in this country, but being gradually abandoned there as quite despicable, in favor of imitations of modern French or Austrian stuff.

There is a great lumber or storage room above the living-rooms, while below them are storage compartments in the foundation; a sand bed for underground vegetables, barrels of fermented beef and cabbage, smoked mutton, ham, bacon, fish, and poultry, great casks of oil, cheeses, and sack after sack of flour. One readily sees the necessity for this ample provision, enough for a garrison, on realizing the distance from supplies, and that not only must the table be lavish enough to supply frequent unexpected travelers, but a great many servants are kept. These last require no less than two, and often three, separate dining-rooms, as the servants are extremely sensitive as to class distinctions.

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HISTORIC HOUSES



BY WALDON FAWCETT

IT is very fortunate for the lovers of the beautiful in architecture and home decoration that the present movement for the preservation and restoration of the artistic habitations of colonial days has not longer been deferred. In many instances any tardiness would in all probability have entailed a penalty in the form of a loss of some element of attractiveness. Certainly this would have been true in the case of Montpelier, once the home of the President and Dolly Madison, and which recently passed into the hands of a man of taste and discrimination, who has had the mansion restored and extensive improvements made, always with due care, however, to the preservation of all that is quaint and historic both in the architecture and the furnishings. Indeed, in its new setting Montpelier constitutes an ideal representative of the old-fashioned manor-houses of the South, which have been famed for more than two centuries for their elegance, comfort, picturesqueness, and beauty.

The estate of Montpelier was named from a town in the south of France. President Madison himself always spelled it Montpellier, insisting that the dropping of the second *l* was a Yankee notion, but this decree did not change the popular spelling of the word. Montpelier is situated in the flowery and mountainous region of Orange County,

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Virginia—the Blue Ridge country, as it is frequently termed, which is some fifty miles northwest of Richmond. The village of Orange, which is the nearest settlement, is about eighty-four miles from Washington. The distance is now traversed by trains in two or three hours, but in the time of President Madison as many days were required to make the journey by coach.

The historic planter house stands on the west side of "Southwest Mountain," and virtually at the foot of the Blue Ridge. This location opens many scenic possibilities, and one of the chief charms of Montpelier is found in the vast stretch of fields, the curtain of dark forest, and the wall of mountains which lie spread out before its windows. The estate comprises not less than thirteen hundred acres, of which five hundred acres are in timber. Extending from the stately portico at the front of the house is a monster lawn, sixty acres of rolling and terraced greensward dotted here and there with rare old roses and a profusion of wild honeysuckle. In the rear of the mansion is the floral kingdom which ranked in its day as the finest garden in all Virginia.

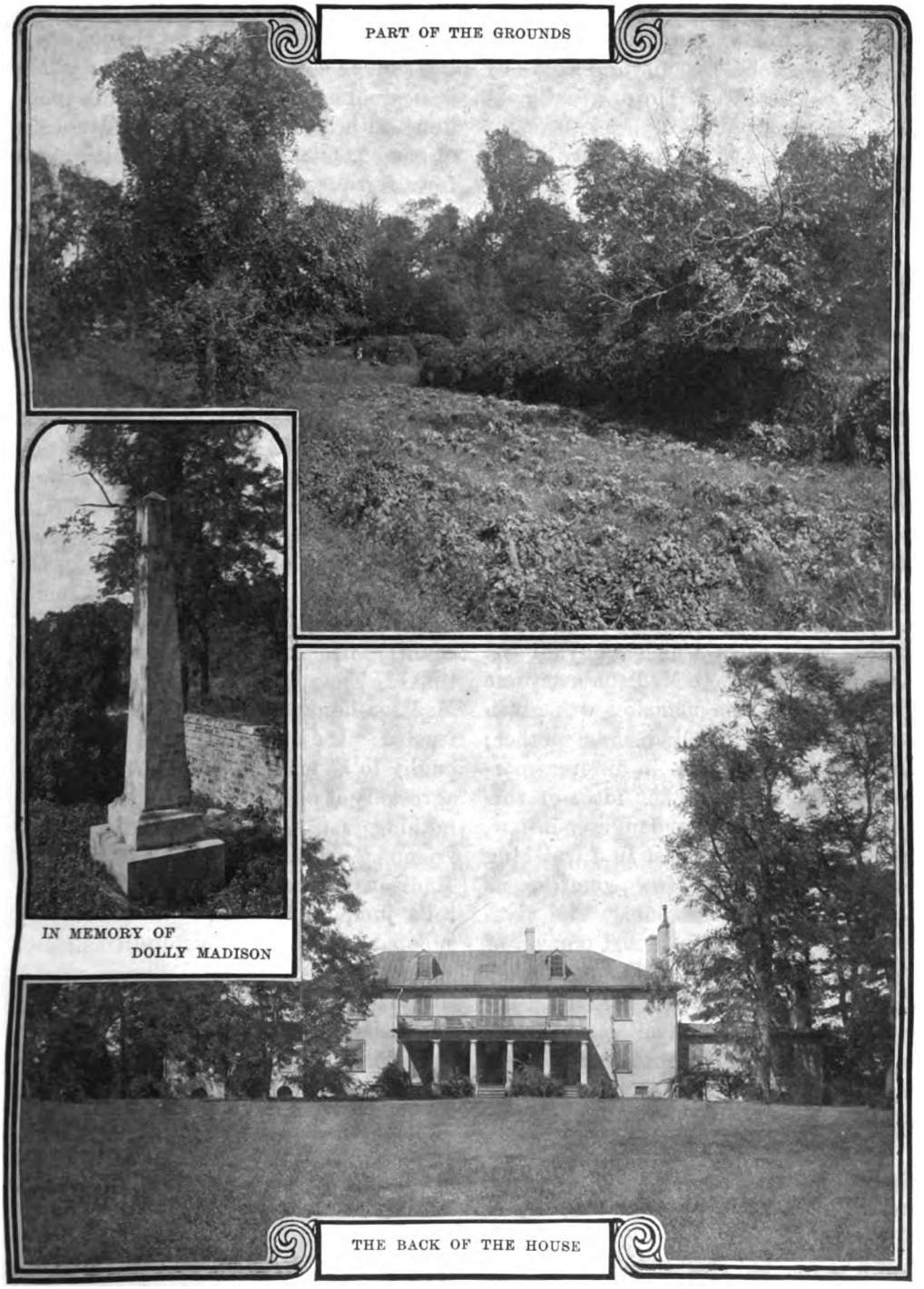
This wonderful garden, which is approached through a path bordered with thick-set hedges of box, now grown in many places to a height above a man's head, was a center of interest for both President and Mrs. Madison. The most famous of all the mistresses of the White House made this great flower plot her especial care, and the statesman-planter was well versed in all the laws of seeds and fruits, and delighted to experiment with them. It is said that Madison planned the horseshoe terraces in imitation of the galleries of the House of Representatives at Washington, and that the floor of the House is represented in the parallelogram which lies beyond. In any event, the entire scheme is worthy the genius of any modern landscape architect.

The present-day visitor to Montpelier enters through an old-fashioned gateway with massive posts, the tops of which are surmounted by graceful urns. After passing through a second gateway, the oak-branched driveway sweeps with a broad curve to the foot of the steps leading up to the immense pillared portico. On the lawn a few rods distant is a little classic temple, which presents a most effective appearance in its setting of green. The upper portion of this little structure is utilized as a summer-house, while in a roomy receptacle beneath the floor is stored the ice which supplies the mansion.

The original homestead at Montpelier, a comparatively small building which served as the nucleus for the present structure, was built by the father of President Madison, and constituted the first brick structure ever built in Orange County. The original designer of Montpelier was William Thornton, who drew the first accepted plans for the Capitol at Washington. In 1809 additions were made under the direction of the famous Latrobe, who designed many of the most aristocratic houses at the national capital.

The house itself is dignified, massive, and imposing in appearance, although its architectural lines are simple. It has a length across the front of one hundred and fifty-two feet and a depth of thirty-two feet. It may be explained that a portion of this great length is made up of the one-storied wings which lie back of the main building, extend-

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PART OF THE GROUNDS

IN MEMORY OF
DOLLY MADISON

THE BACK OF THE HOUSE

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ing some twenty feet on either side, their almost flat roofs protected by wooden balustrades. The original mansion was constructed of brick brought from England, but the brick used in the construction of the additions was manufactured on the estate. In the great pillared portico in front, and many other distinctive features, the house at Montpelier conforms to the architectural policy which prevailed so universally in the Southern houses of the old régime. The windows are long, with quaint headings and deep sills, the transom over the entrance is fan-shaped, and the wide arched doors are fretted with the white-wood curves which, when viewed from a distance, are suggestive of the lattice-work in the old Canterbury houses.

Extending across the front of the house, and connecting the wings, is a shallow hall, from which many of the apartments open. In Madison's day one entire wing of the mansion was given over to the use of Madison's mother; and the exemplification in different portions of the house of her ideas of furnishing, and those of her daughter-in-law, brought about a contrast in furnishing which probably has few counterparts even in modern mansions. The vivacious Dolly Madison had that portion of the mansion over which she held sway fitted out for the most part like the Little Trianon at Versailles, utilizing gay-hued hangings, light silken French draperies, imported furniture, and bric-à-brac. Here, likewise, was a chair which had been a gift to President Madison from the Emperor of Morocco, and a set of china, once the property of Marie Antoinette.

If a visitor but crosses the hall, which formed a dividing-line, however, it might well be said that by simply open ing a door he passed from one century into another. The apartments were hung with heavy curtains and draperies of somber hue, and the furnishing, save for a few pieces of mahogany, consisted solely of dark and cumbersome old carved furniture, in keeping with which were the austere ancestral portraits which looked down from the walls. Madison's room, which opens at the rear of the dining-room, was rather simply furnished, containing, among other things, a high-posted bed with crimson damask canopy brought from the Tuileries by President Monroe, a desk, and a couch.

Montpelier is of especial interest to those persons who hope to find in the present era a revival of that incomparable hospitality which characterized country life in America in colonial times. The principle obtained at the Madison home that every guest must be feasted: "If a stranger, because strangers ought to be made to pass their time as agreeably as possible; if a friend, because nothing can be too good for one's friends." This mountain retreat which Madison described as "within a squirrel's jump of heaven," was admirably adapted to the lavish hospitalities which such a policy imposed. The rooms of the mansion were large, whereas in no apartment was the furniture either sparse or huddled. More than a hundred slaves were employed in the maintenance of the estate, and immense stables were provided to shelter the steeds of all wayfarers.

The dining-room at Montpelier is a large square room in the wing opposite that occupied by Madison's mother, but commodious as is the room, it was neces-

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sary on the occasion of great festivals, as for instance the entertainment on each successive Fourth of July, to set the table out of doors. For all that, the resources of the household were seldom taxed; and that country life, however pretentious, is free from many of the problems which beset urban existence is conclusively proven by a letter written at Montpelier by Mrs. Madison, and in which she says: "We had ninety persons to dine with us at one table fixed on the lawn under a large arbor, and I am less worried with a hundred visitors here than with twenty-five in Washington." Prominent in the list of articles ordered from France by the Madisons, when they set up housekeeping at the homestead where they spent their honeymoon, were "two table-cloths for a dining-room of about eighteen feet—two, three, or four, as may be convenient for a more limited scale; and four dozen napkins."

An idea of what the restoration of one of these old colonial manor-houses really means is conveyed by the work which has been undertaken by the present owner of Montpelier. The house itself was built to last for ages, and thus it has been in the interior that most of the work of restoration has taken place. New flooring has been laid; the high wainscoting, which was in fragments in many places, was renewed; and the ceilings and walls in almost every one of the twenty-two rooms have undergone reconstruction.

OUR MASTERS, THE SERVANTS

BY THE HON. AMYAS S. NORTHCOTE

THERE appears to be a general disposition among American housekeepers to regard their English sisters as being especially blessed in the matter of servants. One of the commonest remarks made by an American lady visiting at an English house is: "How lucky you are in the servant question!—you have everything running so smoothly and easily over here; you have none of the bother and trouble we have to put up with." But alas! sad experience proves that this is scarcely the case. True, the problems confronting the English housekeeper are different from those to be faced in the United States, but they are scarcely less serious. The faults of the English servant are many and great, and are of a nature to reduce any American lady setting up housekeeping in England almost to despair. This paper is not written as a guide to English housekeeping, nor to endeavor to point out a remedy for any of the ills that accompany it. It is intended merely to point out some of the—shall I say idiosyncrasies of the English domestic? and to prove to the suffering American that an English mistress of a house does not lie upon a bed of roses.

Much has been said of the English servant in fiction. Caleb Balderstone stands out as a type of the faithful old Scotch retainer, a marvel of devotion truly; but Sir Walter, while dwelling on his good points, does not permit the fact

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to appear that whenever the old man was not engaged in promoting the family interests of Ravenswood without, he was probably tyrannizing over the unhappy master within.

No slavery on earth can be much more complete than that of the young masters or mistresses to the aged retainer of the house. As I write, a case occurs to me where in a certain house whence a son and a grandson have both gone to the front in South Africa, the mother and sisters left behind are not permitted to receive their morning paper by the post at 7:30 A. M., but are compelled to send at about 11:30 to the neighboring town. "You always have sent to Jones in the High Street, ma'am," remarks the old butler, "and I don't think it would do to change and trust to the postman now. You can't tell what might happen, ma'am"; and there is no redress. Old Tompkins would probably refuse to obey any indirect order and evade a direct one. To part with him would be impossible. He is old and feeble, and always has lived with the family since he was a boy. Anyway, he would probably refuse to go, if given warning. And yet, with all his determination to have his own way, an English servant is never disrespectful. He never forgets himself. Once I was sitting next an American lady at dinner, when she upset a wineglass or something. Her hostess said some word of sympathy, and in a few minutes my neighbor, turning to me, said: "I knew Lady So-and-So wouldn't mind my awkwardness, but I can feel the butler's wrath." And truly the impassivity of the English servant is one of his greatest features. Amidst the brightest and gayest conversation he moves speechless, noiseless, and immobile of face. One would fancy him deaf if one did not know that the conversation with comments would be repeated later on in the lower regions. I know a certain valet of the most correct appearance and bearing, who is celebrated in the housekeeper's room for his admirable and accurate caricatures of all the mannerisms of the family and their guests. It is embarrassing when giving that man an order to wonder what special intonation or action of your own will be the theme of his performance later. The whole subject of the servants' hall and the life downstairs is full of peculiarities. Some worthy pen will one day write the chronicles of the kitchen, and create a Terence Mulvaney of the pantry.

It may be news to many Americans that there are two classes of servants here, the upper and the under, and in truth I believe the line of demarcation between these two is drawn with infinitely greater sharpness than that between the upper servants and the masters. In this former class are comprised the butler, groom of the chambers, valet, housekeeper, chief cook, lady's maid, and head nurse among the indoor servants. These privileged individuals live and eat and have their being in the housekeeper's room, an apartment usually styled the "room" for short. In this room they are waited upon by the inferior servants, just as they wait (when they choose) above stairs. In some houses the custom prevailed, and I think still prevails, that the upper servants at the midday meal ate the meat course in the servants' hall, and that finished, filed solemnly to the "room," where a dessert, superior to that spread before the common herd, was provided for them. At these solemn banquets strict silence is the rule. The upper servants do not care to permit their underlings to listen to their conversation, while they are not at all inclined to dine themselves to the accompaniment of the merriment of those below the salt. As soon, however, as the room is reached tongues are unloosed, and all the many topics of the day are discussed. At the present day, the housekeeper's room is the scene of regular late dinners, at which visiting servants, if of the upper class, are present. At smart houses, it has even become the custom of late for the ladies' maids to wear low-neck dresses, and the valets evening suits. I heard of one poor young lady's maid the other day, who was quite crushed and snubbed by

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her fellows because, when she accompanied her mistress on a round of visits, she had no evening gown to wear. Smart blouses she had in plenty, but they, alas! were only suitable for the morning. So she was tabooed by her fellows, who also no doubt put down her mistress as not quite of the right sort. At the servants' parties, in order to avoid confusion, it is customary for servants to adopt the name of their masters, so while the real Duke of Shropshire feasts above his valet as Duke of Shropshire masquerades below.

The lives of the upper servants in a great English house are singularly easy. Their actual manual duties are almost nil. At a dinner party, the butler has usually got out and decanted the wine beforehand, and generally pours it out, but except for that takes no part in the waiting. The valet brushes his master's clothes and lays them out, but dirty boots are not to be handled by him. The housekeeper gives out the stores and keeps the keys, but does little else. No self-respecting English cook would dream of getting up and cooking breakfast; that is the kitchen-maid's place. As for the under-servants, there are usually enough of them to enable them to avoid overwork, and it is a fact that nearly all boys and girls going out to service are violently ill at first from the sudden change from the poor fare and hard work of their cottage homes to the high living and easy life at the hall.

Another peculiarity of English servants is their inability to cope with a domestic crisis. In most cases they do their own work thoroughly and well, much better than the average American servant; but ask them to depart from it by ever so little, and they gaze at you with an air of astonished indignation, and suggest a charwoman. No house is complete without one of these mysterious beings, generally an old and decrepit woman from the village, who glides about the house all day, and towards evening departs carrying a basket. One must not inquire into the contents of that basket. That would be breach of privilege, and unless the pilfering goes too far, it is not wise to rouse the wrath of one's domestics. Once in the middle of winter when eggs were at 3*d*. each, and 96 disappeared in three days from my very modest larder, my wife thought fit to protest, but only mildly.

There is a saying current in England that if a servant lives with you a year, unless something unforeseen happens, marriage, a break-up, etc., one can count on her staying with you till death intervenes. In that time you have got accustomed to her and she to you. At first you rub your hands, and exclaim: "Ah, Mary is a treasure. I do hope she'll stay." You are really just beginning to forge your chain.

It is very difficult to say just wherein the strength of the domestic lies, but it is partly due to the inherent conservatism of the British people. We do not like changes of any sort, from the form of our government down to the arrangement of our ridiculous railway carriages; and unwillingness to part with an old servant is part of this conservatism. It partly arises, too, from the fact that not so very many years ago the neighboring families of gentry afforded the best and almost the only opening for young peasant girls starting in life. A laborer's young daughter, as soon as she was old enough, almost naturally gravitated to the still-room and servants' hall of the neighboring squire or parson, and there served her apprenticeship, and learned household work. Many married from the great house and settled down in the village, whence their children came to take up the same duties and meet the same fate. So recognized was this hereditary service, that when I was a child I remember distinctly a family of more than one generation that had always acted as the carpenters attached to the estate. In my ignorance I firmly believed that the family name, Webber, was synonymous with carpenter; and when I was by no means a small boy, I caused considerable merriment at a strange house by exclaiming, "Send for

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a Webber," when some minor repair was required. Now nearly thirty years later, I find the same family still established in their hereditary office. This extraordinary reluctance to change, and in many instances to locomotion, is slowly dying out; but within the last two years the station-master of a wayside station, on a main line not thirty miles from London, told me he had only been to London once, and then only to the company's offices on railway business. In my native village in the west, I well remember an old peasant woman, whose boast it was that though over seventy she had never slept under any other roof than her own, and an old laborer who, though he had lived all his life within four miles of one of the largest towns in the west of England, not only had never been there, but did not even know the way. With such extraordinary lack of enterprise among the agricultural lower classes, it is little to be wondered at that if boys or girls get well placed they are unwilling to leave, while on the master's side there is the tie of a real attachment. The family may have been on your estate for generations; some of your own early happy recollections may be bound up with your servants' parents; they know all about you and your family, and regard it as the greatest and best in England, and your joint village as the loveliest and best in all the length and breadth of the land; they learn your ways, and, permitted their own little perquisites, they study your interests: so that, taking one thing with another, you are very apt to put up with many faults and failings rather than risk the chances of a domestic change and upheaval.

But although there is often a very close bond between employer and employed, there are certain hard-and-fast rules governing the relation of one servant to another, and of both to the master, that are never infringed. No servant under any circumstances permits himself to turn informer as to the delinquencies of a fellow-domestic so long as the sinner preserves a correct attitude towards himself. Nothing is more amusing to the careless male mind than to hear the mutual recriminations of a pair of maids who have quarreled, and have come to pour out their wrongs before "the missis," and to observe the increasing air of horror with which the latter listens to the long tale of scorched linen, broken crockery, pilfered eggs, etc. It was once my unhappy fate to arbitrate at one of these domestic scenes, and at its close I knew that the position of Paris deciding between the three beautiful goddesses had not been a happy one. However, such scenes are rare indeed. As a general rule, the delinquent is discovered by the master or mistress, and receives his or her month's warning. Till the expiration of that period the brow of the faithful retainer remains clouded like that of Olympian Jove, but once the sinner has departed, he unbosoms himself, and you begin to be aware of what a viper you have been nursing to your breast. Just why a servant who has proved himself trustworthy by years of trial, who certainly has affection for you, and whose interests unquestionably lie rather with yours than with his erring fellow-servant, should never assist you in discovering the truth is hard to say. Probably the school-boy sense of honor and hatred of telltales has been planted in the breasts of this race of children, for children they are in their quarrels over nothing, their narrow views, their vanity, and their helplessness. Never in my life shall I forget the sight of a footman belonging to a friend of mine, actually holding on to my friend's coat tails to avoid being lost, whilst he struggled with a crowd of "douaniers" at Boulogne. Children, too, they are in their extraordinary displays of emotion and their morbidity. A horror, a death, is real joy to the servants' hall. The last words of the deceased, exactly how he spoke them, what he was doing, how he looked, are topics of conversation good for days. The more accidental or sudden the death the more it is reveled

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in. If a man is killed in a railway accident, the last words he uttered before he left the house acquire a mysterious significance, and domestic after domestic relates the premonitions he or she has had (after the event) that they should see the deceased no more. A year or two ago an unfortunate gentleman fell off his bicycle into a river near which he was riding and was drowned. Some months afterwards I was in the neighborhood, and heard all the details. It was clearly an accident, and had so been brought in by a coroner's jury of villagers, but the real opinion of the place was divided between suicide to escape from his wife and suicide while insane; while a few of the bolder spirits held out for murder, though no reason or proof of the matter was alleged. On questioning one of the jurymen as to why he agreed to a verdict of accidental death, he replied: "Ah! 'twas for the sake of his wife, poor thing; reckon us wouldn't want her to feel all her life as she drove 'im to it!"

As a gentle way of breaking bad news, I think the following story is unique. An elderly housekeeper had lived for many years with a certain family in Yorkshire. Her relatives, of whom she had several, lived in a distant manufacturing town. One day the papers announced an outbreak of influenza in the place, and soon after the old lady received the following dispatch from one of her relatives. It read: "Dreadful news. Come at once. Bring all your black." History does not relate how the old lady acted on receipt of the above dispatch, but from my knowledge of her class I venture to say that it was with gloomy joy.

I must not, however, depict only the reverse side of the medal. Among English servants there is to be found an immense store of real devotion and self-sacrifice to their master and mistress. Only within the week I have read of a young master going forth with his regiment to the South African war. With him went his soldier servant, the son of an old retainer of the estate. Both fell in the same charge, and in close proximity. Night, the cold night of South Africa, was coming on, the young officer, though, as it afterwards turned out, not severely wounded, was insensible. To cover him his badly wounded servant stripped off a large part of his own clothing, and the next morning was found by the ambulance partly dead from exposure, and still sheltering his master's inanimate body. In a lesser degree this devotion was shown by a servant of my acquaintance. He had lived since a boy with a certain lady and gentleman, and at the time I knew him was their factotum. They let and afterwards agreed to sell their establishment. The new-comers offered the servant a decided increase in wages, a cottage rent free, and opened up for him prospects of a still brighter future. He accepted their offer, but only on the condition that he be first assured that his old employers did not wish him to go with them to their new home on the old terms. And yet this man, to my knowledge, was an ambitious and somewhat avaricious man, and at the time the offer was made him, was anxious to marry and settle down.

Considering their many opportunities through intercourse with the gentry, through travel as personal attendants, and through overhearing conversations at table, the ordinary domestic is extraordinarily ill-informed and ignorant. In them, more firmly than in any other class, is rooted the absolute distrust, dislike, and contempt of all things foreign. Let no American imagine because he gives, as most of them do, about four times the proper gratuity, that he thereby earns the respect or gratitude of the British domestic. His money is pocketed and he is put down as a soft mark. The British servant likes a little bullying, and worships a lord; it is among them and the class from which they are drawn that the toady and the parasite reach their point of highest development.

I am often surprised on returning to this country from a visit to the United States at the sycophantic politeness of

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almost all the public and private servants. This politeness exists alongside of the firmest maintenance of their various rights and duties. No English gentleman is supposed to interfere with the perquisites and commissions of the various members of the household. If you buy a horse, or a leg of mutton, or a lot of pheasants' eggs, or a new suit of clothes, you must expect the servant in whose department the new purchase lies to receive a commission from the tradesman. The practice is almost universal, and though you may break it for a week by making an arbitrary change of tradespeople, it is sure to be re-established. Of course, the commission ultimately comes out of your pocket, and the increase in price caused thereby is, in my judgment, one of the principal causes of the tendency among even country people to deal with the great co-operative stores in London, where no commissions are paid. The commencement of dealing with one of these stores is usually the signal for a domestic commotion, of greater or less violence; but as the greater part of the commissions are paid on articles which cannot well be obtained from a co-operative store, the tumult soon dies away. For there is one marked distinction between English and American domestics, and that is the dislike of the former to changing their situations. While according to my experience it is the exception rather than the rule for an American "lady help" to remain in a place more than a year, in England a servant with a "character" of not more than a year is regarded with some suspicion. For the benefit of those unacquainted with English law, I may say that a servant cannot leave a place or be dismissed from it without either warning of a month being given to or by the mistress, unless the latter elects to pay a month's wages to the departing domestic in lieu of warning. This, of course, does not apply to cases where a crime has been committed. On leaving a situation the mistress is compelled by law to give the servant a written character, which is supposed to tell the truth, but which usually errs on the side of leniency, as the English law of defamation of character is extremely strict, and is usually interpreted by the magistrates in favor of the servant rather than the employer. On trying for another situation, the girl exhibits her written character, or more often tells her would-be employer to communicate with her late mistress on the subject. Forged characters are not unknown, but they are summarily and severely dealt with. I remember a lady, a friend of mine, engaging a member of the criminal classes as butler through a forged character. Fortunately he got so extremely drunk directly after he reached her house, that she got rid of him before he had time to put his plans for robbery into operation. But though they are not common, there is always danger of forged and incorrect characters being given, and I, in common with many English householders, would be glad to see put in force in England the same law that prevails in Germany. Under it any person entering domestic service procures a book from the police, in which is entered his name, age, etc., and date of commencing service. On leaving a place the employer writes the character in the book with the dates of commencing and leaving his service, and if the servant leaves a place and remains out of employment voluntarily or involuntarily, the record of that time must be entered in the book and viséd by the police. By this means a complete record of the servant's life and character is obtained. The plan might seem an infringement on personal liberty; but while this is true to a certain extent, and while no doubt the book would have great terrors for the bad or indifferent servant, yet it would offer inestimable advantages to the good one. In these days of laxly drawn characters, it is sometimes hard for a good servant to get a place, while an unscrupulous one, who will alter or erase an injurious word, frequently gets unmerited good fortune.

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NOTES AND COMMENTS

BY OLIVER COLEMAN

The True "Colonial."

SOME remarks by a contributor in the March number deserve notice. The article was on the "Abuse of the Colonial," and in a way is timely; but several statements attributed to a prominent decorator, although very likely true from his or her standpoint, are liable to misconstruction. What is meant by "colonial"? Does it mean one thing, and only one thing, when applied to furniture? The decorator in question professed to be much wearied by the prevalence of "colonial rooms," and by implication, at the recurrence of the same furniture. Now, when we say a colonial house it does convey some real impression to our minds; we think we can see the house, somewhat indefinitely, but still with reasonable clearness. It means at any rate a house constructed at the time the thirteen states were colonies, or shortly thereafter, and in all probability of a type we may have clearly in mind. Yet even here the type may vary all the way from that of the well-known John Hancock house to that of Mount Vernon—certainly a wide range—between which limits there should be variations sufficient to prevent ennui for most people. But colonial furniture means nothing, unless perchance it means furniture constructed during the same period in this country. If it means this, I agree with the decorator in question. It is usually a very clumsy imitation of imported models, and though sometimes admirable for its simplicity and strength, it is frequently only fit for special purposes. But this is not the generally accepted definition of colonial furniture. To most people it means any and all mahogany furniture made not later than 1830. It includes, therefore, much that was imported from Holland and France, besides the work of the famous English cabinet-makers and their imitators and successors. Dutch, Empire, Queen Anne, Georgian, and the best adaptations of American make are called "colonial" if of mahogany. Here is a range of design, contour, size, and detail that should certainly satisfy the most exacting. There is no reason for much monotony in our modern rooms, even when furnished in the "colonial" style, for the variations are so numerous that one seldom sees, even after diligent search, one piece precisely like another. This holds true of real old pieces only. Of course, in the modern factory-made stuff each is one of a hundred duplicates. Further on the decorator reminds us that thirty or forty years ago the lady of fashion was discarding these very pieces. Indeed yes, and a terrible pity it was! We all know to what a state taste had fallen in 1860. Think of the houses, square boxes with Mansard roofs, possibly relieved by a cupola; think of the

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interiors, with the black-walnut finish and black marble mantelpieces; think of the furniture, brown marble-top tables on slender jig-sawn walnut legs, gilded in stripes and shining with varnish, sofas and chairs covered over with tufted pillows, ornamented with dangling fringe and tassels, and looking like little, deformed, fat women; think of the jewelry of that day; think of the costumes, the crinolines, and manteaux of the women, the stovepipe hats, peg trousers, and long side whiskers of the men. Everything was bad—the books were badly printed and shockingly bound; the silver was bad, atrocious shapes, cheaply engraved; the pictures were bad, cheap sentiment executed in academic and stilted styles. Yes, surely the ladies of forty years ago were ridding themselves of everything we now prize dearly.

With these explanations the decorator was correct; there are other styles, some of them very beautiful and quite suitable for our modern purposes. The old walnut French furniture as suggested, dull walnut not shellacked and varnished, is very beautiful. That with cane seats is delightfully graceful and cool. It was made at the height of France's greatness, and should put her present *art nouveau* designers to shame indeed. Some of the mission furniture, the best of it, has its place in country houses, or in the billiard or smoking rooms of the city. Much of the weathered oak furniture also has its place. I recently saw some chairs of this type with back and seat of woven rattan. It was entirely appropriate and harmonious, besides being cool and clean. Nothing better has been devised for seashore houses, shooting or fishing lodges in the woods, or the many summer purposes of piazza and lawn furniture. There is no varnish to crack with the sun or stain with exposure, no upholstery to ruin if a thunder-storm comes up suddenly and the furniture must be abandoned in one's flight. And these things are all purely commercial furniture, made in factories and sold at all the stores. Truly we have less to complain of than formerly on this score.

As to porch furniture for summer-houses, I ran upon some good things not so long ago. These were tables and benches made of heavy, strong bamboo, the tops and seats covered with gay-colored Japanese matting stretched taut and varnished. I like these for their rightful purpose very much. In this same connection there was a shop-window to be seen recently on Fifth Avenue which was most happy in its suggestion for the summer treatment of a room or for a partially inclosed piazza. In the spring we turn away instinctively from all things hot and heavy; we lay aside our serious, dull-colored winter clothes; we cover our velvet sofas with gay, clean-looking chintzes, and take down our heavy portières, which seem to cry out to be put away from sight. So this shop-window falls in with my spring mood. The furniture is of rattan, serious—I use the word in all good faith—and quiet in shape, but stained a splendid green, the green of the rubber-plant leaf. The material for the cushions and hangings is delightfully appropriate, a cretonne, strong in texture and design, of a clear white ground with climbing wistaria vine, the blossoms a pale blue, the leaves a sturdy green. Green-and-white cotton Japanese rugs serve for the floor coverings.

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There is a lamp of dark green faïence with a straight shade of the cretonne, but for those of us who love the candle-light, we will choose the three-branched sconces for the side walls, and for the center of the room the swinging holder for six or a dozen candles—not in any sense a chandelier—in this same ware; a great water-jar or cooler of this green faïence is also a desirable addition to the partially inclosed piazza.

What I like particularly about the window is the very prominent exhibit it makes of a remarkably well-placed color scheme. The whole effect is charming and enlightening, and no one can look at it without being in some measure benefited.

Were we living under a form of government more paternal, wherein the taste as well as the material welfare of the governed was a source of interest to the powers that be, I should strongly advocate the office of a censor who should have authority ruthlessly to draw the curtain over some of our shop-windows. In many the atrocious articles exhibited cannot fail to have a most vicious influence upon the ignorant, who, judging only by the size of the store, insensibly assume some sort of authority for the window display. Still more reprehensible are the fully furnished and decorated rooms that some of the large department stores are wont to set forth in their windows. These are always bad, and sometimes would be ludicrous were it not for the gaping crowd who stand peering through the plate-glass while making mental notes for future use of things beneath contempt. These exhibits are sad and vicious, and my censor should by rights rush in, seize, drag forth, and burn the trash in the market-place, before the heresy should spread abroad.

The Garland Collection.

FOR a number of years the collection of Chinese porcelains of the late James A. Garland, Esq., has been to many visitors one of the chief attractions at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. There are not a few of us who are thoroughly in sympathy with Charles Lamb, who in one of the "Essays of Elia" says: "I have an almost feminine partiality for old china. When I go to see any great house, I inquire for the china-closet; and next for the picture-gallery." There is something about a great mass of canvases that appalls one; each seems in a way to detract from its neighbors, and their very dissimilitude and variation of color, sentiment, and atmosphere, scatter and weaken one's interest and appreciation. A true picture requires a proper mental and sentimental attitude on the part of the observer, and this can only be adequately obtained by seeing each by itself. This is not so true of china and porcelain; though the Japanese have taught us much by showing us the added beauty a fine piece of porcelain will assume when placed by itself upon a small pedestal of teak-wood.

It was a distinct shock to us all, then, when we learned that through the proverbial "slip 'twixt the cup and the lip" Mr. Garland, in his will, had not bequeathed his collection to the Museum, as had been most confidently expected. Then came the announcement that the heirs would sell the collection, the Museum having failed to raise the necessary money to purchase it, quickly followed by the sale at auction to Messrs.

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Duveen for about six hundred thousand dollars. As if all this were not hard enough to bear, it was publicly announced that the collection was to be removed to London for exhibition and resale. That America was about to lose this wonderful and rare aggregation of not-to-be-duplicated porcelains seemed incomprehensible at the very time when, to use a colloquialism, "everything seemed to be coming our way." Into this breach then stepped the very man who is probably of all individual men the most essentially responsible for the material welfare of which we boast, Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan. He has just bought the collection from the dealers, and for the present at least it remains in the Museum.

Before saying anything further about this collection, it is worth arguing a bit on the question as to the general interest or value of such further discussion. I will acknowledge at the start that such a discussion can in no wise assist the gentle housewife in the possibly burning question, "How to decorate the parlor mantel."

No practical or useful hints can possibly be twisted out of such a writing. And yet do not these glorious colors, this subtle and intricate workmanship, these profuse and yet harmonious designs appeal to one? Do these things stand for nothing even to those who cannot own them? Has possession come to be the only means of gratifying the passion for the beautiful? Does one by choice remain in the outer darkness of absolute ignorance about the frescoes of the Sistine Chapel, because by no human possibility may one buy, remove, and replace in one's drawing-room the slightest portion of one of Michael Angelo's brush-marks? It is part of one's education, quite as important as a knowledge of literature and history, that one should know something of the names of Michael Angelo, Raphael, Da Vinci, Titian, Botticelli, and the rest—a noble host of long-honored names; and also know, to some slight extent at least, the greatest compositions of these masters and the earmarks of their style.

Here, then, equally epoch-making, equally forming the standard for all future comparison, are many of the masterpieces of Chinese porcelains. If reams of description cannot convey a true sense of the rarity of some of these pieces, I shall stoop to quote the money value placed upon them. Surely these must be the Michael Angelos of chinadom if one vase is valued at between fifty and sixty thousand dollars; and nine small plates, of a dimension our before-mentioned gentle housewife would designate "dessert size," probably cost Mr. Garland from two to three thousand dollars apiece.

It must be remembered that our very name of "china" contains the truth of the whole matter; these are the originals, the ceramic masterpieces of the world. All others are copies, imitations, or imperfect replicas. Japan originates nothing—her pastes, her glazes, her system of decoration, all come from China. England, France, Delft, and Dresden all strove valiantly to imitate the white china, to copy the glazes, to fathom the secrets of the kilns, but all are still striving. Even in modern China no one can duplicate these pieces; they try, just as our beardless art students strive to copy Titian, and they fail as surely. Until the recent upheaval in the Yellow Empire it was

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confidently believed that all China was full of these antique wonder-pieces, that our European collections were nothing in comparison; but the looting of our most Christian soldiers demonstrated the astonishing fact that our collections and those of Japan were very important items in the total amount of this old ware extant; that there was relatively little remaining in the land of its creation.

We have artists who can paint and decorate and design quite as well as



BRILLIANT COLORS ON A GROUND OF LUSTROUS BLACK ENAMEL

these old Celestials; we have potters who can mold as delicately. But who can reproduce the apple-green of spring; who the blue of lapis lazuli; who the deep rose-pink, the light rose-pink, the golden yellows, of these old and forgotten kilns? They have not the highly finished glossy glaze of the moderns, but a dull, smooth sub-luster, corresponding to the finish a connoisseur loves on old mahogany, in contradistinction to the French polish of a rosewood piano. This dull glaze allows the color and design to be better seen without the irritation of the reflection and shimmer of the higher finish. It is hopeless to describe colors, and one must finally come back to color in discussing these porcelains. Peachblow, sang de poulet, crushed strawberry, sang de bœuf, pea-green, apple-green, mirror black, café-au-lait, lavender, cobalt blue, camellia, green, olive-gray, turquoise-blue, old-rose, blush of morn. Surely the collection is a kaleidoscope that passes all written words to describe. I must give it up as beyond my powers. Let it suffice to remember that there is no piece in the collection of later date than the Khien-Long period (1736–1795), that many are authoritatively dated 1465, and some as early as 960 A. D. When it is stated that at these early dates the potters were very proficient in making replicas of ancient examples, one realizes again what the history of China is, and in a measure one can sympathize with her contempt for such as we—mere infants still in our swaddling-clothes.

At any rate, the Garland collection does not go abroad this summer, and for those who cannot see it at the Museum, there is published a very complete and illustrated catalogue at a small perquisite. From this one may learn much of substantial interest about the Ming period and the rest, and enough in all truth to prevent forever any desire to buy the miserable cheap and gaudy trash one sees in local stores, called "Chinese ceramics." Here, then, is the moral of this dissertation: if one may not own the South Kensington red hawthorn vase at fifty thousand dollars, one may at least learn not to pay fifty dollars for a jar not worth fifty cents.

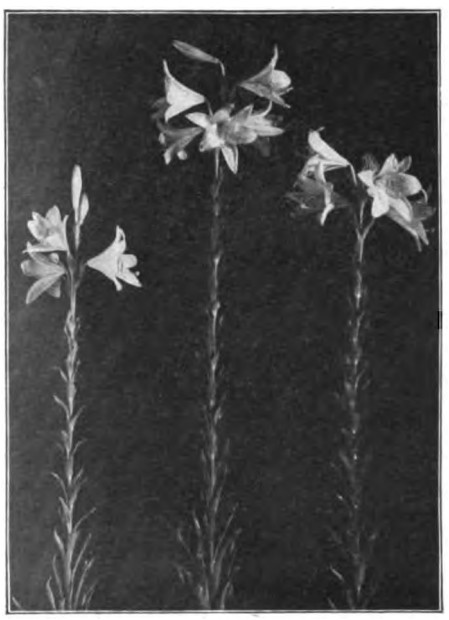
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THE FLOWER BEAUTIFUL

CONDUCTED BY

CLARENCE MOORES WEED

The Graceful Lilies



THE MADONNA LILIES

THE lilies are the crowning glory of the summer flora; beauty and grace characterize them all. Though constructed alike so far as the plan of the flower is concerned, they differ greatly in appearance on account of the differences in color and position of the petals. The hanging bells of the Canada lily furnish one of the most familiar flower pictures in the northern United States. The pollen-bearing anthers of the stamens hang down in a cluster where the clapper of the bell should be. Just below these anthers, and projecting from the middle of them, is the stigma on the end of the pistil. The number of blossoms on a single plant varies from one or two to ten or twelve. They grow along streams and in meadows, where the yellowish red flowers are conspicuous above the grass.

The Philadelphia lily is less effective for indoor decoration than its Canada cousin, the flowers being attached vertically to the stems, and consequently lacking the grace of most of the other species. The Turk's-cap lily is particularly graceful with its curved stalk and recurved petals, while the great blossoms of the familiar tiger lily are always attractive; the latter has escaped from cultivation in many parts of New England and the Atlantic States. This is a superb lily, a native of China and Japan; its tawny spotted flowers being borne in abundance on the tall, erect stems. It is hardy, and when once established, will come up year after year in undiminished vigor.

Among the garden lilies few are more beautiful than the pearly white madonna or annunciation lily, represented in the picture herewith. The shape of the flowers in this species is very similar to that of the Canada lily; but instead of hanging vertically downward, they are held horizontally, the mouth of each blossom facing away from the stem. The stigma projects a little beyond the

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anthers, in the middle of the open flower.

The simple change of position and of color gives this species a very different appearance from that of the Canada lily. And it adapts it to a very different group of insect pollinators. To learn what insects visit the madonna lilies, watch a row of them some evening as twilight comes on. As the shades of night fall, notice how the pure white petals glow in the dusk, standing out in clear relief against the surrounding green. Presently you see a swiftly flying-object hover in front of one of the flowers, stopping but a moment before going to another. Could you catch one of these creatures in an insect-net, you would find that it is a beautiful sphinx-moth, or humming-bird hawk-moth, with heavy body, short, powerful wings, and an extraordinarily long coiled tongue. Hovering like a humming-bird in front of the open flower, it thrusts its tongue to the base of the blossom, where the great drops of nectar are lying, and sips them rapidly up; while thus hovering, the head and more or less of the base of the tongue rub against the stigma and the anthers, some of the pollen from the latter being thus rubbed upon the insect. When the next blossom is reached, some of these pollen grains will become attached to the viscid stigma, and thus cross-pollination will be brought about.

The adaptation of these lilies to their sphinx-moth visitors is readily observed. The moths fly in the twilight when the white blossom is more readily seen than any other color; they visit preferably flowers that are horizontal, before which they can easily hover; the horizontal position meets this requirement. They appear to be attracted by sweet odors; did you ever notice that the perfume of these lilies is most noticeable in the evening?

These madonna lilies are as beautiful in the house as they are out of doors. They may be displayed to advantage in tall cylindrical vases or jars.

We have also two species of day-lilies which are often to be found as escapes in the neighborhood of old gardens. These do not belong to the genus Lilium, to which the other lilies belong, but are placed by botanists under the genus Hemerocallis. The commonest of these is the red day-lily.

The large reddish blossoms are borne on long stems, and are held horizontally. This species is a native of Europe and Asia, and has probably been in cultivation in this country ever since the first flower gardens were started.

The yellow day-lily is a more beautiful flower, the blossoms being of a lovely yellow hue and held horizontally on the upright stems.

The lilies have in general large flowers on long, straight stems. As cut flowers they are displayed to best advantage in the cylindrical jars of good height, from which they arise in a natural position.

Peonies and Gladioli

The delicate pink flush of some of the peonies is one of the most delightful colors of all the summer season. These flowers deserve to be more generally grown than they have been of late. They occur in a great variety of colors, in both single and double blossoms, and may be utilized to excellent advantage in the house. For their display, large wide jars are excellent, or rather wide cylindrical vases may be used to advantage.

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Admirable decorative results may be obtained through the use of the various varieties of gladiolus. The long, straight stems with their rows of triangular blossoms are displayed to best advantage in rather heavy jars with straight sides. Cylindrical forms may be used, though more effective compositions are made by means of jars having the shape of an elongate truncate cone, as in the composition illustrated herewith.



SNOWDRIFT POPPIES IN A JAPANESE JAR

The many varieties of the perennial phloxes, as also those of Drummond's phloxes, furnish excellent material for use indoors from early summer till late in autumn. A beautiful display of one of the perennial varieties is shown.

The Attractive Flower Border

NO one has preached more effectively the gospel of the enjoyment of nature's beauty than Professor L. H. Bailey, of Cornell University. And these extracts from one of his delightful informal sermons, preached from a bulletin of the Cornell Experiment Station, are particularly apropos at this season of garden planting.

The greatest fault with our flower-growing is the stinginess of it. We grow our flowers as if they were the choicest rarities, to be coddled in a hot-bed or under a bell-jar, and then to be exhibited as single specimens in some little pinched or ridiculous hole cut in the turf, or perched upon an ant-hill which some gardener has laboriously heaped upon a lawn. Nature, on the other hand, grows her flowers in the most luxurious abandon, and you can pick an armful without offense. She grows her flowers in earnest, as a man grows a crop of corn. You can revel in the color and the fragrance, and be satisfied.

The next fault with our flower-growing is the flower-bed. Now, nature has no time to make flower-beds; she is busy growing flowers. And then, if she were

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given to flower-beds, the whole effect would be lost, for she could no longer be luxurious and wanton, and if a flower were picked her whole scheme might be upset. Imagine a geranium-bed or a coleus-bed, with its wonderful "design," set out into a wood or a free and open landscape. Even the birds would laugh at it!

What I want to say is, that we should grow flowers when we make a flower-garden. Have enough of them to make it worth the effort. I sympathize with the man who likes sunflowers. There is enough of them to be worth looking at. They fill the eye. Now, show this man ten square feet of pinks, or asters, or daisies, all growing freely and easily, and he will tell you that he likes them.

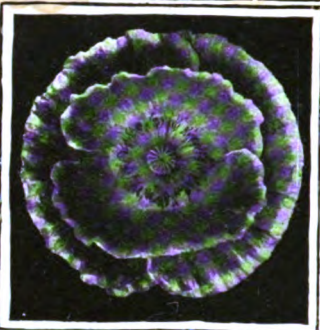
I wish that instead of saying flower-bed we might say flower-border. Any good place should have its center open. The sides may be more or less confined by plantings of shrubs and trees and many kinds of plants. This border-planting sets bounds to the place, makes it one's own; it is homelike. The person lives inside his place, not on it. He is not cramped up and jostled by things scattered all over the place, with no purpose or meaning. Along the borders, against groups, often by the corners of the residence or in front of porches—these are places for flowers. When planting, do not aim at designs or effects; just have lots of flowers, a variety of them growing luxuriantly, as if they could not help it.

There is no prescribed rule as to what you should put into these flower-borders. Put in them the plants you like. Perhaps the greater part of them should be perennials, which come up of themselves every spring, and which are hardy and reliable. Wild flowers are particularly effective. Every one knows that many of the native herbs of our woods and glades are more attractive than some of the most prized garden flowers. The greater part of these native flowers grow readily in cultivation, sometimes even in places which, in soil and exposure, are much unlike their native haunts. Many of them make thickened roots, and they may be safely transplanted at any time after the flowers have passed. To most persons the wild flowers are less known than many exotics which have smaller merit, and the extension of cultivation is constantly tending to annihilate them. Here, then, in the informal flower-border, is an opportunity to rescue them. Then one may sow in freely easy growing annuals, as marigolds, China asters, petunias, and phloxes, and the like. One of the advantages of these borders is, that they are always ready to receive more plants, unless they are full—that is, their symmetry is not marred if some plants are pulled out and others put in. And if the weeds now and then get a start, very little harm is done. Such a border half full of weeds is handsomer than the average well-kept geranium-bed, because the weeds enjoy growing and the geraniums do not. I have such a border, three feet wide and ninety feet long, beside a rear walk. I am putting plants into it every month in the year when the frost is out of the ground. Plants are dug in the woods or fields, whenever I find one which I fancy, even if in July. The tops are cut off, the roots kept moist, and even though the soil is a most unkindly one, most of these much abused plants grow. Such a border has something new and inter-

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PEONY-FLOWERED POPPY



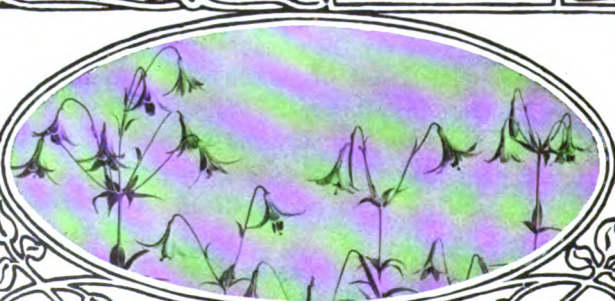
A SHIRLEY POPPY



PERENNIAL PHLOX



GLADIOLUS



CANADA LILY

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esting every month of the growing season; and even in the winter the tall clumps of grasses and aster-stems wave their plumes above the snow, and are a source of delight to every frolicsome bevy of snowbirds.

A Beautiful Lily Book

"LILIES," writes Gertrude Jekyll, "comprising as they do some of the most stately and beautiful of garden flowers, are not nearly so much grown in gardens as their beauty deserves. One may go through many a large place and not see a lily from one end to the other, and in spite of the enormous and ever-increasing interest in gardens and flowers of these days, a large proportion of the people who are taking a practical interest in horticulture hardly as yet know one lily from another."

And so this accomplished writer has prepared a book, "Lilies for English Gardens," which will be almost as welcome in this country as in England, for to a large extent this information is as useful here as there; the description of the varieties, the statement of the conditions under which they may best be grown, and especially the beautiful pictures—all these are of great value to the American flower-lover. We shall have to experiment, doubtless, regarding the hardiness of the different sorts under our various conditions, and in this respect the book, of course, will not be so useful to us.

An idea of the scope of the book may be secured from the list of chapter headings: Lilies as classified; five chapters discussing as many subgenera; Some Beautiful Ways of Growing Lilies; Lilies in the Rock Garden; Lilies in Pots in Outdoor Groups; Lilies as Cut Flowers; Lilies for Town Gardens; Lilies for Different Soils; How Lilies do in Different Parts of England; Imported and Home-grown Lilies; Lilies as Pot-plants; Deep or Shallow Planting; Protection from Spring Frosts; Hybrid Lilies; The Lily Disease. But it is the pictures, of which there are more than sixty full-page plates, that give the book its chief charm. They will be likely to inspire any gardener who sees them to plant more varieties of these stately and graceful blossoms. The only plates I should criticise are those showing lilies in vases, in justice, which has by no means been done to the flowers. For a little consideration of unity as to form will lead one to see that the proper display of these flowers requires cylindrical jars from which the blossom-bearing stalks can arise as in their natural growth. To put the flowers with foliage of other plants in low vases of bad form is to lose much of the possible beauty of the display. But there are only two of these plates, so that they do not seriously mar the general beauty of the pictures.

[Lilies for English Gardens. By Gertrude Jekyll. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.50 net.]



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THE COMPETITIONS

THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL'S prize competitions for three-thousand and six-thousand dollar houses were more successful in the quantity than in the quality of the designs submitted. This is particularly true of the three thousand dollar houses which were a disappointing lot. Two reasons for this suggest themselves.

In the first place, the larger problem attracted the more skilled designers and draftsmen, most of whom doubtless did not attempt both houses, leaving largely to amateurs the smaller yet really much more difficult problem. The designing of a good modern house on original yet practical and quietly artistic lines, which can be built in the average small city or suburb for three thousand dollars at the present high cost of building, takes the resources of the cleverest and most experienced architect; and it is therefore not so surprising, in view of the fact that the majority of architects are too busy this spring to take any interest in prize competitions, that the general run of the smaller designs should have been disappointingly weak and amateurish. The best of them, moreover, were thrown out because, in the opinion of the judges, they could not be executed for the price named.

The same criticisms apply, though in much less degree, to the larger designs. On the whole, the floor plans were better than the exterior designs. The perspective drawings, generally speaking, were weak and carelessly done, many of them evidently sketched wholly or in part free-hand. The perspective drawing of a house should be drawn accurately, according to well-known graphical methods. Careless free-hand sketches mislead the designer as well as his clients.

The great increase of half-tone reproduction is causing a scarcity of good pen draftsmen, which helps to explain the poor quality of the perspective illustrations. Taken as a whole, there are, however, a number of very pleasing exceptions.

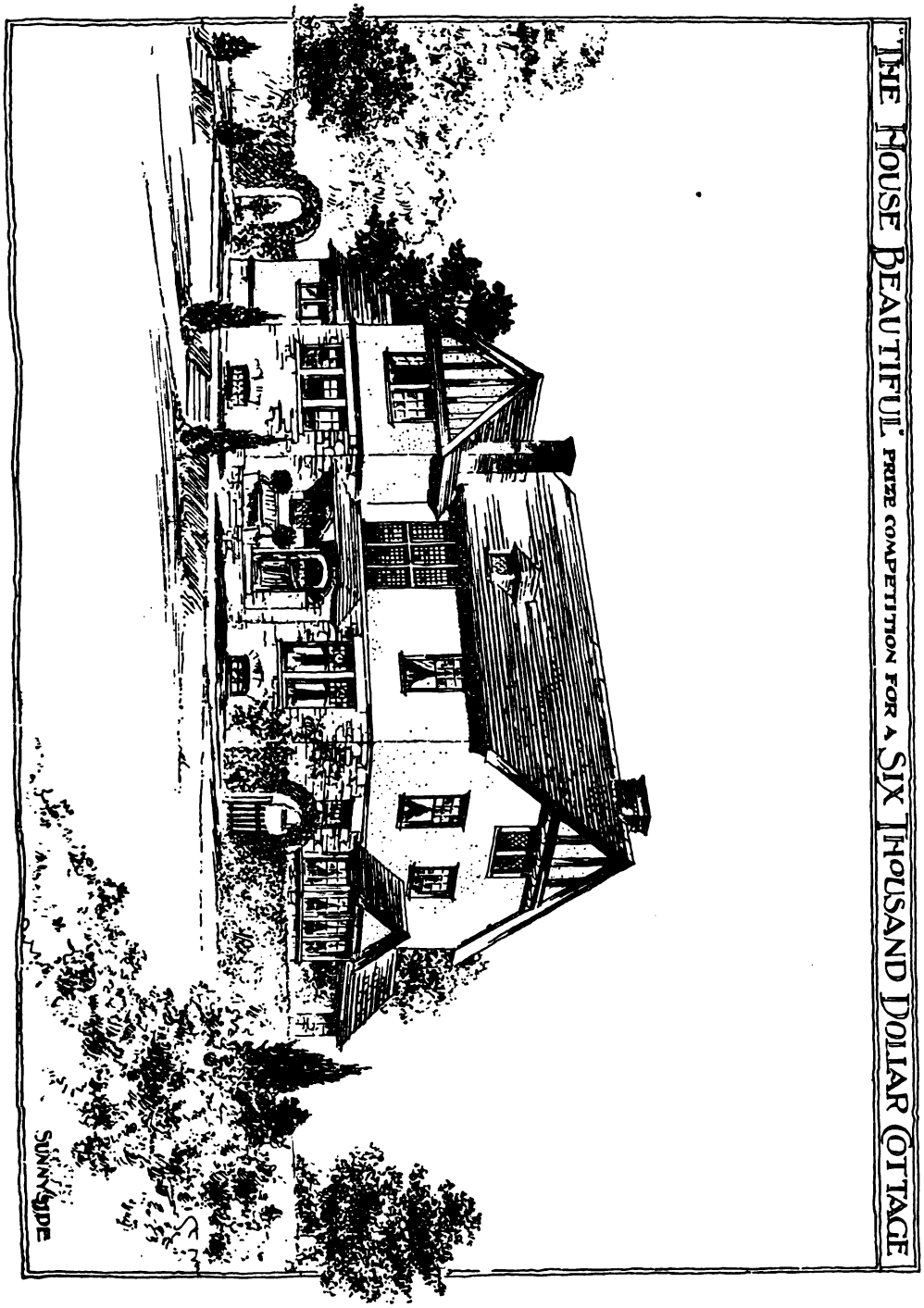
Among the six-thousand-dollar houses the design entitled "Sunnyside" is easily first for all-round excellence. The floor plans are original, practical, and give a delightfully arranged informal interior, which is informal in an orderly and architectural way. Axes of symmetry are maintained wherever possible, and the informal features are wise concessions to the demands of comfort and use.

The entrance, with its modest sheltering hood and settle beside the door, is inviting. The wardrobe and toilet accommodations are well placed and liberal. The reception-room is where it ought to be, and might well have been smaller. This house is planned for a garden front as the living side of the house, and for a generous treatment of living and dining rooms almost as one, giving largeness and simplicity of effect to the whole interior. The arrangement of reading or library alcove and screened garden entrance is particularly happy for a house of moderate cost. The privacy of the alcove is an offset to a certain lack of privacy in the body of the living-room, so broadly, although effectively, opened into the hall.

The kitchen and working department is given due space and is well taken care of.

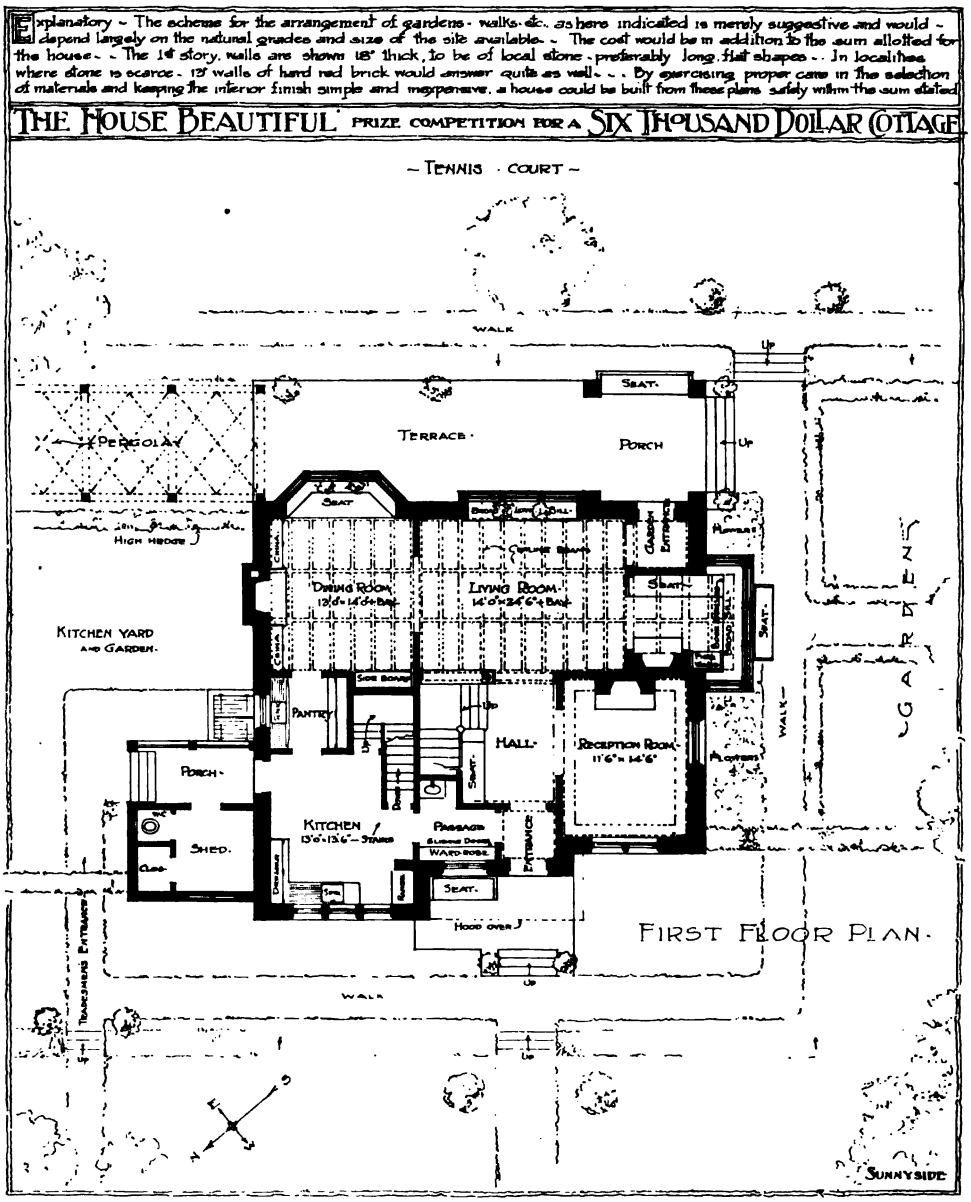
The one weak point is the lack of convenient and liberal provision for cold storage. Otherwise the lack of a kitchen pantry or storeroom is not a serious defect, the room being large, and a long dresser being provided over the sink; of course a refrigerator could be placed in the shed. The second story is very compact and simple, and shows the same study and knowledge as does the first floor. The lack of cross draft in two corner bedrooms is a defect, however,

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"THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL" PRIZE COMPETITION FOR A SIX THOUSAND DOLLAR COTTAGE

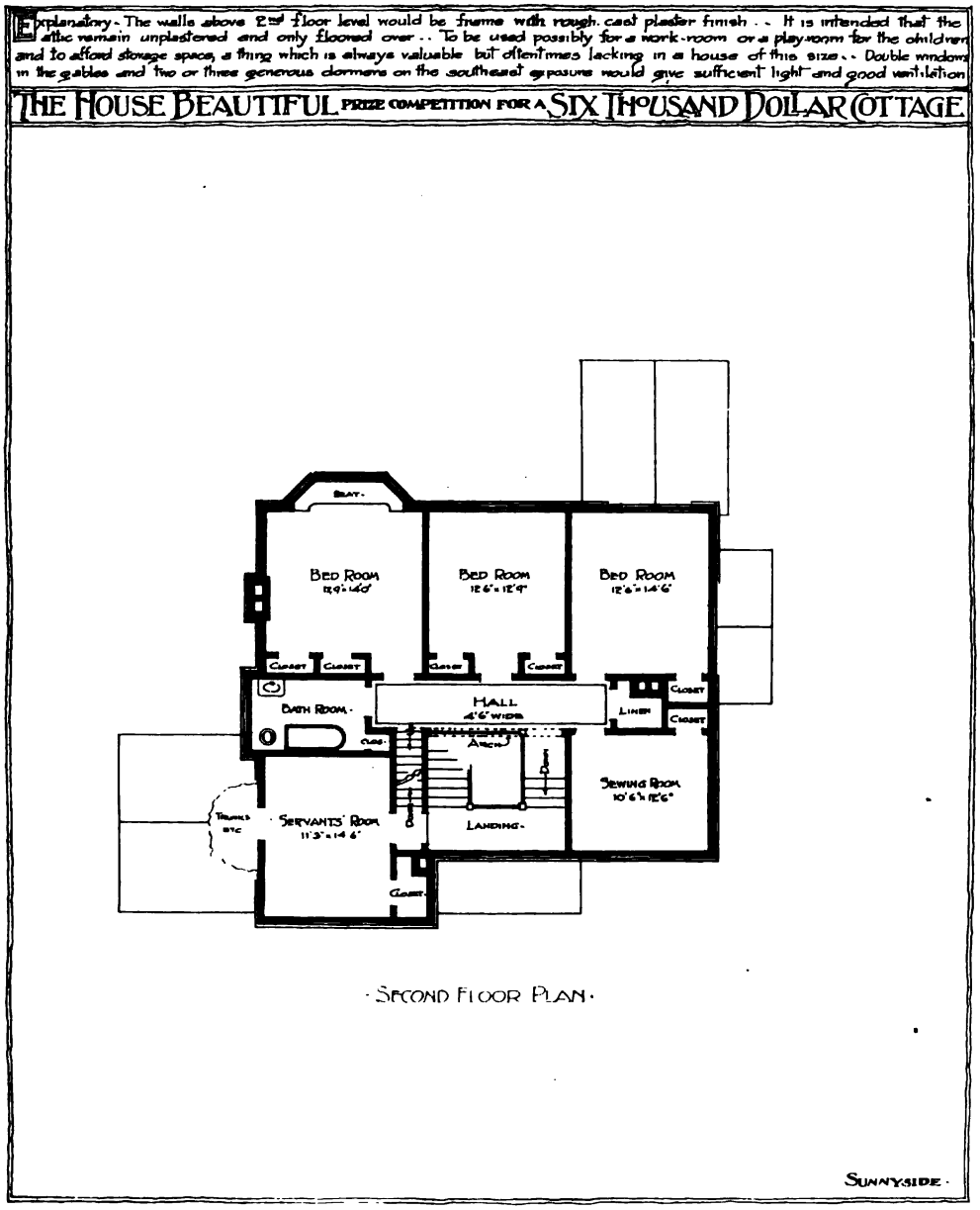
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and might be easily remedied. The exterior is simple, unaffected, and makes no foolish pretensions to style. There is no struggle for picturesque effect. The proportions are solid and homelike. The principal facts of the plan are expressed outwardly with perfect frankness. The one dormer in the roof is rather small and lonely-looking. A slight enlargement, and the introduction of another above the west bedroom window, would be an improvement.

Out-of-doors the walks, tennis-court, and pergola are well laid out, and the

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open terrace, letting the morning sun into the living-room, is far better than a covered porch. The roof over the square pavilion at the south corner is quite enough shelter from rain and sun, to say nothing of the vine-covered pergola running northeast, and screened from the kitchen yard by a hedge.

The presentation of the design is very good. It shows a knowledge of pen-and-ink technique and due respect for the readers of THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL.

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THE ARCHITECT AND HIS CLIENT

BY WILLIS POLK

THE average architect does not get an average number of clients; therefore he is less skilled in successfully interpreting his client's wishes than he should be. He is also less prepared to guard against the natural mistakes that his client is anxious to make than he should be. Add to this the easy misunderstandings that arise daily in ordinary intercourse between people, and you have the secret of unsuccessful architectural practice.

When two people, of merely human limitations, undertake mutually to create a building, in which they strive to combine all the elements and some of the refinements of domestic life, their paths generally diverge, and at the end are lost to each other's sight entirely, all in the easiest, most friendly way imaginable, with apparently no friction whatever. The client will triumphantly declare that she (pardon the gender) has had her ideas carried out in spite of her architect, who, poor soul, seemed absolutely incapable of grasping them with any delicacy whatever, and it will be true. He (the architect) will refer with pride to the fact that he has built a house that is entirely beyond the comprehension of his client, and that nothing short of a long life within its walls will teach her to appreciate the fine points of his work. In this the architect has a decided advantage. He does not have to live in the house at all; maybe he coulldn't if he tried—at least that is what his client says, and she ought to know. All of which is most distressing and unfortunate and natural.

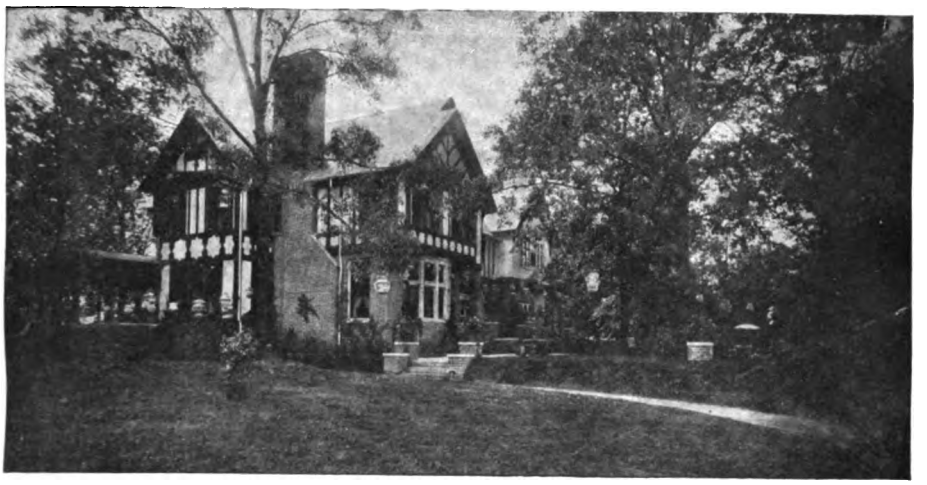
It is such an ordinary every-day experience, that people have ceased to try any other way of accumulating woe in their building operations. They accept their architect as part of the trouble of building.

The young architect, sincerely ambitious, thoroughly intent on revolutionizing the art of building, and sublimely unconscious of the obstacles to be encountered, is never properly grateful to his first clients for the opportunity they give him. He never truly realizes that some kindly foolish people have come forward to pay for the execution of the dearest, most cherished dreams of his seething brain, and to pay him something to boot besides.

He is ungrateful for having had some one pay for his experiments, or he would be more generous to his next client. He would let her have her way freely, making it his duty to guide her gently, rather than selfishly forcing her to go his way. He would admit that it was her house, and that it was a pleasure to be the medium through which she expressed her ideas. If he were grateful he would try to draw her out, and she would shine under such gentle tutelage. He, remembering that she pays all the bills, would try to help her get her money's worth, and if he were cautious, he would, as a mere matter of justice, let her claim the credit, too.

He should do the latter merely for the sake of logic; for do not most houses look that way?

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TWO OTHER VIEWS OF THE HOUSE ILLUSTRATED ON THE COVER OF THIS ISSUE
THE RESIDENCE OF HUGH RICHARDSON, ESQ., ATLANTA, GEORGIA
W. T. Downing, Architect

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COLLECTORS' INTERESTS

PEWTER

BY EVELINE B. MITFORD

AFTER several hundred years of oblivion, pewter has come to the front again, and is taking a foremost place with people who wish to be "in the fashion." It is unfortunate that so little is known about it, and that there is no handbook on the subject, though one is now in hand and will soon be brought out.

Pewter is an alloy of tin and lead, or of tin with such proportions of lead, zinc, bismuth, antimony, or copper as experience has shown to be most conducive to the improvement of its hardiness and color. One of the finest sorts of pewter is composed of a hundred parts of tin to seventeen parts of antimony, while the common pewter, of which beer-jugs and other vessels are made, consists of four parts tin and one of lead. Its manufacture dates from very early times. The British Museum contains fragments of vessels found among Roman remains in Hampshire, while many chalices and patens of pewter have been taken from coffins of bishops and priests living in the eleventh and twelfth centuries. There are some good specimens of these in the South Kensington Museum.

In the sixteenth century a great deal of plate was used by both the upper and middle classes, and all well-to-do farmers possessed at least one set of pewter which they much valued. In those days forks were not known, and spoons played a very important part at meals. Each person of rank had one of his or her own. They were generally of silver, but pewter was largely used, as was wood, for before pewter became general all vessels were made of wood. In the "Description of England," which is prefixed to Holinshed's "Chronicles," the writer mentions the exchange of "treene platters into pewter, and wooden spoons into silver and tin." Pewter was almost universally used until the reign of Charles II., when the extravagance of the court demanded that silver should replace it. English pewterers never reached the perfection of workmanship attained by the French and German. The English examples which have come down to us are severely plain, and look heavy and solid; on the other hand, nothing can exceed the beauty and delicacy of many of the foreign productions. French pewter is now very rare, and it is difficult for the collector to procure any specimens produced before the year 1672. Louis XIV. sacrificed a great deal to state necessities and reckless personal extravagance. He is said to have melted down one hundred thousand marks of metal, much of it consisting of priceless masterpieces from the chief workers of the day, which he replaced

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with china. The nobility followed his example.

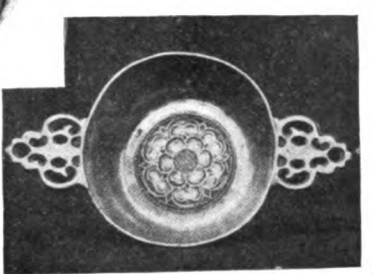
It is very difficult for the amateur to tell genuine old pewter from spurious



PEWTER PLATE. EMBOSSED WITH ARMS OF THE SWISS CANTONS
Sixteenth Century

imitations. Much of the Caroline pewter bears the silver stamp. In King Charles I.'s time much family plate was melted down by the royalists, to whom the sovereign presented exact copies in pewter, marks and all, as a pledge that, when happier times arrived, it should be replaced by the genuine article. It is often impossible to find out the exact date of a particular piece, for though there are registered pewter marks, the names of the makers are not preserved, and old marks are so well imitated that it requires a connoisseur and a magnifying-glass to discover that they have been only recently engraved. A piece bought for old is often afterwards discovered to be only so in part, the rest—stand, perhaps, or handles—being a modern imitation. Good old pewter has a different appearance from the modern, and looks more like silver.

Whether pewter should be kept bright or not is purely a matter of taste, but it should certainly be cleaned from time to time. This is generally done by placing it in a pickle of salt and sand mixed with water. The following recipe will also be found satisfactory, and is used for large, heavy pieces: Fill a kettle with three parts of water, two pounds of soda, a quarter of a peck of wood ashes, and an armful of hay. Then put in the pewter and let it boil for two or three hours. Take it out and clean it well with a wisp of hay and some silver sand. Rinse thoroughly in cold water, and let it dry by the fire. If the metal is very black, the process may have to be repeated several times.



DUTCH BOWL
Eighteenth Century



DUTCH PEWTER TANKARD
Sixteenth Century

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Furs and Woolens

In the trying climate of our Northern states the middle of May is not too late for the stowing away of the winter furs and flannels, and it is often well to reserve even then a single suit of thin woolen garments as late as June, especially for each child in the family. Every article should be carefully repaired before being put away in the spring that the sudden changes of our autumn weather may not take us unawares. Cut off arms and legs of garments otherwise useless, and save all large unused portions for use in later mending operations. Often parts of different garments may be combined to make extra suits for use in spring and fall, which, if not absolutely harmonious, yet serve a useful purpose for an economical and not too fastidious family, though winter garments to be really serviceable should not be worn too thin.

Good pieces left over should be sorted, arranged in neat bundles, wrapped in newspaper, tied and labeled for putting away on the bottom of the trunk, since they are not easily injured by weight laid on top of them. The much worn portions may often be roughly combined and stitched together on the machine for use as dishcloths or for wiping woodwork, oiling floors, or polishing furniture. A pile of such odds and ends will be found exceedingly useful at housecleaning time, but if used with paint or oil of any kind, they should be burned at once, as there is real danger of spontaneous combustion from such oilsoaked rags. When all has been mended, sorted, and arranged, the garments for each member of the family should be tied in separate bundles, and labeled both as to ownership and weight, as in a busy household it is not only a help to the mother to send one of the children to get his own garment from the storage trunk, but is also a useful bit of training in household matters for the child himself who should be early taught to handle things carefully, and to see system and order in household affairs.

Choose a warm, sunny day for looking over furs, which should be hung upon a line out of doors and thoroughly exposed to strong sunlight for a time. Each article should be gently but well shaken, and some of the heavier kinds of fur may be beaten from the lining side with a rattan beater. Pockets must be turned inside out and thoroughly brushed and no particle of dust be left in any corner of the garment. Sealskin is said not to attract moths, but it is better to be on the safe side and give it the same care as other kinds of fur, and particular effort should be made not to crush or tear it. Each garment should be neatly folded by itself with a few moth-balls inside it, and should then be done up in newspaper, tied, and labeled. The newspaper has special preservative value, and is therefore specified.

Woolen gloves, sweaters, mittens, scarfs, and leggings should be washed in wool or ivory soap suds and mended, each with its suitable kind and color of darning wool. Many kinds of winter hats may also be subjected to the same process, but nothing should be put away until thoroughly dry, as dampness is almost more to be dreaded than heat. Winter hats of sufficient elegance to be designated as millinery, should be carefully brushed in every crevice and any ornamentation likely to be crushed should be removed; the hat should then be entirely covered in newspaper, and with the addition of moth-balls, may be safely put away in an ordinary hat-box. Bags of tar paper, in which winter skirts may be suspended, may be bought for fifty cents, and these form so good a protection that the entire apparatus may be hung from the rafters in the open air.

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Heavy woolen blankets need not be washed each spring, but should receive an airing of two or three days' (not nights) duration. As the dampness begins to fall by two or three o'clock they should be brought in before that time. When soiled they may be sent to the cleaners if one can afford this luxury, as they come back looking as if new, and certainly seem more delicately soft than when done at home, even under the best auspices. But good results may be brought about at home if care is exercised. Almost every housekeeper has her special, pronounced ideas on this subject which I have often found a delicate one to discuss, even among women otherwise perfectly amiable. But one timid suggestion is therefore made; it is that a very simple process of soaking be tried without any rubbing process. Choose an evening when all signs point to fair weather for the morrow, and for one pair of blankets use a solution of one-half cake of ivory soap with four tablespoonfuls of pure borax dissolved thoroughly in a tub of warm but not really hot water. It is best to dissolve the soap first in a small amount of hot water, and when it is well melted add to the larger amount in the tub. In this solution the blankets should be immersed until morning and then hung out quite wet, without either wringing or rinsing. Old dry-goods boxes will be found useful for packing the blankets before laying in the storage trunk.

As to the trunk itself, the ideal thing is the cedar chest. That failing, cheaper wooden boxes or chests may be used whose interior may receive a good washing of cedar oil each year before being packed. Another arrangement is a zinc-lined trunk or box, and more economical still is the trunk lined with tar paper by home industry. With the cedar chest no camphor or moth-balls are necessary, but with all other arrangements it is safer to use some such preparation as a defense from moths, trusting to a thorough airing in the fall to remove the disagreeable odor.

Care of the Attic

Each spring and fall should transform the busy housekeeper into an attic philosopher for a few days at least, for much of household wisdom, as well as of romance and pathos, will be freshly brought to mind by the hours spent in looking over the out-of-the-way contents of boxes stowed away under the eaves. All letters of a tender nature should be kept under lock and key, but it is well to unlock the boxes now and then, for the human heart is sometimes unlocked at the same time, and its corners, too often dry and dingy, should be opened to let in the beneficent sun and air of happy reminiscence. The wedding clothes should come to light that no spots may make their use impossible for the coming generation. A grandmother's costume or a bundle of child's garments calls up tender recollections.

Even in trunks but rarely opened an accumulation of dust is likely to be found which should be carefully brushed out. Occasionally boxes, trunks, and cupboards used for storage should be washed out with a solution of Platt's chlorides. Even if no other advantage is apparent, the process certainly results in a sense of virtue in the housekeeper's conscience which alone is worth the labor involved. Every corner, therefore, of the attic, as well as its contents, should be thoroughly investigated, all accumulations of dirt or cobwebs frequently removed, and a good airing indulged in. Whatever is thought to be useless should be removed, as the recurrent handling of useless articles is an unnecessary burden to the housekeeper.

In general we keep too many things, and unless the future be so dark ahead of us that we dare not dispose even of unfashionable garments, it is better that some one should be benefited by Mary's warm, but far from stylish, flannel dress, or William's heavy, but too brief, overcoat. The various piece bags also need weeding out, for otherwise the pieces of cotton goods will accumulate long after the clothes they were intended to repair have passed into oblivion, and the woolens not being packed away will eventually breed moths. It is hard to dispose of these odds and ends, often a half-yard of goods which matches nothing in heaven above or the earth beneath, a bit of undesirable ribbon, or some equally impossible passementerie. Such bits are, however, often pleasing to children either for dolls or that dressing up process which seems perennially dear; but if no child is available there is only the alternative of rag rugs, which really involve a considerable amount of labor, or of making a bonfire of the whole. An interview with the ragman is likely to leave one, if not actually reduced to the point of paying him to take the stuff away, at least in a fit of irritation that is even more deplorable.

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ODDS & ENDS

Decorating the Dining-room

The idea that a dining-room should be treated in a somewhat heavy and subdued style dies hard. Thus it is that a white and yellow dining-room is still something of a novelty. When its windows give on a green and shady prospect the effect of the yellow dining-room is really quite enchanting. An apartment of this description in a cottage on Long Island has the walls paneled to within seven inches of the tops of the doors, and all the woodwork is painted ivory white. Above the paneling is a stenciled frieze in shades of daffodil, orange, and chestnut.

The rug is in shades of brown and dull, soft blues. The tiled fireplace is in yellowish brown. The chair seats are of chestnut-brown leather. The window hangings are of daffodil yellow and white.

Speaking of dining-rooms, lovely old silver lamps are to be seen in the antique departments of some of the big shops. These lamps are adapted for electric lights, and are suspended by silver chains above the dinner-table.

Decorations in France

At a fête given by a rich wine-grower of Rheims the decorations were wondrously beautiful—quite spectacularly so. The ball-room was wreathed literally from floor to ceiling with pink roses and shaded leaves, and every other flower contained a tiny electric light, which sparkled and shimmered like so many stars. The supper-room was even more beautiful, and must have presented a deliciously cool and inviting appearance. The entire cave was trellised with vine leaves, relieved with bunches of the grape green and purple fruit, each cluster being lighted with electricity.

To Polish Windows.—The best thing for polishing windows is a small hand-mop made of scraps of chamois. Pieces no larger than a dollar can be used, and if well worn the mop will work so much the better. String them all together on a piece of strong twine, then tie together in a bunch. When dirty, wash it out, dry, and before using, rub it soft between your hands.

For Polished Floors.—In oiling the floor with linseed oil use a half-gallon of boiled linseed oil, mixed with a quarter of a pound of burnt sienna, and rub it on the floor with a large woolen rag. A strong decoction of the inside of red oak bark, set with copperas, makes a good dye for floors. After rubbing it in thoroughly, and letting it dry, rub the floor with a waxed brush.

To Clean Carpets.—A method of cleaning carpets which has been pronounced in every way satisfactory is to make a suds of good white soap and hot water, adding enough fuller's earth to secure the consistency of thin cream. Then, after providing a number of clean cloths, a scrubbing brush, a large sponge, and a bucket of fresh water, pour some of the cleaning mixture into a bowl, dip the brush into it and brush a small piece of the carpet at a time, washing it with the sponge and cold water and drying with the cloths. When it has all been gone over in this way let it dry.

Repairing Ceramics.—No household should be without the means to repair china and bric-à-brac at a moment's notice, for a broken dish, jug, or ornament, if neglected, soon finds its way into the waste-basket, a fate from which it might have been saved by a few minutes' work if taken in hand at once. Even the very best cements are useless unless carefully and properly applied. Before attempting to join the fractured parts make sure that they are perfectly clean and free from grease and grit. The broken edges should be well washed in a strong solution of lye or soap and not touched by the naked hand, as the fingers are very likely to be greasy. The least possible amount of cement should be used, the edges being brought closely together and kept there until the cement is solid. A piece of copper wire is better for this purpose than a string, as the wire can readily be tightened by twisting and holds the fragments in a firmer grip. For cementing wooden articles nothing is equal to liquid glue. The fractured edges must be well matched and closely bound together until dry. Glue may also be used for repairing fine glass vases, etc., though jeweler's cement is excellent for this purpose.

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RECIPES

THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL *will publish from month to month recipes for special dishes. They are the result of a wide experience on the part of an excellent housekeeper, and can be followed with perfect confidence.*

Fish Timbale

Cut the fish down the back and remove all bones, chop up as fine as possible, then pound in a mortar, then through a sieve. Mix all with butter, the yolks of four eggs, add cream, pepper and salt, and put in a mold and steam three hours.

SAUCE

Use shell of lobster pounded until powdered, added to a cream sauce made of cream, flour, and butter; let all come to a boil.

Stuffed Cucumbers

Peal the cucumbers, cut in half, and take the inside out. Have some stuffing ready; then stuff and put together with a little piece of wood, and roll each in a piece of white cloth tied at both ends. Place in boiling water in which you should have a piece of butter and some parsley and onions. Boil slowly three-quarters of an hour. Take them carefully out of the cloth and have the sauce already on the dish in which they are to be served.

SAUCE

One tablespoon of butter, one of flour. Mix in hot sauce-pan, stir in some broth in which the cucumbers have been boiled, add the juice of half a lemon and some finely chopped parsley.

STUFFING

A small bunch of parsley, one-half of a small onion, one-half cup of chopped mushrooms, a small piece of salt pork chopped fine, one-half cup of fine bread crumbs, one tablespoon of butter, yolk of one egg, some red pepper. Work all together.

Eggs Stuffed

Cook twenty minutes. Cut in half, take out yolks and mix with a little cream. Add salt, pepper, and a taste of onion. Make cream sauce and pour over them, or cream sauce with a little anchovy paste mixed in.

THE SCRAP-BOOK

Nothin' Done

Winter is too cold fer work;
Freezin' weather makes me shirk.

Spring comes on an' finds me wishin'
I could end my days a-fishin'.

Then in summer, when it's hot,
I say work kin go to pot.

Autumn days, so calm an' hazy,
Sorter makes me kinder lazy.

That's the way the seasons run,
Seems I can't git nothin' done.

SAM S. STINSON, *in Lippincott's Magazine.*

Why Not?

[A writer in the *Week End*, describing an interview with M. Worth, said that gentleman "farewelled." It is the poet's prerogative to increase the vocabulary, and the following is an attempt in that direction.]

I gardened in the evening shade,
And birds around me songed;
Indoors my friends, as sounds betrayed,
Ping-ponged.

'Twas then that Jones came horsing by—
His steed was newly shoed—
He cordially "hullo"-ed, and I
"How-doed."

He told me how his meadows grassed,
And how his poultry egged;
His views how houses should be glassed
I begged.

So he opinioned till I tired,
And backed him from the theme,
And then of butt'ring cows inquired
And cream.

While thus we conversationed, Time
With ruthless foosteps onned,
It darked, we heard the vesper chime
From yond.

At last we felt that we must part,
"Farewell, my friend," I cried,
And he with anguish at his heart,
"Good-byed."

—*London Chronicle.*

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Trade-Mark Registered

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Sixth Year
Published the Fifteenth of each Month

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The House Beautiful Competitions

THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL competitions for $3,000.00 and $6,000.00 cottages closed on April 1st.

The publishers received no design for a $3,000.00 cottage which seemed to them worthy of first prize. This award is, therefore, withheld.

SECOND PRIZE—Mr. Robert G. Work, 115 Monroe Street, Chicago.

THIRD PRIZE—Arthur L. Leach, 40 Grove Street, Lynn, Mass.

FAVORABLE MENTION—J. Bert Lane, 54 V Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

Harry Shupe, 132 Kensington Street, Cleveland, Ohio.

R. D. Macpherson, State Architect's Office, Albany, N. Y.

William Proctor, Arlington, Mass.

B. H. Shepard, 203 Broadway, New York.

James L. Rice, Ft. Benton, Chateau Co., Montana.

Edmund Q. Sylvester, 1 Somerset Street, Boston, Mass.

The designs submitted by R. Edmund Sawyer, 1 Somerset Street, Boston, and by Homer Kiessling, 70 Kilby Street, Boston, were interesting, but the cottages could not be built for $3,000.00.

$6,000 Cottage Competition

FIRST PRIZE—Benjamin F. Hendren, 540 E. Martin Street, Roxborough, Philadelphia.

SECOND PRIZE—George Wallace Carr, 180 Grand Ave., Chicago.

THIRD PRIZE—Jervis B. Harbeck & Birch B. Long, 1107 Steinway Hall, Chicago.

FAVORABLE MENTION—Wm. W. Tyris, 122 W. 93rd Street, New York.

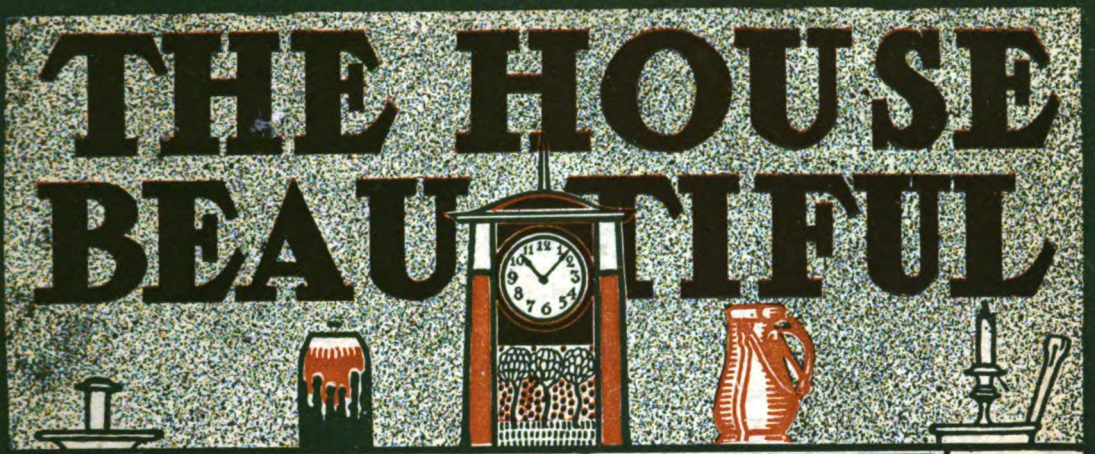
Ernest Howard Yardley, 929 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

Oscar M. Hokenson, 931 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

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JULY, 1902.

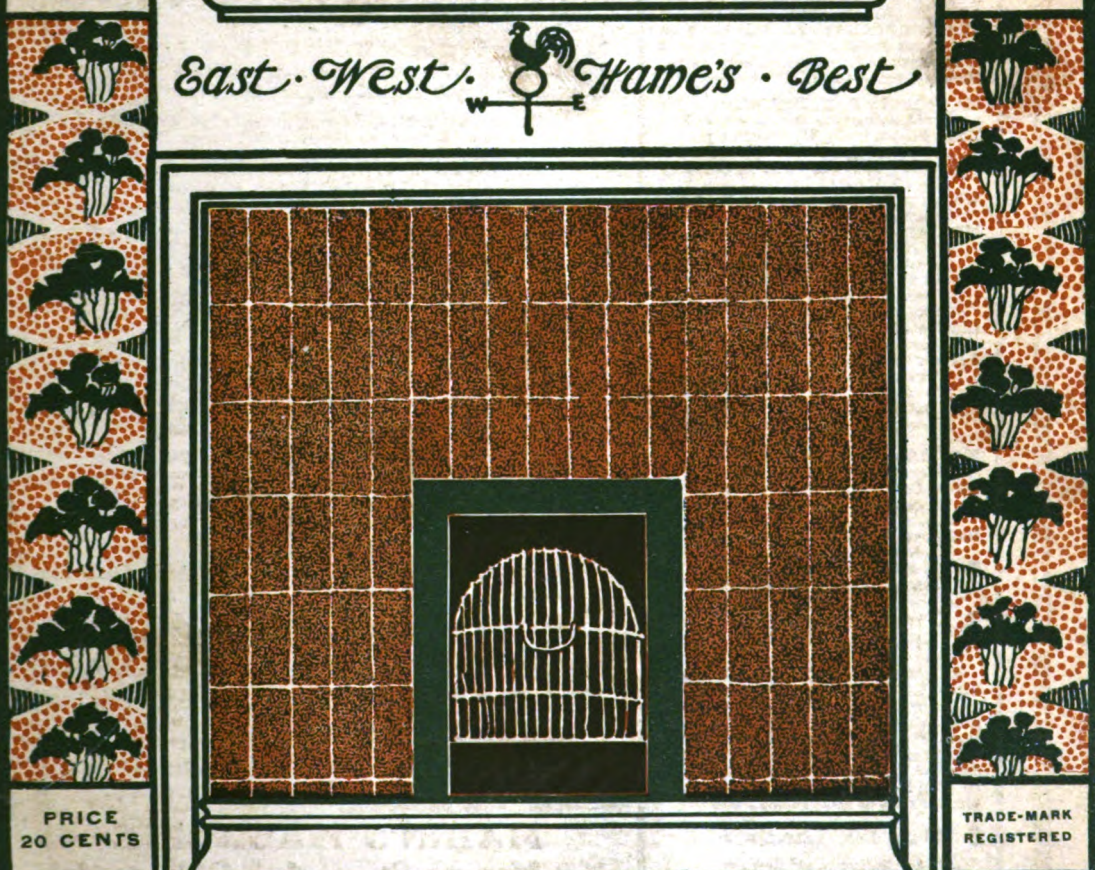
THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL



VOL. XII

No. 2

East · West · Hame's · Best



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HERBERT S. STONE AND COMPANY

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have engaged Professor Walter Dill Scott, Director of the Psychological Laboratory of Northwestern University, to treat of the Psychological Element in Advertising.

The subjects of his articles already published are "Association of Ideas," in April, and "Suggestion," in May. "The Direct Command as a Form of Argumentation," appears in the June number and "The Psychological Value of the Return Coupon in Advertising," will appear in July.

Professor Herbert L. Willett, Dean of the Disciples' Divinity House, the University of Chicago, will treat of the Ethical Element in Advertising.

The first article of his series, entitled "Do the Teachings of Jesus Countenance Advertising?" appeared in the May issue; in June, the subject is "False Pretenses in Advertising," and for July "The Advertising of Fictitious Bargains."

Mr. George B. Waldron, the eminent statistician, will treat of the Statistical Element in Advertising.

The first article of his series, entitled "The Drift of Population, Exhibited with Reference to General Movements, Territory, Age, Sex, Nationality, etc." appeared in the May issue, "American Cities of To-day," appears in June and "The Farmer and His Products," will be the subject in July.

Moreover, these articles do not comprehend all the contents.

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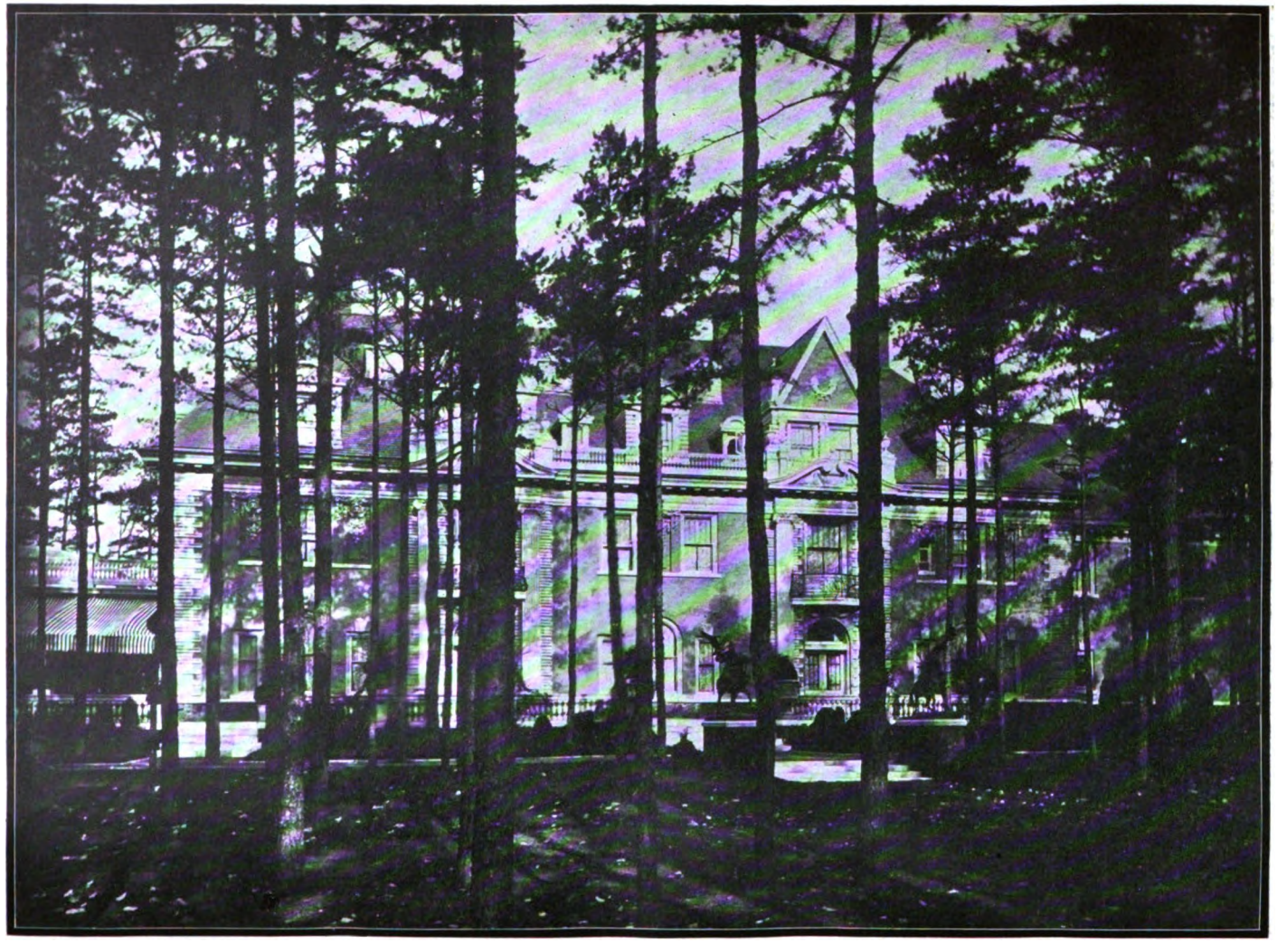
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The House Beautiful

VOLUME TWELVE JULY, 1902 NUMBER TWO

"HOUSES IN THE WOODS"

BY WALDON FAWCETT



THE creation of quaint, pretty, and artistic residences in the woods is becoming one of the most important branches of architecture and home furnishing. The recent general realization of the beauties of the woodland as a setting for habitations, be they simple or pretentious, and of the almost limitless possibilities of the unique, distinctive structures which appear appropriate in such surroundings, has materially broadened the sylvan home. No longer is the woodland house restricted in its usefulness to a summer or vacation retreat, and no longer are the ideal rustic homes confined to the mountain regions, which constitute some of the nation's principal play-grounds. Many persons whose means enable them to make the selection of an abiding-place solely a matter of preference live under woodland shelters all the year round, and such domiciles are to be found in all parts of the United States. The woodland residence, as a type, has of course attained its highest development in the Adirondack and Catskill mountains and the Maine woods; but most charming examples of the rewards of this return to first principles in home-making may be found all through the Southern mountains, on the shores of the Great Lakes, and in the forests of the Northwest.

The growing love for homes in the woods should prove a most democratic influence, for in the provision of no other class of habitations are all mankind necessarily so nearly on a plane of equality. The forest dweller of wealth may be desirous of making lavish expenditure for a home in the wilderness, yet will be confronted at the outset with the knowledge that to rear a huge, pretentious villa will banish irrevocably the elusive fascination which he has migrated to the woods to find. On the other hand, if he give countenance to architectural extravagances or elaborate furnishings, he will lose that restful simplicity which constitutes the chief charm of the perfect woodland haven, and thus it comes about that the wealthy man's lodge, if constructed in accordance with refined artistic taste and with a proper regard for the eternal fitness of things, does not differ greatly, save in detail, from that of his neighbor who is possessed of less of this world's goods.

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Houses in the woods may be divided into three general classes. In the first class may be placed all those built of logs, from which the bark may or may not have been removed, according to individual preference. The second class comprises frame buildings, which are covered exteriorly with slabs or half logs with the bark on. Finally there are the shingled houses, which are, of course, by no means confined to the woodland regions, but which, when placed in such environment, are usually given some distinctive features, often designed as suggestive of the picturesque chalets of the Swiss and Italian mountains. Each of these types is susceptible of innumerable modifications and combinations. For instance, many attractive woodland homes have a first story of logs, the upper portion of the structure presenting an ornamental shingle effect.

The houses built exclusively of logs represent the most expensive type of construction, and have proven decidedly the most popular with people to whom the monetary outlay involved has been no object. For a log cabin or cottage, as for any woodland home, the site must be selected with considerable care. The structure should be on elevated ground, and good water is indispensable. The selection of a site with all the scenic possibilities available is also, of course, advisable. The logs best adapted for use in the erection of woodland houses are spruce, hemlock, pine, tamarack, and balsam, and they must, of course, be straight and sound as well as of uniform size. The hard woods will answer, but such logs are difficult to handle when green, owing to their weight, and are less durable than those first mentioned.

If the site for a prospective log house is in a virgin forest, it is altogether likely that the builder can secure enough logs on the tract to furnish the material for construction. Indeed, it is preferable for more reasons than one that he utilize the material on the ground, for if the land in the vicinity of a habitation of this character be too heavily wooded, there will be little opportunity for the circulation of air about the house, and the presence of flies and mosquitoes will be encouraged. Whether the logs wearing their clothing of rough bark or the smooth logs are preferable is a much mooted question. Each has its advantages, and the decision must needs be left to individual taste. To the lovers of the rustic the logs with the bark on naturally appeal most forcefully, but it must be admitted that the smooth logs are to a greater extent free from borers and insects.

The season best adapted to the construction of a woodland house is dependent upon the snow and rain fall, and therefore varies greatly according to the locality. If the bark is to be left on the trees, the late autumn or early winter is usually selected as the most opportune time for cutting and assembling the material. Where smooth logs are employed, there is likely to be some change in the program, for in the Adirondack region, for instance, the bark will peal from the trees during the interval from May to July inclusive, but may be removed most readily during the month of June. The general plan of construction for a log house shows few departures from the methods employed in the erection of the old-fashioned log cabins of our grandfathers. All the logs forming the sides or partitions are flattened top and bottom, that they may fit smoothly, and in some structures the logs are hewn square or rectangular, after the Swiss or Norwegian fashion.

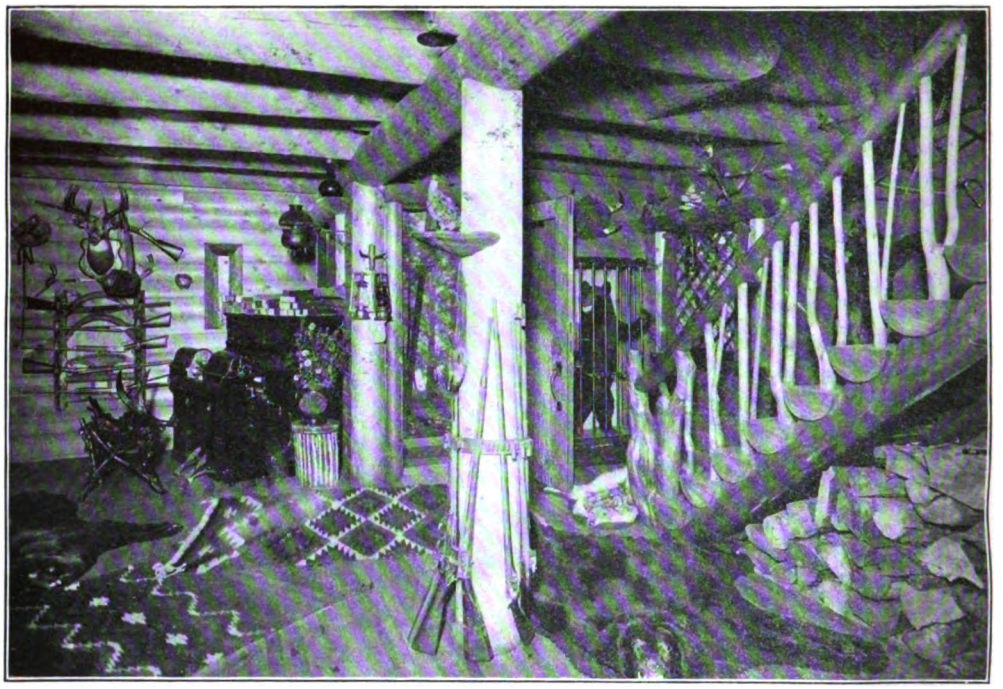
The woodland houses of frame construction, with exterior sheathing of slabs with the bark on, which gives them identically the same appearance as the log cabins, might be designated as the latest and most up-to-date form of woods habitations. They have not as yet displaced the log houses in popularity, but bid fair to in the near future. The two chief advantages of this form of construction, aside from its more moderate cost, is found in the fact that it secures a very warm house, and frees the owner from the worries imposed

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SLEEPING-ROOM IN THE LODGE OF LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR WOODRUFF

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HALL IN LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR WOODRUFF'S LODGE

by borers or insects, for if these pests accomplish the destruction of a slab, its replacement is a simple matter compared with the substitution of a new log. The general principles which govern the construction of shingled houses in the woods are so similar to the familiar tenets which obtain in the erection of such structures in the city, that it is unnecessary to dilate upon them.

As a rule, the woodland house is set at least a foot above the ground to insure dryness. Usually the building rests on massive foundation posts sunk several feet in the ground, but in some instances stone foundation piers are provided. A majority of woodland homes have high pitch roofs, the roofs being covered with shingles, bark, or thatch. When bark is utilized it is sometimes employed in the same general manner as shingles, but more often is laid on in strips about four feet in length and as wide as the circumference of the tree from which it was taken. A thatched roof is decidedly difficult of construction, and will last for only ten or twelve years, as compared with fifteen years, the interval usually allotted to a shingle roof.

The ornamentation of the interior of a woodland house may properly be said to begin with the construction of the partitions and stairs. Partitions in many woods houses are made of matched boarding, but in the belief of some enthusiasts on the subject of forest life this savors too much of the city, and consequently slabs or sheets of bark are often employed. Sometimes the logs on the inside of a cabin are covered with shingles, which are laid in patterns, and thus constitute a durable as well as rather ingenious wainscot. The stairs of the ideal woodland residence are intensely rustic. A quaint effect is observable in the Adirondack home of Lieutenant-Governor Woodruff of New

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LIVING-ROOM IN AN ADIRONDACK COTTAGE

York, where each step is formed by a half log. In almost all the lodges or cabins where an artistic ensemble has been sought, the rails of the stairs are of rough poles, while the balusters are likewise rustic, and in some instances a newel post, formed of a rough stick, has been run to the ceiling and forms a support for a rustic screen formed with small branches placed like lattice-work.

One of the chief attractions of the woodland home is the portico, which is invariably deep, and not infrequently extends on two sides of the house. In the houses suggestive of Swiss chalets there are usually one or more balconies with a stairway on the outside. The open fireplace is another adjunct which contributes much to the rustic atmosphere of a woodland habitation. The chimney is as a rule made of stone picked upon the site of the lodge, and laid up roughly in lime mortar without any attempt at finish beyond the filling of the apertures between the stones with moss. From a picturesque standpoint there is nothing to compare with the clay fireplace and log chimney, but this sort of creation is not very safe against fire unless built with great care and kept in the most perfect repair. The fire hearth and linings of the fireplace are made of stiff clay a foot in thickness, and the flues of the log chimney are thoroughly lined with the clay. In most mountain homes where the varied delights of an open fireplace have been tasted during the chilly evenings, there will be found in the fireplace a fire crane with dangling hooks on which to hang kettles.

In the Adirondacks, where the woodland home has reached the highest stage of its development, the "camps," as they

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are called, present two different styles of arrangement. On the one hand, a camp may consist of a group of from ten to fifteen rustic buildings devoted to the owner, his guests, servants, etc., or on the other, it may comprise a single good-sized building, one, two, or two and a half stories in height. To indicate the size of some of these buildings, it may be noted that Sagamore Lodge, the Adirondack home of Mr. Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt, is seventy-five by forty feet.

In many of the Adirondack lodges the entire first floor is given up to one gigantic living-room, the kitchen being located either in a "lean-to" or detached building. This arrangement affords boundless opportunities for carrying out original ideas in furnishings and ornamentation in the immense apartment occupying the ground-floor, particularly since in many camps the logs on the inside of the building have merely been peeled, or mayhap the bark has not been removed. The floor is bare; partly covered, perhaps, with deerskins or dull red rugs, and most of the furniture is intensely rustic. While on this phase of the subject, it may be mentioned, too, that even the bedsteads in the sleeping apartments upstairs are, in most instances, in keeping with the other furnishings, the massive corner posts with the bark on running up and forming a canopy.

The greatest possibilities of one of these ground-floor rooms in a good-sized woodland house are disclosed, however, when the different corners are each given a distinctive character. For instance, there may be an Indian corner with blankets, beaded novelties, and perhaps a miniature tepee. A hunters' corner affords a background for an



BUISSEAUMONT COTTAGE

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MR. ALFRED GWYNNE VANDERBILT'S COTTAGE

artistic arrangement of snowshoes, rifles, and mounted game heads, whereas the fishermen's nook is correspondingly rich in possibilities. In the Woodruff camp in the Adirondacks a decidedly novel adjunct has been secured by the provision of a birch-bark canoe filled with balsam boughs, forming a marvelously restful couch. Over the fireplace are hung rich-hued ears of corn, and the walls are adorned with striking, decorative pictures suggestive of the joys of life "in the open."

A very interesting example of the more pretentious woods home is that built at Eagle Lake a few years since for Mr. William West Durant, of New York. The first floor of the structure comprises a parlor, dining-room, bath-room, a kitchen in one end, and a woodshed and keeper's room in the rear. The second story has two chambers with a brick fireplace in each, and a wide hall communicates with a balcony which affords a magnificent view. The roof is double. The first is sheeted and tinned, and an air space separates this from the shingled or outer roof. The exterior of the building is of solid timber squares, having the appearance of being hewn, calked, and stained on the outside, and with projecting corner logs. Rough blinds are fitted at the windows. To sum it up, it might be said that the ambition of the woodland builder should be to provide a home that is open and comfortable, and that the chief pitfall to be avoided by the woodland householder is that of over-furnishing, for in no other class of habitation will a surfeit of decorations suggestive of tawdriness appear so jarring and incongruous.

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A SENSIBLE NURSERY



BY FLORENCE HUNT

TO the mother there can be no "house beautiful" that does not contain a nursery—a room where the little ones may be happy and comfortable amid healthful surroundings. Many fanciful designs for nurseries have been given to the public, yet a mother can find much to criticise in them from her point of view.

For what mother, knowing the vivid imagination that often makes her little one's dreams haunted with curious fancies, would put upon the walls of his nursery a paper covered with grotesque figures, many of them attractive, no doubt, but serving to fill his mind with queer ideas, and perhaps to make him afraid to stay with such an odd company.

Perhaps she has not heard the story of the little one whose mamma bade him "Good night," saying she would leave him with the angels. He was heard crying out in terror a little later. When questioned as to the cause of his alarm, he said he was "'fraid of the angels." Neither does the mother like the plain heavy wooden furniture devised for the nursery, though it may be artistic and is easily cleaned. But it has too many angles and sharp corners. Baby feet sometimes trip, and falling against such sharp projections, the tender flesh would be bruised and the little one might be hurt severely.

The mother will choose the sunniest room in the house for the nursery, because plenty of sunshine is as necessary for the healthful growth of the little ones as for plants and flowers. Every other member of the household must go without the sunshine if it be necessary in order to let the children have it in the nursery. The walls of this sunny room must be painted so they can be easily cleansed, and may be of a soft, dull gray, which will not be too cold for a room that catches every sunbeam.

The floor may be of hard wood, or it may be stained, and in the center there should be a large rug, fastened at the corners. This can be taken up as often as necessary to be beaten, and is much better than a carpet covering the whole floor.

The furniture should be of rattan if possible, which is also easily cleansed, and can be brought in shapes that have no sharp corners, something always to be avoided in a nursery.

Have an open fireplace if possible; but if it cannot be obtained, there are stoves with open grates where a cheery blaze can be started at any time. This is sometimes necessary on damp days in summer, when to ventilate a room properly often makes it too cold for the little ones if there is no fire.

For the coldest weather some furnace heat will be necessary, but the open fire is a delightful nursery friend, not only to the children, but to mamma or nurse who has the care of them. Of course it must be screened, so the little ones may not make too close an acquaintance with it, but its blaze can be seen and felt even through the wire protector.

The pictures to hang upon the walls must be very carefully selected, especially if the nursery is sleeping as well as play room. A little boy, known to the writer, saw every morning, as he opened his eyes on the wall near his crib a beautiful Madonna and child. When old enough he heard the story, and always associated the love manifested in the picture with that of his own dear

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mamma. Other pictures of birds and flowers adorned his nursery walls, among them Landseer's horses and dogs. Little children at play were in other pictures, and he wove many stories about them as he grew older. Often they were company for him when sickness or some other contingency prevented his having other playmates.

A large closet for playthings is another essential for a nursery, while a shelf placed against the wall, not too high to be easy of access by the little folks, will hold some of their treasures. While sun is essential to child-life, the windows of the sunny nursery must be carefully shaded, especially in hot weather, during certain parts of the day. If one cannot command awnings, there is a low-priced fixture that may be attached to the outside blinds or shutters that will make awnings of them. These fixtures are easily adjusted and will answer the purpose desired.

What kind of playthings to get for the nursery is a subject on which mothers differ greatly, and fond relatives have every kind of opinion. Even the children of wealthy families "take" to the humblest toys.

A little girl whose nursery was filled with all sorts of mechanical toys, including dolls that could talk and animals that could perform the most astonishing gyrations, liked better than any of them a little wooden churn that cost twenty-five cents, and in which, after some labor, she could make a tiny bit of butter from half a teacupful of cream. So the mother who has not funds galore to disburse for toys, or whose relatives prefer to swell baby's bank account to filling the nursery closet with playthings, need not be at all dismayed or think her child is defrauded of its birthright.

A pan of sawdust, in which have been buried bright buttons, shells, marbles, little pictures on cards, and other small objects, will keep the little one happy and busy for an hour or two, and will be an amusement to which he will gladly return another day.

A big box of sand on rollers is a source of infinite amusement, and is not an impossible adjunct to a nursery. For although it is heavy, it can be easily rolled away at night or when not in use, and covered over out of sight.

With tiny pails and shovels the little folks, or the one baby, may have no end of a good time, and the sand that is scattered on the rug is "clean dirt," as everybody knows.

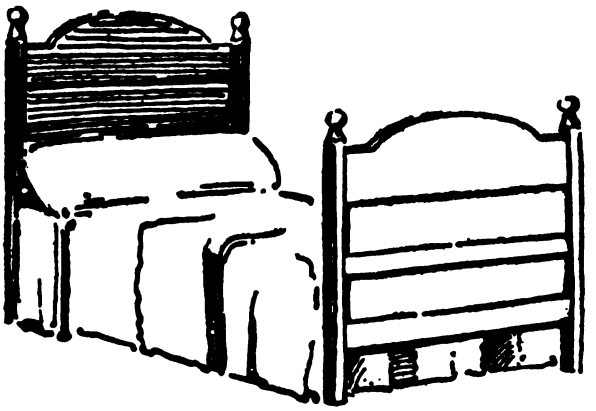
An object of delight with one brood of little folks was a square block of wood cut from the end of a piece of joist. In this the five-year-old especially always delighted to drive tacks. When one end was full it was turned over and they were driven into the other. Then the sides were adorned, and when the block was full he busied himself with pulling them out again. As the wood was soft and the tacks were small, he had but little difficulty in doing this.

Whatever the mother may choose for the child's toys, let there be a few choice ones put away for Sundays and for "sick-days." For a child should early learn that Sunday is not just like other days, and he may learn to look forward to it as a day of happiness when some special toy or pleasure is saved for that day, and this long before he is old enough to be taught its special significance. The "sick-book" in one family of little ones was a magnificent volume in their eyes, which was only used when some of them were too ill to play with their regular toys. It always brightened the day for the ailing little ones, and it was quite a nursery institution. These hints are the result of actual experience with children, and are not mere theories, which every mother knows are good enough in themselves, but are generally scattered to the four corners of the earth when baby actually arrives.

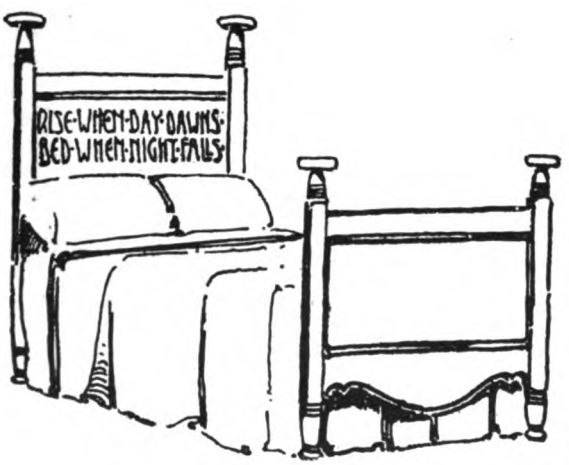
In an early issue of THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL will be published some very attractive designs for nursery wall-papers.

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SIMPLE FURNITURE FOR THE NURSERY SOME ENGLISH DESIGNS



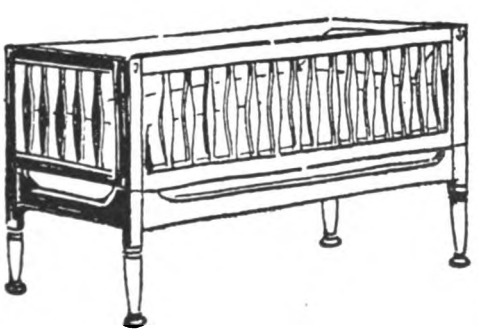
3 FT. ASH PANELED BEDSTEAD



3 FT. OAK BEDSTEAD, FINISHED IN WHITE



A CHILD'S CHAIR

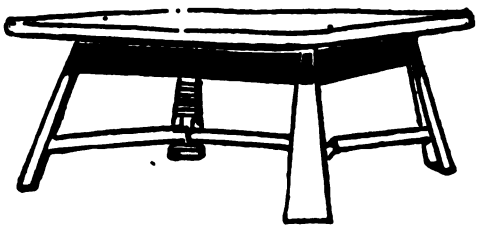


CHILD'S COT, SIDES AND ENDS TO FALL

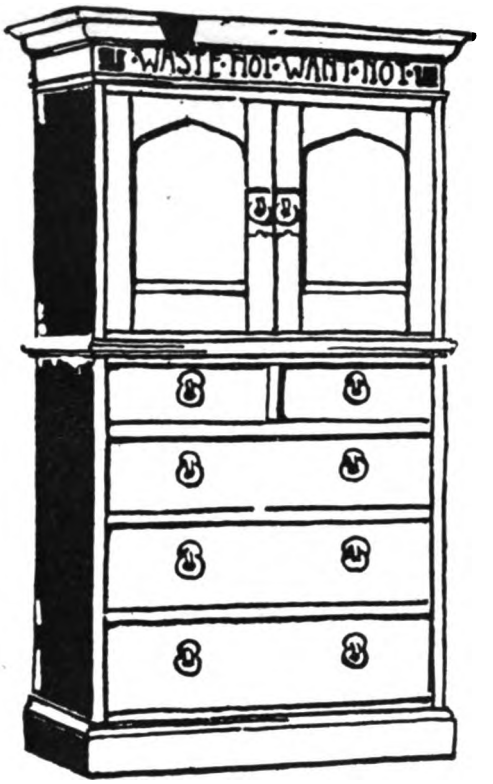


OAK ROCKING-CHAIR, RUSH-SEATED

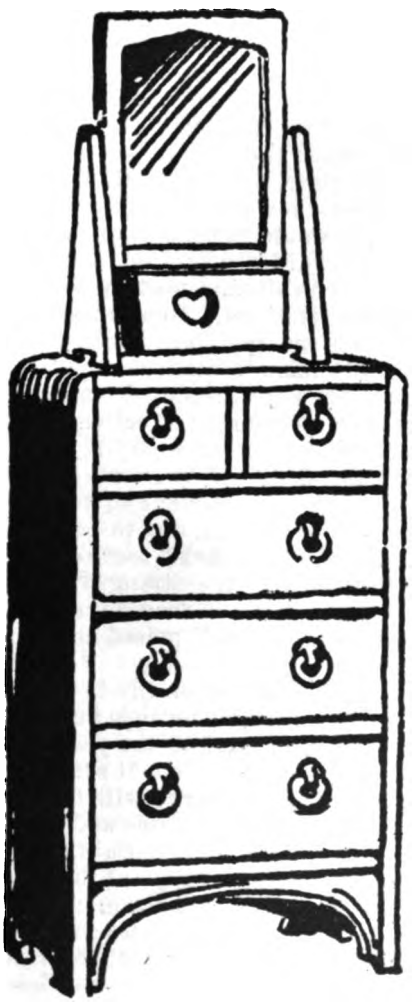
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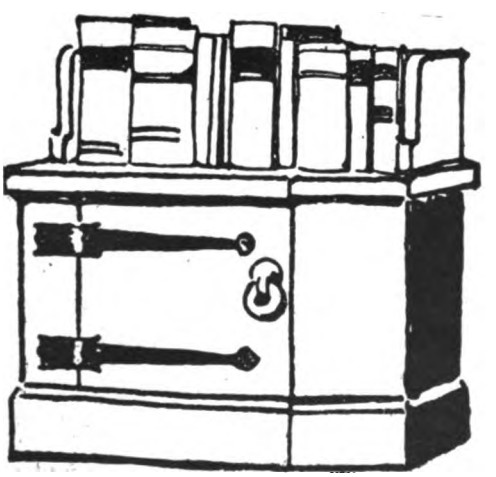
NURSERY TABLE, 3 FT. BY 5 FT.
FINISHED IN WHITE



3 FT. 6 IN. NURSERY LINEN-CUPBOARD,
DULL BRASS HANDLES



2 FT. 6 IN. CHEST AND DRESSING-GLASS
IN WHITE, WITH BRASS FITTINGS



2 FT. NURSERY TOY-CABINET, BRASS FITTINGS

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THE SIMPLIFICATION OF LIFE

BY MRS. HENRY WADE ROGERS

SECOND PAPER

Simplicity must exist as a state of mind before it can become a reality in daily living. A vivid comprehension of its exquisite meanings and its open sesame to the higher life of truth and beauty must arm the one who begins the struggle for the simplification of life. It has little concern with wealth or station, poverty or obscurity, except as the first two of these incidents enable their possessors to emancipate themselves at less cost of energy and courage. But the limitations of small means and obscurity have certain advantages in the conquest of the simple life; an arbitrary limit to the gratification of superfluous wants exists as well as more freedom from conventional standards. "A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesses." For the simplification of life it is not the abundance or the lack of possessions which is the test, but that these should meet essential needs and at the same time express a man's character, his sincerity, simplicity, and love of beauty. His manner of life should and does express these even more vividly.

That the conquest is an easy one no one will claim. "Nothing is simple any longer," says Charles Wagner, "neither thought nor action; not pleasure, not even dying." And this complexity of modern living makes the struggle for simplicity a difficult one. But it is far from hopeless. Small beginnings and rare examples make rapid headway in the spread of truth and beauty, which after all are exchangeable words for simplicity.

It is even more difficult to attempt to indicate to others means for the simplification of life than to put it in practice one's self, because it is so much an individual matter, a fruit of the spirit of each one of us who strives for it. It was much safer for Marcus Aurelius to say, "Make thy life all simplicity," than to indicate how it might be done. But while no one's word or act can be a definite guide, if it stirs to thought and effort toward the simple life it serves a good purpose. Time to think is the great need, then doing and learning, and all living would become more rational. Too many different things are undertaken, and an attempt made to be wise on too many subjects. Simplification for most lives can well begin with a recognition of human limitations, and the giving up of a multitude of superfluous duties or pleasures so called, and of superficial but nerve-wearying dipping into many fields of knowledge. It all lies in this: the wisdom and the will to choose to do, to learn, and to have essential things which make for useful and beautiful living; the strength to sacrifice things good in themselves to the greater good of a well-poised and simple life.

The simplification of life is easier in the country than in the city, and to live there as large a part of the year as possible is wisdom for the real seeker after simplicity. Less energy will be wasted by the way. There is time and space in the country, which immaterial things are at best at the vanishing-point in the city. One's relations with nature, man, and animals are closer and more real; there is a sound basis upon which to restore one's life to reasonableness.

"The simple things, after all, are the best," was a saying of Rufus Choate. Elegant in his tastes, this brilliant man

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and great lawyer enjoyed most of all simple and rustic nature in the field and forest. Our great men have all loved the country, and most of them had the good fortune to be born there, and reared in simplicity. Their dream of rest and reward in this world is to go back to gardens and green fields to find

"Hours, days, and years slide soft away
In health of body, peace of mind;
Quiet by day;

"Sound sleep by night; study and ease
Together mixed; sweet recreation,
And innocence, which most does please,
With meditation."

A threatening evil is the transfer to the country of some pretentions and artificial phases of city life. The ugly and showy architecture, household equipment, and customs of a complex and overburdened life are venturing upon holy ground and into the heart of nature. The very stones ought to cry out in protest, and do, no doubt, if we were wise to understand their language. John Burroughs voices nature, and human nature too, when he says of a rich man who makes some country place his summer home: "What he should do is to show people that a rich man can live a simple, contented life. The worst thing he can do is to build one of these million-dollar houses. If he'd repent when he gets it done, and sees it cumbering the earth, and would blow it up with dynamite, he'd show some sense. But he doesn't, and there it must stand for scores of years to corrupt the taste of everybody, and very likely be a burden to those who come after him."

Whether it be a cottage or a great mansion, simplicity, fitness, and beauty in architecture and equipment ought to be uppermost in mind, that the harmony of field and forest and stream may not be marred by the thoughtless and unlovely work of man.

For all that the country sends the city of the fundamental things of life, the city may well return its own best treasures, the things that make for economy, simplicity, beauty, and a finer social life; but let the country be jealously guarded from the rush and worry of the city, its overcrowded and stuffy houses, its superfluous customs and possessions, its wastes of time and health and energy.

William Morris's golden rule that will fit everybody, "Have nothing in your houses that you do not know to be useful or believe to be beautiful," would result, if lived up to, in a considerable household revolution, and unlimited supplies for rummage sales, since there is no Morris or Ruskin to utter wrath on a generation which unloads its bad art and rickety possessions upon the untrained poor. The opportunity for simple and artistic furnishing is wide today. Time and taste to know and choose wisely is the need, and above all stern self-restraint in the matter of quantity. Houses full of beautiful and valuable things—semi-museums—are too numerous; others overfull of tawdry imitations and cheap useless articles are the rule. The former are confusing, wearying, and lacking in artistic effect; the latter are intolerable.

Health, beauty, and simplicity are promoted by the good fashion of bare, well-finished floors, covered in part with rugs. To do with a very few well-made and well-colored rugs, if necessary, rather than many coarse and inartistic ones is the simple and sensible thing. To care for the bare floors is no more trouble, and is of a pleasanter kind, than to care for carpets or even rugs. Whether the floors are hard pine or quarter-sawed oak, or cunning mosaic, is secondary to perfect workmanship in their putting down and finishing.

Soundness of handicraft and harmony and beauty in design and coloring are the great essentials, and apply to the plainest and least expensive home as to the most luxurious. One star differeth from another in glory, and our world would be very monotonous if there were not degrees of beauty and splendor in human life and environment. To quote Morris again: "You may hang your walls with tapestry instead of whitewash or paper; or you may cover them with

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mosaic, or have them frescoed by a great painter; all this is not luxury if it is done for beauty's sake, and not for how."

It tends to the simplification of life to have rooms as bare as possible of furniture, and it tends to harmony and beauty as well. It rests the mind and the eye. It gives a setting for the human drama for which first of all a room exists. The man or woman ought to be the dominating element in a room, not the chairs and bric-à-brac. The absolutely needed furniture will take up its full share of space, and ought in design, color, and workmanship to express its owner's tastes and temperament and his standards in industrial art. Already then the room may be artistic, before pictures or pottery or sculpture are placed in it. Its proportion, its coloring, the design of its furnishing, the light and shade and vacant spaces, make it restful, harmonious, and beautiful. It is easy to take care of. It has simplicity, which is the prerequisite of all art.

Perverted ornament in the shape of machine-made lines and carvings on woodwork and furniture is a persistent vexation in the absurd amount of care required and in its educative example of very bad art. The enlightened have a continual struggle with the average architect, builder, and purveyor of furniture to secure for their houses doors and window frames, and baseboards, tables, and chairs, without countless dust-catching and useless lines and moldings and machine carvings. If the time spent on making the wood ugly and insanitary might only go toward its finish, bringing out natures inimitable lines and curves!

A poor picture or ornament can be relegated to the attic, or better yet, to the open grate, but bad woodwork and furniture are not easily gotten rid of, because we must have doors and window sills, tables and chairs. To tear out the former and make firewood of the latter is seldom possible in this work-a-day world. People may, however, make a stand against buying any more furniture of the kind, or moving into houses where the woodwork is not simple and well finished. Upon those who can afford sound and artistic decoration in furniture and woodwork the responsibility rests of having even this with the restraint which a fine simplicity enjoins.

Upholstered furniture is usually ugly and unwholesome, and only exceptional pieces can justify its taking up room in the simple and artistic home. If people would but realize that the things they live with determine in a measure what manner of men and women they are or will become, more thought would be given to their selection. We live down or up to our environment. Eye and ear and hand are educated to beauty and harmony or the reverse by every-day contact with every-day sights and sounds. Our souls inevitably follow to be simple, sincere, responsive to beauty in God's and man's handiwork, or they grow commonplace, machine-carved, and full of flaws impossible to eradicate without fire.

The more scientific organization of the household is entirely practicable, and would be a potent factor in the simplification of life. The forms of household labor, which in Europe are done by specialists outside the home, are coming to be performed in the same way here. With the laundry work, the baking, and certain other lines of work done more cheaply and satisfactorily outside the home, household labor and supervision will be much simplified. But it will only come upon a large and intelligent demand, insuring good work and necessary sanitary safeguards. The heating, as the lighting of houses, will practically all be furnished from central plants, and the dark sins of cellars will no longer rest upon perplexed housekeepers.

In our food and drink and decoration there is too often an attempt to "gild the lily and adorn fine gold." As if life were not complicated enough and its requirements all too exhausting, we invent ways of increasing the burden and lose both in simplicity and beauty. The fundamental principle that "all art

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starts from simplicity, and the higher the art rises, the greater the simplicity," applies to the art of living as fully as to the other arts. Much of modern table and food decoration is childish and trivial rather than simple and beautiful. Superfluous plated ware, over-ornate table linen, beribboned and pink-edged food, detract from the dignity and harmony of a feast where people of ideas come together, and add needlessly to the detailed cares of the home. Glitter and prettiness please and dazzle us because we do not hold ourselves up to higher ideals, and have lost the sense of proportion. Is it worth while? ought to be oftener asked and answered wisely. The beauty of spotless and sparkling cleanliness, the value of perfect cooking and intelligent service, the joy of exquisite quality and artistic design and coloring in plate and cup and candlestick, are legitimate, and reasonable efforts to secure them well worth while. But the whole matter is capable of a simplification which will make it bear a wise proportion to other claims on time, thought, and money.

Here, too, it is well to remember that the human element ought to be the dominant attraction, and all else a setting for the wit, wisdom, and charm of personality. Rudyard Kipling makes one of his characters say, "In America things own the man." Thoughtful people recognize the measure of truth in this. It is difficult for the finest human spirits to rise above an environment where the value and beauty and quantity of the pictures, plate, carvings, draperies, and furnishings insist on being seen and heard above the simpler and more subtle thoughts, imaginings, and words of men and women.

Candle-light and open fires, revived in recent years, too often illustrate painfully the far departure of the modern world from the simplicity of the forefathers. Electric light and steam heat belong to the time, and are triumphs of practical genius, though brought to our daily use in very inartistic "earthen vessels"; but our pathetic efforts for simplicity and beauty rehabilitated the fashion of the mellow candle-light and the blazing log. Yet not in their native simplicity! The artificial blaze of the gas log or asbestos fireplace finds a place in homes, and candle-light makes its way softly through isinglass and flowered shades, its pearly body concealed by false and shining candle forms. Its fitness in the general scheme of modern overladen household decoration may not be denied, but the poetry of candle-light is gone. Truly simplicity is a state of mind!

The limitation of the claims of externals is important in itself, as promoting artistic living, and in its bearing on the time redeemed for more vital things. But it will not solve by a long way the whole problem of the simplification of life, though it helps greatly to this desired end. We have wandered so far from our birthright of freedom for thought and work and life, from the true faith that joy and beauty in daily life and work are the divine inheritance of us all, that it is not easy to retrace our steps. Nor can the new generation start itself off in the way of "the better life," but must learn and practice and suffer all the complex and unsatisfying methods and customs of the civilization into which it is born. And this may well spur the thoughtful to new endeavors in the simplification of life, that the way may be blazed for untried feet, and education for simplicity be early begun.

We have to admit that "the obstacles to a better, stronger, serener life are rather in us than in circumstances," and so are within our will and effort to control and overcome. Luther once confessed that when he was over-busy he was obliged to pray three hours a day. If we moderns would think one hour of our busy and burdened days, the problem of a serene and joyful existence would be half solved.

It would decide us to "learn to do without," and to work at what we long to work at instead of toiling in vain regret at the bidding of convention and "circumstances"; it would enable us to

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distinguish essentials from non-essentials, and to give ourselves chiefly to the former, while the latter might take the remnant. So would a joyous transformation be wrought if we followed our own highest sense of duty and delight in place of the behest of the multitude or the conventional conscience. "Whatsoever things are lovely" would begin to blossom along the pathway of our lives and give out fragrance to fellow-travelers.

If we would return to the possession of ourselves and to the almost forgotten world of serene work and joy and beauty, it must be by the simplification of life; it must be by striving for simplicity to do away with luxury and waste, simplicity to make possible artistic quality and sound construction in our work and in what we use, simplicity to give time for nature, friendship, and thought; in other words, for the spiritual life as well as for material life on a higher plane.

CLASSIC HOUSES OF THE SOUTH, OLD AND NEW

BY MRS. THADDEUS HORTON

I



THERE are two classes of architectural styles in the United States which are popularly spoken of as colonial. One of these is represented by the pre-Revolutionary houses of New England, which were invariably adaptations in one form or another of the Georgian architecture of England, and come naturally under that nomenclature. The Greco-Italian houses of the old South afford the best example of the other. These last, however, were in no sense colonial, but in spite of their foreign origin are more truly vernacular than anything we find in the domestic work of America. Moreover, they fulfilled their functions perfectly, being admirably adapted to the demands of climate and to the large yet simple tastes of the Southern people; so perfectly in fact, that after forty years of experiment with modern styles the wealthy Southerner has found nothing that so completely satisfies his taste. In consequence a second Greco-Italian Renaissance is now in progress in connection with domestic architecture through Georgia, Alabama, and South Carolina, excellent examples of which are afforded by the Tompkins residence at Atlanta, the Jordan residence at Macon, and the Andrew Symonds house at Charleston.

White colonnades as features of private residences first appeared in America about 1800, when the Greek revival, led by the brothers James and Robert Adam, was at its height in England and on the continent. By that time the American people had practically recovered from the ravages of the Revolution, and were ready to invest money in building. The government set the example by letting contracts for the White House, then called by some other name, and the great capitol was already under way.

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THE HOME OF PRESIDENT JAMES K. POLK, AT NASHVILLE

About this time, too, the United States began to stretch its boundaries and open up hitherto wild territories. Enormous plantations were settled throughout the South. Virginians migrated to South Carolina, Tennessee, and Kentucky; South Carolinians moved to Georgia, and later to Alabama, acquiring by degrees extensive tracts of land, which they cleared and planted until what had been the backwoods of the South became the most productive region in the Union. Immense crops of cotton and corn were raised; peace and plenty filled the land, until at the beginning of the Civil War the richest men of the United States were the land and slave owners of the rice and cotton region.

Plantation life of the old South being similar in much to the life of the country land-owner of England—from whom the Southern population was largely descended—it is not to be wondered at that prospective builders in that section looked upon the English country house as typical of what was best suited to their needs, and undertook to reproduce it as far as was practicable under different and trying conditions, not the least of which was totally unskilled labor.

One can but stop a moment to wonder what style of house the Southern planter would have built on his savannah had Greek designs not been dominant in the English architecture of that epoch; nothing could have been better suited to lend comfort to the long summers of the rice and cotton regions. One must have a portico in the South—why not have it extend all around the house and be done with it? One must have posts to support the roof of the

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portico—why not have Greek columns instead, after the style of the Temple of Theseus or the Pantheon? Southerners of the early nineteenth century were fond of enormous schemes, and thought the greatest monuments of Greek antiquity none too good to copy. Dunleith, at Natchez, Mississippi, which is one of the most celebrated of the old Southern mansions, was undoubtedly the result of some such line of reasoning. With the exception of its Mansard roof, which was probably a later addition, it is a type of hundreds of Southern homes, all of which, with varying proportions, present the same scheme of construction. On the whole, the proposition was beautifully simple—so simple, indeed, that once introduced, Greek styles spread throughout the South with remarkable rapidity, and were in general use in city, town, and village, as well as in the plantation districts, as early as 1825.

One of the most celebrated specimens of the Greek revival in America is the White House itself, which, on the whole, is a typical English country residence of the classic period, and appropriately so, for our presidents of those days were country gentlemen. Although completed in 1800, the White House did not take on its present form until during the first year of Andrew Jackson's presidency, when the ornamental Greek portico, with its decorative Ionic columns, now so familiar to all, was added at a cost of nineteen thousand dollars. Jackson may have had some personal influence in deciding on the character of this addition, for he was a great admirer of



RESIDENCE OF MRS. LEE JORDAN, MACON, GA.

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VERANDA OF THE ANDREW SYMONDS HOUSE

the classic styles then in vogue, and had just previously built the Hermitage, his seat near Nashville—one of the many throughout the South resembling Dunleith—in connection with which he made generous use of the Doric order.

Another fine old house at Nashville, belonging to the same period, is known as the Polk mansion, so called because it was for years the residence of James K. Polk, eleventh president of the United States. Fort Hill, the home of John C. Calhoun, Andrew Jackson's great contemporary and antagonist, may also be mentioned as affording an example of the use of the Greek column. With the exception of its two porticos, one leading out from the front entrance and the other from the art gallery on the side of the house, Fort Hill is quite devoid of any feeling of classicism. On the whole, though exceedingly quaint and interesting, it is a poor structure, which is not to be wondered at in view of the fact that it was built by rude slave labor, in what was then a remote part of the state, and constructed entirely of native material.

The last individual owner of the great nullifier's plantation was Clemson, his son-in-law, once minister to Belgium, who on his death bequeathed it to the state of South Carolina for the agricultural college which it is to-day. During Mr. Clemson's lifetime the house without and within remained almost as it had been during Mr. Calhoun's occupancy. It was filled with objects of art—old furniture of the empire, with claw-feet and adorned with heads of sphinxes and

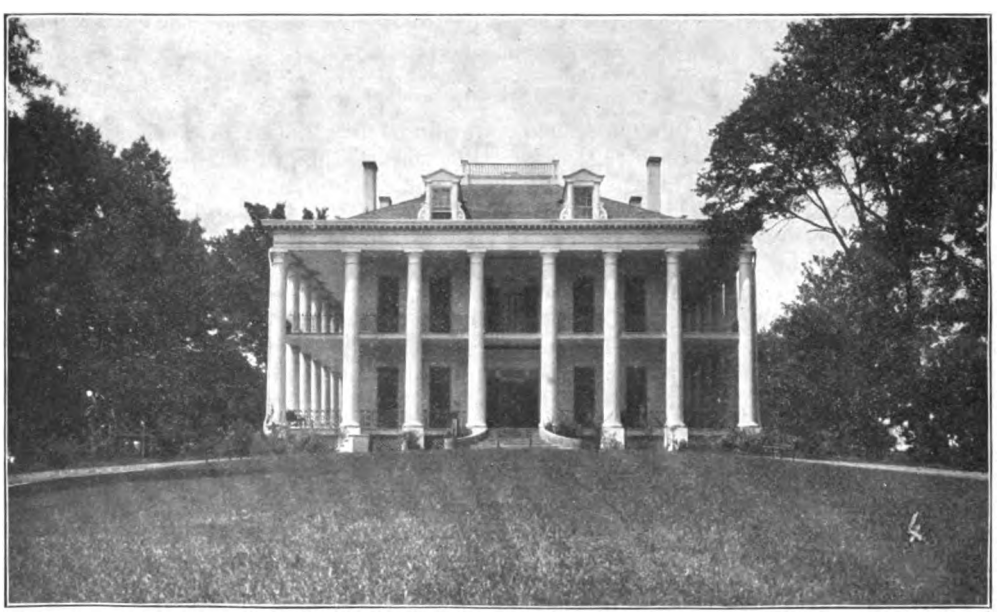
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mummies and other classic symbols of Egypt, as introduced by Napoleon through his cabinet-makers; old Sheffield plate and other silver; and a remarkable collection of family portraits. Now, however, the furnishings of this treasure-house of antiquity are divided among the different branches of the family.

The rooms at Fort Hill are all small, with low ceilings and cabinet doors. Some of them show, even at this late day, the quaint papering of a past period. The art gallery is reached through a winding passage, and the portico leading from it opens out on the level of a lawn. Once it boasted, besides the family portraits mentioned, several originals of great value and high-priced copies of the masterpieces of Murillo and Raphael.

The library of Fort Hill is a separate building on the lawn—a not uncommon arrangement in the South—which allowed it to be used as a sort of office as well. Even now it is full of interesting old editions and scrap-books containing press comments of the early nineteenth century, when Clay, Calhoun, and Webster swayed the country with their brilliant controversies and marvelous eloquence. Great oaks surround the house and throw rich dark shadows on the smooth green sward. The dwelling and the library are both of wood. The former has countless chambers and quaint narrow passages that lead to indescribable recesses—wine-cellars, storerooms, linen-presses, and cupboards of the various kind that housekeepers prize. To the rear of the dwelling are some of the old slave quarters in fairly good repair, which are now used as seed-houses and other repositories. The loggia of Fort Hill overlooks the Tugaloo River, which flows in its fertile valley between steep hills, on one of which the old house rests, and crowning another hill across the stream is one of the country places of the cultured Ravenel family of Charleston, which it also overlooks.

Arlington on the Potomac, the home of the Custis family, to whom it descended from George Washington through his wife, and her children to



DUNLEITH, A CELEBRATED OLD MANSION IN THE SOUTH

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BEDROOM IN THE ANDREW SYMONDS RESIDENCE, CHARLESTON, S. C., SHOWING A HEPPELWHITE CHAIR IN THE FOREGROUND

General Robert E. Lee, who married a Miss Custis, is too well known to need description. It was built by Washington Park Custis about 1802. The portico is generally thought to have been modeled after the front of the Temple of Theseus, only the columns are not fluted. On the whole, it seems more probable to a casual observer that it took its design from a well-known Doric temple near Sagesta, in Sicily.

Whatever may have been its prototype, Arlington affords one of the best examples of the use of the Doric column in connection with domestic architecture in this country. Its noble simplicity and powerful outlines impress all who visit it, as it stands like a white temple on a hill, telling the story of a past civilization, in sight of the capital city of a great nation.

It is also one of our earliest specimens of the Greek revival in pronounced form. An earlier one, however, is probably the Jonathan Childs house at Rochester, New York, which is said to have been built in 1800. Other houses suggesting the classic ideals of the Greeks and the early Italians are occasionally met with in upper New York state, in Pennsylvania, and Maryland; but by far the best and most numerous examples of the classic revival are found in the vicinity of Washington and through Virginia, whence they continue south, simplifying in form until, in the remote country regions of Georgia and Alabama and Mississippi, the ideals of

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the old Greeks were in time so absorbed as to become natural products resulting logically from the peculiar life of the section and the period, and the qualities and tastes of the people themselves. As in the church of the Madeleine in Paris we have, in spite of its faults, an apotheosis of the Greek revival, so in the old wooden white columned houses of the Far South we have the Greek revival resolved back into what, under more heroic conditions, were probably its original elements—a few pillars upholding a roof.

COLLECTORS' INTERESTS

JAPANESE LACQUER

BY R. I. GEARE

THE Japanese lacquer industry attained perhaps its highest degree of excellence in the twelfth century during the reign of the Emperor Konoye, although fully sixteen centuries earlier, and perhaps long before, lacquer-working was understood by the Japanese; for it is recorded that during the reign of the Emperor Ko-an, in the fourth century before the Christian era, there was an official known as the "Chief of the Imperial Lacquer Department." There is unfortunately no knowledge as to what articles were manufactured at that early period, and for some unexplainable reason the industry waned for nearly a thousand years, when history narrates that in the reign of the Emperor Ko-toku, who came to the throne in 645 A.D., the lacquer industry was revived, and well-finished articles were even received in payment of taxes. In the ninth century the industry made rapid strides, and the lacquer department was made a bureau of the Takumi-riyo, which is about the same thing as the public works department of the present day.

So closely associated was the lacquer industry with the very life of the Japanese people, that in times of national adversity the manufacture of this ware almost ceased, while in eras of prosperity there were corresponding revivals. This fact was well evidenced at the time of the civil wars which overran the country during the sixteenth century. At that time the lacquer trade declined very greatly until Taiko Hideyoshi restored peace. From that date until now it has spread in a manner quite unknown in former times.

Genuine admiration for lacquered ware and ability to discriminate between first-class and inferior examples are qualities that have to be acquired. To the uninitiated one piece is very like another, although the essential points of difference are readily recognized by connoisseurs.

The pieces of ware shown in connection with this article, which, by the way, are considered to be unusually beautiful specimens, are from the celebrated Capron and other collections now on exhibition in the National Museum at Washington, and in addition, some of the choicest pieces of Japanese lacquer ware in the celebrated collection of Mr. Fred May of Washington.

Lacquer is the sap taken from the lacquer tree (*Rhus vernicifera*), which is indigenous to Japan, where it grows to a height of twenty-five to thirty feet.

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This tree belongs to the same genus as the American poison ivy and poison sumach.

The process of "tapping" the trees gives employment to a large number of men, who, on the arrival of spring, travel through the northern provinces of Japan, where the best trees grow, and continue their work until autumn. The age of the tree, the season when the tree is "tapped," and the treatment which the sap receives, as, for instance, being mixed with iron filings, turpentine, or charred wood, are important factors in producing different varieties of lacquer.

The branch, with leaves, twigs, blossoms, and pods, here shown has been drawn for this article from a beautifully colored plate in "Iconographie des Essences Forestières du Japon," by M. Homi Shirasawa, inspector of forests.

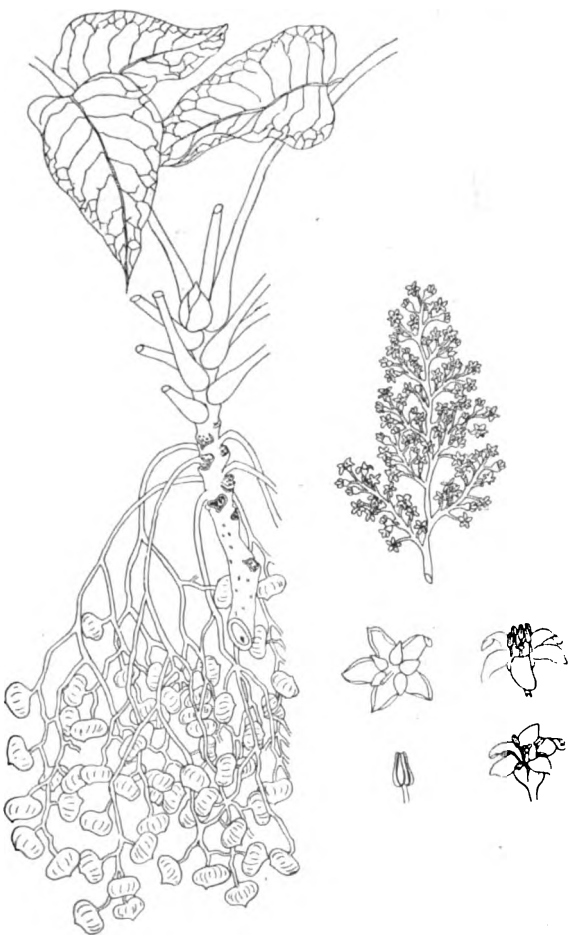
When the sap is first taken from the tree it is known as Ki-urushi, or crude lacquer, and the sap from young trees is used for applying the first coating to the object to be lacquered. The best quality of lacquer is of a light yellowish hue, and should not be thick, but gelatinous enough to make strings when lifted up. All kinds of lacquer turn black on exposure to light, and strange to say, lacquer dries most quickly in a damp atmosphere.

In drawing the sap the method employed is to make five horizontal incisions in the bark, about an inch apart, at the bottom of the tree on one side, with a small saw. As the sap exudes, it is removed first from the lowest gash with an iron hook, then from the next incision above, and so on. It is then placed, for preservation, in a bamboo tube. Trees between fourteen and fifteen years old are said to furnish the best lacquer, and when thirty or forty years old, they are usually cut down to the roots, the young shoots being allowed to sprout again.

In passing, it may be remarked that the wood of this tree, which is fine grained and golden at the heart, is much used in Japan for cabinet-work. The berries yield a wax useful in making candles, and a somewhat similar wax is obtained in greater abundance from another tree of the same genus (*Rhus succedanea*).

This district, in which the best lacquer is produced is Aidzu, in Iwashiro, and it is here that the "Suki," or transparent lacquer, is obtained. This kind, however, is not suitable for the manufacture of black lacquer, for which the sap obtained from trees grown in the district of Chichibu, in the province of Musashi, is considered particularly excellent.

It is impossible in a brief article to



PARTS OF THE LACQUER TREE (RHUS VERNICIFERA)
Redrawn from "Iconographie des Essences Forestières du Japon," Tokyo, 1900

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name and describe fully all the kinds of lacquer, but the fact that there are many kinds bears witness to the numerous phases of this fascinating industry, as well as to the diverse efforts which have been made to produce not only the best material, but the material best adapted for making each peculiar kind needed by the lacquer-workers.

Thus "Ro," or black lacquer, is made by adding to the pure lacquer the tooth dye (Haguro), which is a liquor formed by steeping iron filings in vinegar, and exposing them to the sun for a few days. "Nuritate" is pure lacquer mixed with water that has been used with a whetstone, and contains fine particles of it; to this mixture is added a little powdered turpentine. This kind of lacquer is used for under-coatings. "Jo-hana" is made by mixing lacquer with whetstone water and turpentine, to which is added oil from the "Ye" plant. "Naka-nuri" is pure lacquer from which every particle of water is carefully extracted. "Seshime" is a mixture of pure lacquer with finely powdered charred wood and a glaze made from seaweed. "Ki-seshime" is obtained from the lower branches of the tree or from the branches of old trees that have been cut down.

Nearly all of the finest pieces of lacquer ware are examples of one of the following kinds:

Polished black lacquer, upon which there are figures, landscapes, patterns, etc., painted in gold lacquer in very slight relief, and sometimes diversified by diminutive square bits of gold foil, laid either on the black ground, on the gold pattern, or on both. A variant of this has a brown or greenish brown ground, very slightly mottled or clouded, and so dark as almost to pass for black except in contrast with the intense lustrous tone of the true black lacquer.

Sprinkled or "Aventurin" lacquer, the ground being sometimes of a uniform sprinkle of gold, and sometimes in clouds or clusters, the gold specks being much more numerous, of rounded spots of perhaps an inch in diameter, than in the spaces between. The patterns applied in gold and in relief are exactly as in black lacquer, except that they are apt to be in higher relief. A special feature of this lacquer is the translucent appearance of the ground, into which one seems to look for a certain depth down among the sprinkled gold. A variant is made with silver powder. This sometimes has a greenish tinge; the gold powder also is of many tints, greenish, reddish, etc., so that the gold and silver sprinkles approach one another in appearance.

Gold lacquer, which is practically the same as the sprinkled lacquer, only made with so fine and dense a sprinkle as to resemble a dull metallic surface. Some of the finest pieces look, indeed, like solid gold slightly dimmed by wear and use; these are exquisite in delicate beauty. The raised ornament on all these is put on as in the black lacquer.

Smooth polished lacquer, in which the pattern, which may be very elaborate, with flowers and figures, looks as if stained on the brownish ground, the whole surface, ground, and pattern being polished together to a mirror-like surface.

Mokume, or wood-grain lacquer, in which the whole ground is covered with veins arranged like those of wood, and varied by different densities and different colors of gold sprinkle.

Opaque red-ground lacquer, the patterns of which are generally in relief of gold.

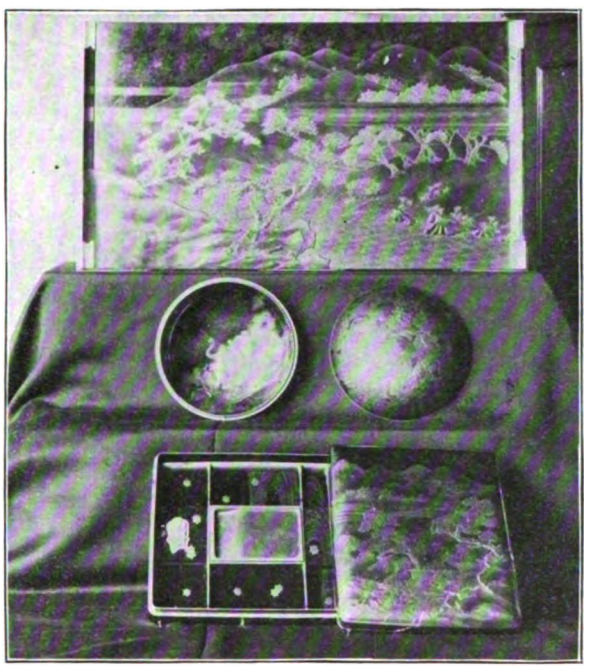
Pearl-sprinkled lacquer, the finely dusted mother-of-pearl mixed with a black ground. This kind is not very common among the highly finished old lacquers. The pattern on this is generally an inlay of mother-of-pearl in thin veneer.

Marbled lacquer and branched or sprigged lacquer (Tsaguru-nuri and Wakasa-nuri). These kinds have rarely come to the West in fine wares, although cheap and slightly made boxes and trays in these wares are quite commonly seen in this country.

Transparent lacquer, a mere varnish, but exquisitely hard and brilliant; laid over a surface of richly grained wood.

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Many of these varieties are enriched by means of inlaying with ivory or bronze carved in relief, as in the faces and hands of lacquered figures, or in whole figures, with mother-of-pearl, black horn delicately carved, coral, and even small bits of fine stones; moreover, gold leaf or silver leaf are often laid down in pieces larger than the little squares named above and cut to shapes to suit the patterns. Little flat objects of pottery or porcelain are also let into the black ground, especially in the splendid wares said to have been made by Korin, an artist of the seventeenth century, and his followers. Carved black and red lacquer, like that made in China, is also made in Japan.



IN THE FRED MAY COLLECTION

The most elaborate preparations were made, in old work, in the way of seasoning and preparing the wood and the lacquer. The process of applying the lacquer and adorning it was also a most protracted one, for no coating might be added until all below was perfectly dry, and the drying had to be so very slow and gradual that special boxes or cabinets were made for the purpose, the walls of which were thoroughly wet at the beginning of the drying process. It appears to be chiefly in these respects and in the natural changes in character of design that the modern lacquer differs from the ancient, for much of the modern is admirable in workmanship and in delicacy, so far as external appearance goes, and the designs are often very beautiful, though with a tendency to over-elaboration and crowding of the surface.

In applying the lacquer, the surface of the wood to be treated is first covered with triturated hemp and glue. The first coating of lacquer is then given, and this is covered with a very fine hempen cloth. Numerous coatings of various qualities of lacquer are laid on this foundation. A careful drying intervenes between each layer, and a partial rubbing off with a whetstone follows each drying. A powder formed of calcined deer's horn serves in most cases to give the final polish. All this, however, is merely preparatory, if the object sought is to produce one of those beautiful gold-lacquered articles which we commonly have in mind when speaking of lacquer ware.

Gold lacquer of fine workmanship has a brilliant metallic luster. There is a kind of lacquer called "Aventurin," or sprinkled lacquer, to which reference has already been made, in which the grains of gold are of various degrees of minuteness, and are put on sometimes in a uniform sprinkle, and sometimes in cloudings. A surface of lacquer is often adorned with pieces of gold or silver foil, and incrusted with small reliefs in

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THE CAPRON COLLECTION

bronze, mother-of-pearl, ivory, or other materials, but the application of gold lacquer is very complex, and the process cannot be described better than in the words of an eminent authority on the subject:

"When it is desired to apply flat gold lacquer to an article that has received the plain coats, the process is as follows: A thin species of paper, prepared with sizing made of glue and alum, is used. On this paper the design required to be transmitted to the lacquered article is drawn. On the reverse of this paper the outline is lightly traced in lacquer (previously roasted over live charcoal to prevent its drying) with a very fine brush made of rat's hair. This paper is then laid on the article to be lacquered and is rubbed with a spatula made of Hinoki, or whalebone, where the lacquer has been applied, and on removing the paper the design is observed lightly traced in lacquer.

"To make the design perfectly plain, this is rubbed over very lightly with a piece of cotton wool, charged with finely powdered whetstone or tin; this brings the pattern out white. From one tracing upwards of twenty impressions can be taken off, and when that is no longer possible, from the lacquer becoming used up, it only requires a fresh tracing over the same paper to reproduce the design *ad infinitum*. This tracing does not dry, owing to the lacquer used for the purpose having been roasted. The pattern thus traced out is then filled in with groundwork lacquer, with a brush made of hare's hair, great care being taken not to touch or paint out the original tracing line. This is then

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powdered over with fine gold dust, silver dust, or tin dust, according to the quality of the ware. The dust is applied with a piece of cotton wool charged with the material to be used, and the article is then gently dusted with a very soft brush made from the long winter coat of a white horse, to remove any loose metal dust that might adhere to the article and to slightly smooth the surface. It is then inclosed in an air-tight press, so as to prevent any dust or outside matter from adhering to the freshly lacquered surface. When the lacquer is sufficiently hardened, the article is taken out, and the part over which the gold dust has been sprinkled receives a coat of transparent varnish (Suki urushi) laid on with a hare's hair brush, and a further portion is prepared with a coating of gold dust, as before; the article is again closed up in the air-tight damp press, as before, until dry. Whenever the portion which has received the second coat of lacquer over the gold dust is quite hard, it is rubbed smooth with a piece of hard charcoal made from Camellia wood, or Honoki, until the whole is level with the surrounding parts. Then it is rubbed with the finger and some finely powdered whetstone and deer's horn, with the smallest quantity of oil, till it attains a fine polish. If upon this surface any further work takes place, such as the veining of leaves, or the painting of stamens or other parts of flowers, these are traced in lacquer and covered with gold dust, and when dry, the final polish is given with the finger and powdered deer's horn."

In later years cheap imitations of gold lacquer have been introduced by the aid of bronze or tin, and the goods of this sort, which are made especially for the holiday trade, are said to be passed off by unscrupulous dealers as genuine examples of gold lacquer. Thus in endeavoring to encourage a taste for this beautiful ware by gifts, we are liable to be also encouraging in trickery the cheap manufacturer, who is ever on the alert to substitute the imitation for the real article to the too confiding public.

IN A YEAR'S TIME

A year's time?—
In less are roses faded,
In time long past the birds have southward flown,
And petals from old orchards, drifting, flying,
Have buried deep the spring, 'neath blossoms blown,
'Neath blossoms fragrant blowing,
Spring lay dying,
Long ago.

Our love's time?—
A moment or forever?
A fleeting spring or ages perfect round
Since you and I and little Love together
Went straying and the golden treasure found?
Our golden treasure finding
In spring weather,
Long ago.

BEATRICE C. WILCOX.

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WALL HANGINGS, OLD AND NEW

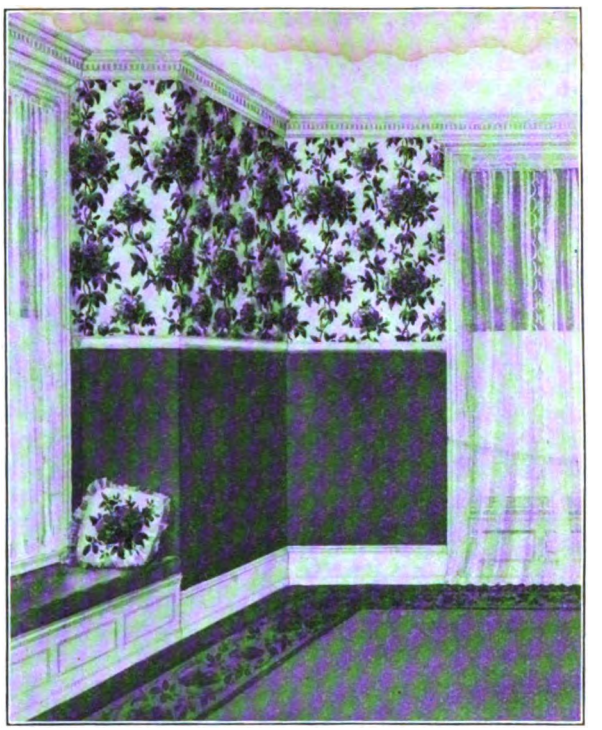
BY L. M. REDMOND

THE decoration of the interior walls of buildings, public or private, has engaged the attention from the earliest times. When art had passed the primitive stage and industries sprang up, taste required that such embellishment as could be obtained should enrich the walls. Weaving is a prehistoric art, probably beginning with the plaiting of grass and rushes for articles of dress. The loom is an early invention; there is biblical evidence of the making of linen from flax by the ancient Egyptians. Mummy bands are now known to have been made of linen. Embroidered hangings in palaces and churches were the rule, and in the tents of the Arabs the silken hangings, when stirred by soft zephyrs, lent a perfume to the air. In the bazars of the Persians rich silks were displayed; Persia was probably the fountain-head of textile design. Arabian silk wall hangings were celebrated. There were splendid hangings in the dining-room of Ptolemy Philadelphus, and his tent was hung with scarlet and white draperies. The Egyptians used linen and cotton fabrics, but the Babylonians, Assyrians, and Persians, tapestries of great brilliance. They were clever in choosing subtle shadings that made these fabrics prized.

The art probably took the usual course from Egypt to Greece, then to Italy, and through Roman conquests to her colonies, although some authorities state that it was practiced in many countries before the Roman invasions. These hangings were suspended by flaxen cords dyed purple, hung from ivory and silver rings. The subjects portrayed were usually historical or mythological, and sometimes of fantastic design. Roman amateurs purchased these hangings for their weight in gold. The chief decoration of the tabernacles of the Jews was textiles. The veil of the Temple of Solomon was said to be of fine linen and scarlet. Colors had a special significance—linen, earth; scarlet, fire; azure, air; purple, sea. China used silken fabrics three thousand years before our era. The Greeks, from the time of Homer, delighted to ornament their walls; tapestry adorned the Parthenon. The tent of Alexander was of Asiatic magnificence. After the fall of Carthage and the conquest of Greece "treasures began to pour into the Eternal City," figures of the conquered Britons were woven into the purple curtains of the theater. The favorite color of the Greeks was saffron, while the Romans preferred purple. No basilica of Rome was without its ornamented hangings. In the fourteenth century Venetian and Spanish pictures show these gorgeous wall hangings. The monks of the Middle Ages spent much time at the looms. In the convents of France wall decorations were made in the tenth century. Wall hangings, known as Sarrazinois carpets, doubtless brought from the east by the Saracens, were in use during the Middle Ages. At the close of the twelfth century Flemish weavers began to manufacture tapestries that were "famed in song and story"; they were the weavers par excellence; they got their ideas of "pictured cloths of gold" from Byzantine tapestries. Many of the world-famous pieces are in the Royal Museum at Madrid. Velasquez chose the subject of the weavers for one of his greatest pictures. Raphael made the cartoons for "The Acts of Christ and the Apos-

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tles" for Pope Leo X., that were executed by the Flemings; Rubens afterwards influenced Charles II. of England to buy these designs, and from them tapestries were made for him in Surry; these were afterwards in the possession of Cardinal Mazarin, and are preserved in the Garde Meuble, Paris. The hangings of Arundel Castle, made in London, were sold in 1392. The monks of Canterbury made a tapestry for the choir of the cathedral. The Guy of Warwick tapestry is well known. When Regent Margaret of Austria went to England, the town of Tournay presented her with a hanging representing the city of Dames. The French came to the ateliers of Flanders for their workmen, although the royal tapestries of Gobelin were more artistic in design. The energetic Colbert united these with those of Beauvais, and Le Brun, the painter, was at the head. While beautiful, these pieces lacked the sturdier style of earlier times. During the reigns of Charles X. and Louis Philippe, the Gobelin manufactory produced the life of Marie de Medici from designs of Rubens; these were in the palace of St. Cloud, and are now in the Louvre. Tapestry called Arras was made at the town of that name until it was taken by Louis XI., in 1477, and Brussels became the center. Accounts of the purchase of tapestries appear in records of the households of the nobles. The Aubusson factories, though supplied with Flemish workmen, were hampered by having to use the short wool of native sheep, and being far from art centers, had poor designs.

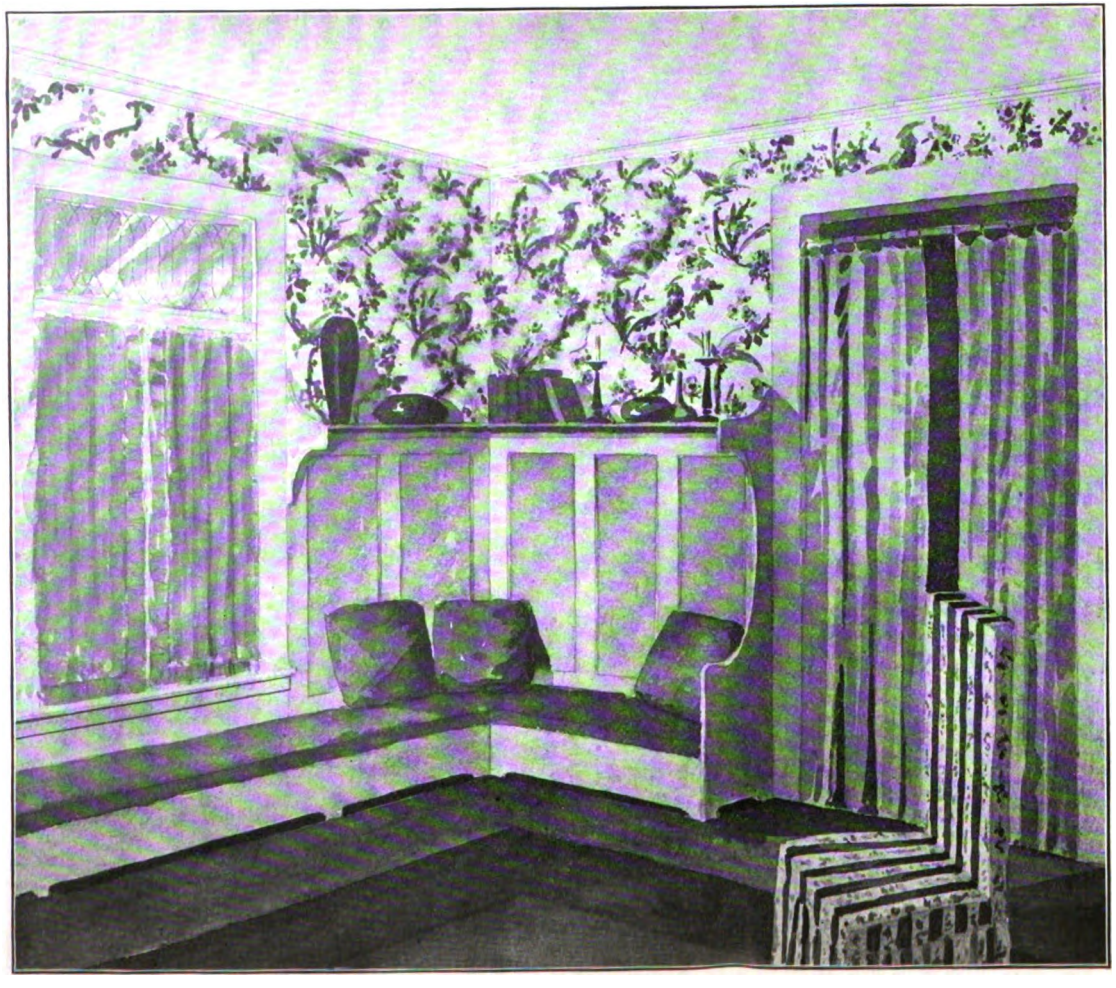


GREEN, WITH A FLOWER FRIEZE

This art has had royal protection, and tapestries formed the gifts of kings and princes; yet the day came when ancient pieces were relegated to garrets, and the unraveling of tapestry was a favorite pastime of those of later generations. Embroidered hangings were also much used; the embroideress of the Duke of Burgundy worked hangings for a room with the history of Priam, and another of ornamental designs. Milan was famous for its embroideries, as was Florence also. Nicoli of Venice was a rare master of embroidery. That storehouse of treasures, the Barbarini Palace, had many beautiful hangings. Francis I. ordered an embroidered apartment for his mother, Louise of Savoy. The velvet appliqué hangings of Cardinal Mazarin are often referred to. Designs in relief on Chinese and Japanese satin were much esteemed in the sixteenth century. At one time embossed leather was looked upon as the refinement of art; the celebrated stamped leathers of Cordova "had a design first painted with a uniform pattern set off with figures produced with a hot iron on roller, the ground gilt or silver with rich colors and the royal cipher"; then came the

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A VERY EFFECTIVE BEDROOM DECORATION, LOWER WALLS IN TWO-TONE STRIPE OR SMALL FIGURE



UPPER WALL IN FLORAL CHINTZ, DESIGN IN BRIGHT COLORINGS, PLAIN CEILING

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figured and printed velvets, silk damasks, and printed papers.

The four walls which shut us in from the rude world must be harmonious; they should in fact be the keynote in the scheme of decoration.

The question of wall-papers has always been a perplexing one, and when one thinks of the shop and pattern book filled with despairingly bad designs, a sympathy is felt with the man who said if he were czar, a commission would be appointed to examine designs for wall hangings. Whether he would go farther, and provide that capital punishment should be the penalty suffered by the worst offenders, is not known; but the effect on the tempers, morals, and manners of a people by congruous surroundings is not to be overestimated. If we are not æsthetic enough to wince at the display of atrocious taste we are constantly called upon to witness, we are certainly fast approaching a point where we are discontented with bad things if not quite sure of what is good. Even dealers admit that nine out of every ten patterns of paper are faulty in some direction; it is generally conceded that "walls, woodwork, floor, furniture, and hangings should blend in one harmonious whole, and that the red room, blue room, green room, or yellow-and-white room becomes irksome to live in because of its incompleteness." We should hesitate to degrade our homes by ugliness, and in these days of the democracy of art, ignorance is unjustifiable. If we can employ the papers and fabrics of the Morris school or of his disciples—Walter Crane, Voisey, and others—we shall be reasonably sure of satisfaction. There is the harmonious co-operation of worker and consumer just as there was in mediæval times, when the strong, swift strokes of the workman were for the fashioning of completeness. It makes a difference whether a machine-printed paper in which from sixteen to forty colors are put on at once is chosen, or a hand-printed one where one color at a time is put on, giving depth and form to the design from the high lights and shadings. German designers are said to have produced the best effects, not too extreme. The great European artists of to-day are engaged in designing for fabrics, and fabulous prices are paid for these patterns. They are, of course, brought to a minimum figure for commercial use. The acanthus leaf, which was much used in designs in the earliest times, is the graceful motif of some of Morris's most successful papers and fabrics. Tulips lend themselves to graceful patterns. The English papers are not mechanical, are stained instead of printed, not uniform in shading, being thus more artistic. Grass-cloth in orange and wood color, with a conventional design of tulips, makes a fine background. Yellow side walls, with a frieze of birds and tulips, is also effective. Zuber of Paris shows good designs in flowers—one of blossoms in flower-pots. An English chintz has morning-glories. A fine room in a modern dwelling has panels of rose brocade paper inclosed in graceful frames of narrow gilt molding, at regular intervals on a striped rose and ivory paper; this is the salon, and the furnishings are largely gilt and white. A bedroom has yellow silk gathered and drawn tightly from freize to baseboard, forming walls of fluted silk.

Leather is being revived for library, halls, and dining-rooms; sometimes the material is tooled leather, but quite as often a paper which simulates it. Some very handsome designs are shown; the background being glazed and conventional patterns employed, green and gold with red, a tobacco brown with lighter shadings of same color, and a plain, dull blue with a narrow border having designs in red in relief to follow the wainscoting, doors, and windows, were noticed. Tapestry is still in favor, being used above a high wainscoting for libraries, dining-rooms, and reception halls. Nouveau art designs are also shown. Cretonne papers are especially suitable for country homes; the cretonne to match can be had for couch coverings and draperies. Bedrooms have a cordu-

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roy paper in pink or green, and a frieze which has a trellis design in green with climbing roses, that converts a chamber into a bower. The large flower designs as a frieze still hold good. Then there is a dainty English chintz paper for bedrooms also, a glazed ground with conventionalized bunches of flowers. But perhaps the newest and most effective is the design showing the cockatoo, with big blossoms and branches in gay colors on a glazed ivory ground.

Much care and thought is given to the decoration of walls by people sensitive to surroundings; they are of more permanent character than the movable effects, and a mistake made in the selection of papers or other hangings means a great deal. And when all is said, it resolves itself into not choosing tints so weak and faded as to make one fairly seasick, or colors so bold as to startle with their crudeness; but a happy medium that harmonizes and makes us glad to draw the curtains and light the evening lamp, not being afraid to face the walls.

The Publisher wishes to acknowledge the courtesy of the W. P. Nelson Company, Chicago, in supplying the illustrations used in connection with this article.

A MODERN VILLA

WITH SOME UNIQUE EFFECTS IN LEADED GLASS

BY ALICE M. KELLOGG

ANY one who has seen the beautiful old Roman columns at Amalfi or Capri will trace some resemblance to them in the supporting pillars of the house illustrated. For something of that noble feeling of symmetry seems to pervade this modern example of domestic architecture, deepened perceptibly in the summer months when it appears in a setting of trees and vines.

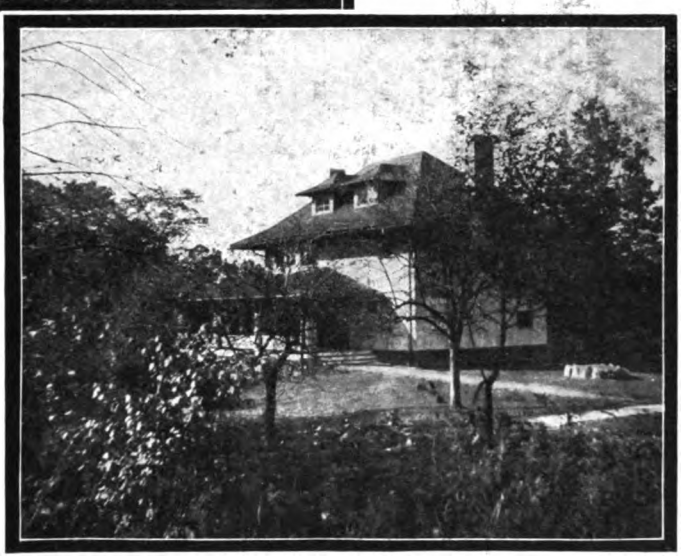
The architect, Mr. F. G. Howard, of New York, has united in the simple broad lines of Italian construction every detail for household comfort, an unusual arrangement of living-rooms, and a unique use of leaded glass, under a price that generally gives only the most ordinary of buildings.

The exterior of the house is cemented, and the projecting roof makes a picturesque finish, affording, at the same time, a thorough protection to the side walls, allowing no moisture to enter any crevice and so cause the cement to separate from the inner wall. The gray-white of the exterior is relieved by the touch of color around the windows and under the projecting eaves, where the rafters, cut in the Florentine manner, are painted dark red. The window-sash is blue, and the soffit of the eaves between the rafters a golden yellow. The open rafter work of the porch is stained, the beams being a dark, rich brown, the intervening spaces a lighter shade.

In the placing of the houses a direct outlook on an apple orchard takes the place of the usual conventional frontage towards the street, and the secluded portion of the yard at the back has been cleverly reserved for household enjoyment. Too often are just such opportunities as this passed by, from ignorance

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TWO VIEWS OF A MODERN VILLA
Mr. F. G. Howard, Architect

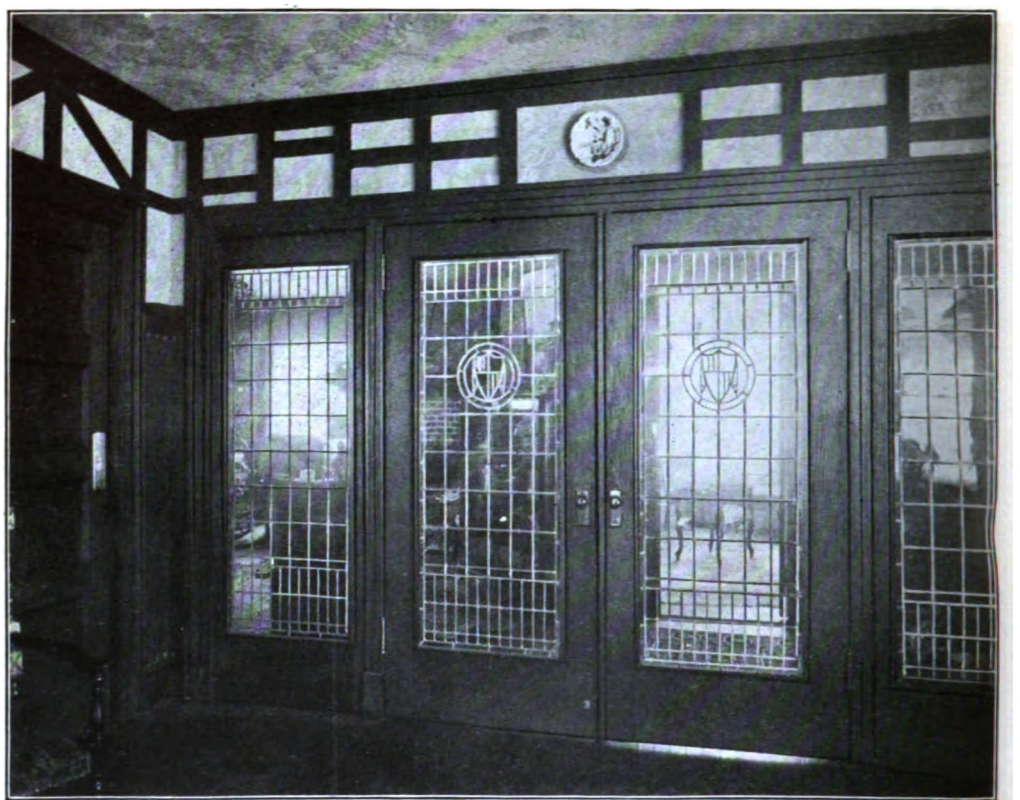
dining-room, with its picturesque designs in leaded glass, is shown in the illustration on page 104. The color scheme of the dining-room is low in tone, and very harmonious, departing from the general traditions for such a place with an originality that charms and convinces alike. Under the plate-shelf a dark green burlap is fastened; above is the gray plaster and beams, the latter a dull Flemish black like the rest of the woodwork. The furniture is of Flemish oak, and the floor is laid with Turkish rugs.

In the hallway there is a rich tone of red in the side walls, with a golden ceiling and dark floor and trim. The turn of the entrance-hall forms a large living-

or neglect, and their loss felt as a constant grievance.

From a glance at the illustration on page 102 it is easy to see the novel method of introducing the leaded glass into the dining-room. The entrance from the front hall is quite filled with the glass partition, disclosing a charming interior, or if strict privacy is desired, a thin silk curtain may be drawn. Inside the dining-room one notices the quaint mantel of brick with wide joints of mortar, and the gray plaster walls above a plate-shelf showing the construction studding. The ceiling has two large beams across it finished like old "adzed" work on ships. A French window opens upon a wide porch at the back, where tea or supper may be easily served in warm weather. The front bay of the

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THE LEADED GLASS DOORS LEADING INTO THE DINING-ROOM

hall, and in this is built an old-fashioned mantel with a hood six feet from the floor. A piano, lounge, window-seat, and cozy nook are all evidences that the family enjoys this portion of the house to the fullest extent.

A reception-room is close to the front entrance, and is also connected with the large hall by a wide opening which makes it convenient, on occasions, to throw both rooms together.

The kitchen and butler's pantry are compactly fitted into the remaining corner of the square in which the rooms of the main floor are placed. The former is equipped with the modern coal and gas ranges, electric bells, and speaking-tubes. There is abundant closet room for culinary purposes, a place for the ice-chest, and a rear entrance carefully detached from other communication with the house. These details, though provided nowadays in the best building, are often reached at the expense of artistic effect. With the latter so satisfactorily present in "A Modern Villa," the former seems all the more delightful.

The staircase is simply executed, and is stained a dark green. On the second floor a linen-closet is planned for, with bath-room and chambers. In the attic one large room has been partitioned off for a den, a smaller room for the servant, and space left for further finishing

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THE BRICK MANTEL IN THE DINING-ROOM

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THE FRONT BAY IN THE DINING-ROOM, SHOWING THE LEADED GLASS WINDOWS

if desired. The lighting of the house is by gas and electricity, and steam heat is used.

The originality of the house lies in its simplicity and the decorative use of leaded glass and of rough plaster and visible studding. The leaded glass is a happy innovation, with which several clever architects are showing excellent results.

LADY ARABELLA ROMILLY'S NEEDLE-WORK

BY BEATRICE HERON-MAXWELL

IT was one of the tenets of our grandmothers' household creed, and of their grandmothers' before them, that a "most excellent virtue in woman" was "skilfulness in broderies, tapestrie, and such hand worke"; and they considered that artistic use of the needle both argued and tended to refinement, delicacy of feeling, blameless living, and equable temper—all desirable attributes of womanhood.

Lady Arabella Romilly is one of the

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modern exponents of this art of needlework, which, in the hurry of social life, is laid aside by so many of us; and much as she loves being out of doors, especially when she is in the country, she devotes many hours of indoor leisure to the creation of lovely draperies.

Portières, panels and screens, borderings and couch-spreads, grow swiftly under her deft fingers. All her work is done *con amore*, and her home is filled with examples of her work.

A handsome cover for a sofa was worked by Lady Arabella Romilly on her way to India, and there is a screen of branching roses, trellised, in crewel-stitch, which is charming in its shades of pink and brown. Another screen entirely worked in shaded ribbons has a raised look, which is very effective.

Between the two drawing-rooms are curtains of cream linen, with a large, conventional pattern embroidered in green, believed to be of an old Indian origin. They are effective against the lighter green walls of the pretty rooms.

Just outside, on the landing, hangs a picture of a winsome, barefooted damsel, whose face and hair and limbs are painted on the satin, while the draperies are in long and short crewel-stitch, and the background in silks is finely and smoothly darned.

Lady Arabella Romilly is engaged now in finishing the fourth of a series of similar figure-panels, called "Earth," "Air," "Fire," and "Water." These are in fine wools, and two of them have vivid tones of orange and flame; they are intended to go at the back of a bed, framed in a four-leaved wood mount.

All the figure pictures she works are only outlines to begin with, the filling-in of draperies and backgrounds being her own design. She has also in hand a piece of Liberty linen, the pattern of which is to be completely covered with work in several stitches—the French-knotting, the satin, feather, and ordinary crewel-stitches.

Other work just completed includes a border for a tea-gown, and a lovely table-center, on satin, of closest, finest long-stitch, couched.

Lady Arabella Romilly's artistic tastes show themselves in all her surroundings, and she shares the new liking for quaint and curious jewels, especially for turquoises, of which she wears a very fine specimen, set in brilliants, on her "thimble" finger.

She is inclined to believe in the oriental superstition that a turquoise will die for you, and that to lose one you have been wearing or to break it signifies that some misfortune threatened you which has been averted by it vicariously. One or two instances of this have occurred in her family.



PORTION OF A COUCH-SPREAD DESIGNED AND WORKED BY LADY ARABELLA ROMILLY

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NOTES AND COMMENTS

BY OLIVER COLEMAN

"Golden" Tea-Service

ONE insensibly associates tea-drinking with an atmosphere of Cranford. Daintily gowned damsels, spindle-legged mahogany furniture, and silver trays seem to be indispensable adjuncts. A true lover of tea demands the thinnest and daintiest of cups for his tea-drinking, and one may not gainsay his principles. Yet egg-shell china at times seems somewhat out of harmony with the ruder surroundings amidst which one frequently takes the beverage during the summer. There are now to be obtained tea-services unusual because of their strong and beautiful coloring. The rather thick ware is a golden yellow, each piece bearing a conventionalized iris, only one blossom the color of lapis lazuli, and two straight green leaves. The shapes of tea-pot, cups, and plates are all delightfully pleasing. A mahogany tray should bear these "golden" dishes, which do not at all suggest a conventional drawing-room, but are the suitable accompaniments of an open piazza, or the green, well-trimmed lawn on a summer afternoon. Incidentally I know of one or two bachelors who, living in apartments, affect the afternoon tea habit, and who have discovered this china, finding it particularly suitable for a man's ménage. This ware may be had also in yellow-green or blue-green, the iris design being always the same.

Summer Hangings

The question of hangings is always difficult, and generally costly, and although in summer one feels that "blessed be nothing," very often the unblessed "something" is necessary for comfort and the good furnishing of a house. This "something," then, may be a loosely woven, soft cotton fabric, which hangs in the nicest of folds, and gleams in the fairest of colors, yellows, golden, and "muddy," which means a little brown mixed in with the yellow, greens, reds, and pinks. If the lights at the seashore or the winds in the mountain need a gentle tempering, these will serve, and most inexpensively, for that excellent purpose.

Clocks for Bedrooms

"John Doe. Fine brass and bronze work."

So swung the sign on a large brick building taking a full city block of frontage. One looked eagerly within, for the stout brick building seemed very prosperous, and "John Doe" must be singularly successful in selling his wares. The windows and rooms were filled with brass and bronze, tortured into extravagant forms. A bronze camel carried on its hump a clock; a stout and sinewy gentleman of brass held a right arm aloft supporting a ball, embedded in which was a clock; conventional, badly modeled female figures in metal

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supported candelabra and bulbs for electric lights.

"John Doe" makes his money in most unrighteous traffic. Why not let our clocks show that they are simply timepieces? What connection have they with a camel or a brass atlas? A clock is such a useful member of society and ought to be a beautiful one as well. The old "grandfather" or eight-day clocks, that have come down to us in inheritance, are worthy and dignified pieces of furniture, and we give them places of honor in our houses, as is their due. And so, after John Doe's aberrations, it was with a sense of triumph that I found in a certain shop most satisfactory clocks, but only suitable for bed-chambers or country dining-rooms. The square, unframed face was of white enamel on brass, a design of pink roses and green leaves at the four corners, and at the center top a quaint little basket filled with roses. The brass weights, after the manner of Swiss clocks, were suspended on chains in open view. These clocks were in several sizes, in which the designs varied slightly. They ticked cheerfully and openly to show that they were not ashamed to be simply good, reliable timepieces.

Centerpieces and Doilies

White linen, embroidered or plain, is quite the most satisfactory for every-day companionship at one's table. But sometimes we grow weary even of the best company, and long for a change, although perhaps it is unreasonable. However, for those unreasonable people who boast blue-and-white china, perhaps the Canton, the blue of which is so exactly right to my mind, I would suggest grass-linen centerpieces and plate doilies of this same peculiar blue, with a heavy design embroidered in white silk thereon. These blues are most delightful with mahogany, and stand the tub without a shadow of turning.

In the Shop-Windows

By some use of imagination and no little optical memory, one may frequently collect a pleasing picture from several sources. Such a picture was suggested to me by two or three shop-windows recently. The first window was filled with rattan furniture, in substantial, unadorned shapes, but made quite out of ordinary by yellow stain. Rattan furniture, if not left in the natural color, is generally to be had painted or stained green or red; this was stained a strong chrome-yellow. The cushion seats were covered with a plain yellow material, or a white cretonne with a yellow rose. Another window seen a few days later finished the treatment of the room quite satisfactorily with a wall-paper. The design was a green trellis on a white background, over which clambered a lusty yellow rose. The imagination added the necessary toning down touches of green-spreading ferns in the windows, and cushions of green here and there about the room.

Ornaments

Possibly there is to-day no more prevalent fault of decoration than the overcrowding of ornaments. In so far as the architect may be guilty or the decorator, if there has been one employed, the owner or lessee may be quite helpless adequately to redress the fault. Numerous and flagrant as are the errors of the professionals above alluded to, they are trifling in comparison with the

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almost universal overcrowding of small ornaments by the women of the households themselves. The architect may play his part most skilfully, the decorator may be a genius, but the real master of the situation is the woman of the house. She, as by rights she should, puts on the finishing touches, pulls the tables around, selects the proper position of the chairs, and buys and places the small ornaments. But in these days of world-wide trade facilities, with all the treasures of the Indies, of Europe, Asia, and the islands of the sea, brought to our very doors, there are few women who have enough artistic self-control. The mantelpieces are simply crowded and groaning under the weight of vases, clocks, candelabra, trinkets, china, picture-frames, and the many, many beautiful objects that one has bought or thankfully received as gifts during a longer or shorter household experience. It would seem that every available space, every square inch of mantel or table or shelf room, must be filled and occupied. Not only is there an apparent fear of vacant spaces, but the desire to own various beautiful objects becomes a perfect passion. I knew one woman who had so far succumbed to this pleasant—I cannot say bad—habit, that she had in storage, in New York, Philadelphia, and Boston, enough furniture, old china, pictures, and bric-à-brac to fully furnish a large mansion in each city, and yet she lived in the West, and after once buying these things never again saw them, as far as I could find out.

I certainly admire the latter trait at least, for it is to those who attempt to exhibit ornaments enough for five houses in one drawing-room that my remarks are principally addressed. That the whole place looks mussy, crowded, and even frequently undusted, goes without saying; but besides the ruination of the restful and artistic appearance of the room, I deprecate the injustice this habit does to the pieces of ornament themselves, providing they are of a quality deserving any consideration, if not, they have no excuse for being. We are all familiar with the experience of how much more beautiful a vase will look when we unwrap it at home than it did in the shop. This is because for the time being we see it alone, unspoiled by the close proximity of rival beauties. It is the same with pictures. No picture looks as well in a gallery or on a crowded wall as when hung alone, with nothing near to distract the eye or divert the imagination from the glamour and the illusion it is attempting to give. The Japanese are our teachers in this. They set a little blue-and-white vase on a teak-wood stand, and that upon a little marble-top table, the whole is in a small anteroom with plain colored walls, and just the right light; in this vase they place one single stalk of a purple iris. That is all, and yet it is a complete picture. The owner can sit and admire this by the hour; he can study each curve of line, each gradation and harmony of color. Even a western eye can admire the thing when thus set forth. Yet the same vase, holding a squeezed bunch of iris, set on a crowded mantel with a silver candelabra on one side and ormolu clock on the other, would mean nothing, a touch of color perhaps, one touch among a thousand in the kaleidoscope of the room. Now the Japanese connoisseur will do this same thing, though he has one thousand vases just as beau-

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tiful in his collection. When he tires of his blue-and-white vase, he will put it away and substitute a specimen of *sang de bœuf;* in this he will place one spray of apple-blossoms. And so his collection will be a constant source of delight to him, each day a new revelation, and his palate will never become satiated. We might all draw some lessons from these Orientals, as indeed one New York collector has done. He has modified the above program to conform to the larger opportunities and requirements of a fine old house on Washington Square, but his self-control should be an example to all who read. Though the owner of very many beautiful ornaments and *objets de vertu*, he has a true love for simplicity, and an appreciation of the value of space. So the great majority of his pieces are put away safely from view, and only a small portion are placed about the house at any one time. When this wise man begins to tire of any article or of the entire arrangement of the room, he puts away all the ornaments and substitutes others in their place. In this way he gains all possible advantage from his many possessions, gives vent to his very broad taste, and at the same time keeps his house an artistic sermon.

There are few of us who do not have an unpleasant word which we apply to a rich woman who wears all her jewelry at one time. A woman with four necklaces, six bracelets, and a couple of dozen rings upon her person, no matter how charming that person, nor how beautiful the jewels, is not a pleasant object, nor one we are fain to admire. The placing of every ornament one owns in the drawing-room at the same time is no less vulgar or ostentatious, and I very much regret that all cannot see the extremely successful effect of Mr. Gould's house in Washington Square, and to some extent at least profit by his very clever example.

French Bookbindings

There has been a rather interesting exhibition of bookbindings in New York this spring. The entire exhibit was by the hand of one man, Mr. Charles Meunier, of Paris. Mr. Meunier is a pupil of Bernard, and is the leader of the most advanced school of bookbinders in France. Like all other forms of æsthetic art in that country to-day, that of Mr. Meunier is woefully beset by the pernicious influence of "New Art"; yet his bindings exhibit a curious catholicism, ranging from clearly academic styles, the heritage he has from the great masters of the past, of whom he is a direct descendant by the line of master and pupil, to the most violent outbreaks of experimental decoration. It is the old failing of the striver after novelty to stumble and fall at times into the briers of bad taste. Mr. Sanderson in England, though little addicted to novelty, holds a higher average of artistic bindings.

First and foremost, Mr. Meunier is an expert and perfectly proficient workman. Disagree as one may with his canons of taste, his execution is faultless, absolutely perfect. He is much given to inlays of various-colored leathers, and to carvings of the leathers after being so inlaid. Both of these difficult operations he seems to revel in, and the precision and perfection of the finish cannot be too much praised.

It seems to me that a book cover should be, first serviceable; second, deco-

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rative; and thirdly, symbolic or suitable to the book.

Mr. Meunier's order seems to be, first, serviceable; second, symbolic; and lastly—not thirdly—decorative. Where he disregards symbolism he frequently inlays exquisitely executed flowers upon a leather of glorious color. He is a great master binder; of this there can be no question. But his taste is execrable; he has no æsthetic sense whatever—no man having any could so frequently fail. If a symbol may be conventionalized and so be made decorative, it forms the most harmonious and fitting *motif* for the cover, but when symbolism becomes mere illustration, and the cover decoration becomes for all intents and purposes the frontispiece of the book, and frequently a most repellent subject at that, I think the line should be drawn.

So in binding Victor Hugo's "Notre Dame de Paris," the cover has an inlaid plaque representing Esmeralda and the goat dancing. Pierre Loti's "Madame Chrysanthème" has an inlay upon the cover of plaque in nickel, by Falguière, representing Madame Chrysanthème. Another is decorated with an inlay in colored leathers of a fan, guitar, and flowers. One of Poe's "Histoires Extraordinaires" has a huge orang-outang. Another, a dead or drunken man upon a couch in a hovel, and "Cyrano de Bergerac" has that gentleman's gay but not too decorative physiognomy in a circle, with flowers and crossed swords. In short, all of the so-called symbolic attempts are little if any above the old-fashioned cloth bindings on children's books. It is only fair to say that three-quarters of the examples—of which there were over seventy—were decorated in various floral designs. The flies and doublures were equally resplendent, and the books themselves were well chosen, as far as paper, print, and illustrations were concerned, to deserve such brave covers.

Newcomb Pottery

The work of the Newcomb Pottery in New Orleans, now a well-established industry, has grown to such an extent that the old building has become most inadequate and a new one has already been begun.

The old quarters of New Orleans are interesting and picturesque because of the many old types of Spanish colonial houses, and Mr. Rathbone de Buys, the architect, in his designs has wisely followed these old models, so suitable to the climate and needs of New Orleans.

"It will be of brick, stucco, and timber. The timber will show through on the outside, as it does in so many of the colonial houses still extant, and the stucco is to be so colored as to produce the effect of fifty years' exposure to the elements. The woodwork of the doors and windows will be painted the familiar green of the creole houses, and the roof will be red tile. The railings of the steps will be finished with old-fashioned brass newel posts. The front balcony will be drained by copper gargoyles, which will pour their contents into great stone jars resting in a bed of Spanish daggers.

"There is not only no difficulty about selling the pottery accepted by the college, but there is always more demand than there is supply. That is why the new building has been put up. More space will permit more workers, and more kilns and more potters follow as a natural sequence."

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Lady Beaconsfield Sweet Peas in a Glass Bowl



THE FLOWER BEAUTIFUL

CONDUCTED BY

CLARENCE MOORES WEED

The Beautiful Sweet Peas

FEW flowers can be put to a greater variety of uses for indoor decoration than the lovely sweet peas, which become abundant in a well-kept garden in July. These gracious flowers are charming in almost any sort of receptacle, but they should be used chiefly in jars and vases of comparative simplicity of design. And they should never be asked to display their simple loveliness in ornate vases with many-hued bouquets painted upon one side.

There is a great variety of Japanese ware particularly suitable for these blossoms. The small, simple jars, ornamented only in skilfully blended colors, or the merest suggestions of conventional designs, which may be procured in many sorts of Japanese ware, are very satisfactory receptacles for sweet peas. While in general I do not like to use Japanese pitchers and tea-pots for holding flowers, on account of the violation of the unity of use this involves, I have often obtained delightful effects in filling them with sweet peas. The flowers may readily be so massed as to hide the more obvious indications of the normal utility of the receptacle.

Plain glass rose-bowls and other low glass receptacles are also excellent for use with sweet peas. The tall rose-vases, however, are not so good, because they are likely to be too high in proportion to the height of the mass of blossoms.

In general, people crowd their displays of sweet peas too much. It is true that even then the flowers are beautiful, chiefly on account of the delicacy of

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their colors, but they are much more delightful when displayed in a freer fashion which reveals the inimitable grace of the living blossoms. Some suggestions of such free arrangements



LEMON QUEEN SWEET PEAS

may be gained from the accompanying pictures.

The same love of simplicity that leads to a less crowded display than is usually seen leads also to the use of fewer colors in displays. An arrangement of one or two varieties is much more satisfactory for quiet observation than is a mixture of all the colors. And by choosing the colors of the varieties, very delightful harmonies may be obtained. This result is also possible through the selection of vases for the flowers; thus by using the lovely bluish lavender blossoms of the Countess of Radnor variety in a low yellow jar, a beautiful complementary harmony may be arranged.

For small receptions or other functions in which a temporary decoration is desired, delightful effects may be obtained by combining low vases of sweet pea blossoms with small bunches of other sweet peas scattered upon the table near the vase, thus repeating the bit of form and color. Two or three small bunches dropped loosely near the vase add greatly to its decorative value.

In the carrying out of this idea it is easy to make many attractive color combinations by using one variety in the vase and another upon the table. I have thus used combinations of peach blossom and Lady Beaconsfield; of Juanita and Ramona; and of the Duchess of York and the Duke of York.

I trust that there is no need to warn the readers of THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL against the use of double sweet peas. Even the seedsmen admit that their claims upon the flower-lover are of doubtful value. Professor Bailey expressed the truth with his usual felicity when he said that double sweet pea is "a mussy and impudent thing." The grace of the single varieties is too precious to be sacrificed for mere display of color. And beautiful color effects may be produced without the assistance of these too artificial blossoms.

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Summer Flowers

THERE are many summer wild flowers that may be used to advantage for indoor decoration. By the middle of June the brilliant golden yellows of the sunflowers and cone-flowers are lighting up the fields and meadows, while the wild carrot and caraway are abundant along the roadsides. In the swampy places the brilliant blossoms of the cardinal-flower are aflame, and the great blooms of the swamp-mallow are aglow with beauty. On dry hillsides those forerunners of the goldenrods—the St.-John's-worts—are lighting up the landscape with their golden flowers. All of these, and many other summer wild flowers, may be used to advantage by the judicious decorator.



COUNTESS OF RADNOR SWEET PEAS IN A YELLOW BOWL

In the garden, also, there are many flowers that deserve fuller treatment than I can give them here. One of the most beautiful of these is the coreopsis, which Schuyler Mathews well says is "one of the cheeriest of our smaller garden flowers." The blossoms are distinctly decorative and give delightful, airy effects. The cosmos is another favorite whose blossoms are of the same general type as the coreopsis, although the petals of the cosmos are usually of but one color. The long, slender stems, the finely cut leaves, and the decorative flowers unite to form a charming display in a suitable receptacle. The mourning bride, the larkspur, the petunia, the calendula, the monk's-hood, and many others, are also favorites with many people, and deserve a place in a well-stocked garden. The larkspur especially makes a brilliant effect in color when grown in masses.



SWEET PEAS IN A JAPANESE TEA-POT

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Wires and Flowers

THE commercial florists have yet to learn the lesson taught in this paragraph, written some years ago by a lover of flowers for *Gardening:* "Can one imagine a flower-lover like Celia Thaxter running an iron spike through the heart of a carnation, or binding a lily of the valley to a toothpick with a bit of wire, or combining tulips with maidenhair ferns, or sticking stems of flowers into a basket of moss? Stiff-set wired floral pieces belong to a past age. The best people grow less artificial and more simple in manner all the time, and consequently like to be surrounded with natural and graceful forms, rather than by that which is formal and conventional. A single fine chrysanthemum in a glass vase, showing the clear water and fresh stem, two or three fine specimens of any flower in season, or one fine rose—any of these used with its own foliage is enough decoration for a dinner-table or an informal occasion."

The Japanese Anemones

THESE hardy perennials deserve to be more generally grown than they are at present. If planted in deep, rich garden soil, with plenty of water during dry times, they will yield an abundant display of flowers from August until frost. The single white Anemone Japonica Alba is one of the oldest as well as one of the best varieties. Mr. J. B. Keller writes of it: "As a late summer and autumn bloomer it has few equals either in the mixed border or in beds alone, sending up its long-stemmed, pure white flowers continuously from August until the frost puts an end to further growth. A large clump of four or five plants, standing isolated on a lawn not too far away from a walk or driveway, is exceedingly ornamental." The Whirlwind is a pure white semi-double variety, while the Queen Charlotte is a semi-double of a silvery pink color. These anemone plants can be bought for fifteen cents each, and should find a place in the grounds of the amateur flower-grower.

Old-Fashioned Flowers

AS the fourth volume of the Handbooks of Practical Gardening, Mr. Harry Roberts gives us "The Book of Old-Fashioned Flowers." It is an unpretentious little book of about one hundred pages, with nine plates, from drawings by Ethel Roskruge, but it contains a large amount of useful information concerning the care and culture of many old-time favorites. Although primarily designed for conditions in England, there is a great deal in the book which may well be taken to heart by American gardeners. This is notably true of the chapters on "Soils and their Preparation," and "Seed-Sowing and Transplanting." In the first are these two trenchant paragraphs:

"Soil is to plants, not a source of food alone, but is a suit of clothes, a blanket and coverlet, a cooking-range, and a drawing-room fire. It is a *pied-à-terre* in its most literal sense, and it is a cellar and tankard combined. To all the great and beautiful world of flowers, the soil is indeed mother earth, giving them warmth and nourishment in their infancy, affording them a root-hold throughout their life, and offering them sanctuary for their bodies when their earthly life is done.

"He who would grow beautiful flowers must therefore first study the soil from

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which he would raise them. He must get to know it, to learn its wants, and learn also how he may best satisfy them. In time, if he be indeed a lover of flowers, he will grow also to love the earth and to understand it. He will become one of those true and happy gardeners so beloved of the gods that every flower they lovingly plant is made to flourish and multiply."

And in the chapter on Seed-Sowing is this excellent advice: "There is one great rule to be borne in mind in sowing all kinds of seed, and that rule, printed in largest type, should be placed wherever gardeners are to be found—SOW THINLY. Do not rely too much on subsequent thinning out, but allow space for development from the first, for at no stage of its career should a young plant be pressed upon by its neighbor. A knowledge of the size and habit of the mature plant is therefore necessary in order to estimate the requisite space between the seeds. It must, however, be remembered that a certain proportion of seeds will fail to germinate, and that a certain proportion of seedlings will fall victims to disease and snails. In the case of plants which are intended to be transplanted from the seed-bed or seed-pan, it is, of course, the size of the seedlings at the transplanting stage which has to be borne in mind in judging of the correct distance between the seeds. But it is a point which cannot be too often drubbed into young gardeners—and old ones, too, for that matter—that one well-grown plant is better than twenty badly grown ones. Also it should ever be remembered that a plant starved in infancy suffers for it throughout its career."

On the other hand, I should differ decidedly from Mr. Roberts's opinion regarding the use of cut-flowers for decorative purposes. He would have us admire the flowers only as they grow in the garden, but why should we limit ourselves to this when we can add so much serene enjoyment to life by giving them a fitting opportunity to display their beauty indoors?

(The Book of Old-Fashioned Flowers. By Harry Roberts. New York: John Lane. $1.00.)

WOOD VOICES

Is it a Romany taint,
 Or only a Celtic strain,
In my Anglo-Saxon blood
 That stirs my weary brain?

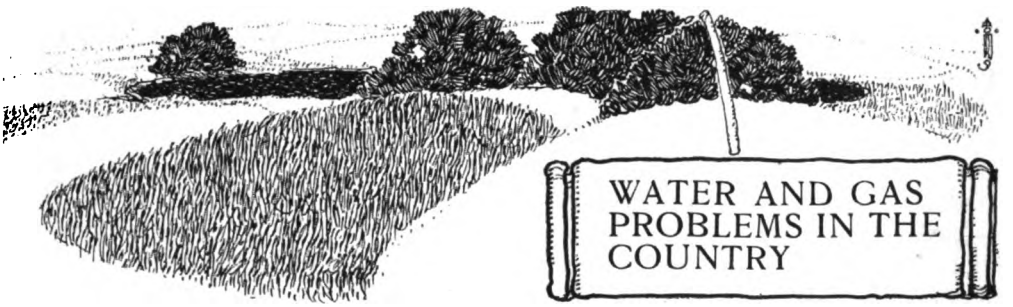
Whence do the voices come
 That call, though I may not hear?
The river, leagues away,
 Yet sings to my willing ear.

The trembling shadows beckon,
 The wind with its siren song,
And birds on balancing wing
 All hurry me along.

For ay! 'tis the faery cry—
 Let him resist who may!
The world is beyond the wood,
 Light heart and light foot, away!

LAURA G. DETZER.

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WATER AND GAS PROBLEMS IN THE COUNTRY

THE prospective dweller in the country, should he visit the land of his desire in early spring, is likely to be disconcerted by the evidence of water, water everywhere, and not a drop to drink; but its presence where it is not wanted is no assurance that the vital question of a proper supply is easily settled. The old oaken bucket has gone into history, but though its contents are often crystal clear and of delicious coolness and flavor, the chemist should always be appealed to before they are used. Frequently an old well is found on the property where a house is located, and its proximity to stables, catch-basin, or any receptacle for refuse should be investigated, as there is very great danger of contamination in ordinary wells. They should be cleaned at least once a year, and even with these precautions it is safer, if the initial cost be not too great, to establish an artesian well, which at a distance of a thousand instead of a hundred feet offers from its chalk-filtered depths water quite free from germs.

In flat districts where geological conditions warrant it, such wells are readily found; and the windmill frequently used to pump the water to reservoirs near the roof of house or stable may be made a picturesque feature of the country landscape. Sometimes the pumping apparatus, inclosed, is incorporated as an architectural feature of the house itself, and successfully handled, becomes an effective part of the whole. Gasoline pumps are also used for the same purpose as the windmill. The hardness of artesian water is often a disagreeable offset to its purity, rendering it difficult for household purposes, and by an excess of mineral matter undesirable for some persons to drink. For the laundry and toilet nothing is so desirable as soft water, and where power can be supplied, cistern water may be forced through laundry and bath-room pipes. In case city water is supplied in a house, water lifts may be adjusted so that the flow of city water forces soft water to a tank at some height above the desired outlet for it. This arrangement is economical when city rates are high.

For insuring the purity of drinking-water many so-called germ filters are offered, and where each porcelain cylinder is tested before it is adjusted, safety from disease is reasonably sure. Small contrivances for the automatic distilling of water on the kitchen range provide not only pure but soft water, which is often very desirable for special conditions in children and adults. One of these costs but six dollars, and though more bulky than some of the costlier ones, is effective for its purpose. The very cheapest process of rendering ordinary water safe for drinking is to boil it rapidly for at least three-quarters of an hour. As this destroys the gases previously held in solution, the flat taste of boiled water should be corrected by aerating or pouring it from a height into vessels in the open air.

Illuminating gas may be provided even in out-of-the-way places by installing one of the many kinds of apparatus now in the market. In arranging gasoline machines, the tank for the com-

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bustible is placed in the ground at a considerable distance from the house, and this fact, as well as their careful construction, renders them safe though rather costly. Each year sees improvement in these machines, some being automatic in action; and where the Welsbach mantle is used for the burner, a clear, steady flame is produced, as effective as electricity. It is not, however, an artistic light, as its cold brilliancy is rather trying to the eyes and for the complexion. Acetylene gas produced by the action of water on calcium carbide is a comparatively new product, having only been used for practical illuminating purposes since 1892. The cost of maintaining the plant once installed is about the same as that of using the best kerosene oil in the best lamps, and many brilliant white lights may be operated from one generator. This simplifies the lighting of the street by street lamps in isolated places, as the illumination produced is like electricity in effectiveness. The latter is undoubtedly the convenience of the future, though at present, except in hilly districts with water power, its cost is greater than that of any other contrivance. The soft diffused radiance of candles still exceeds in beauty all other light.

A PRIZE $3,000 COTTAGE

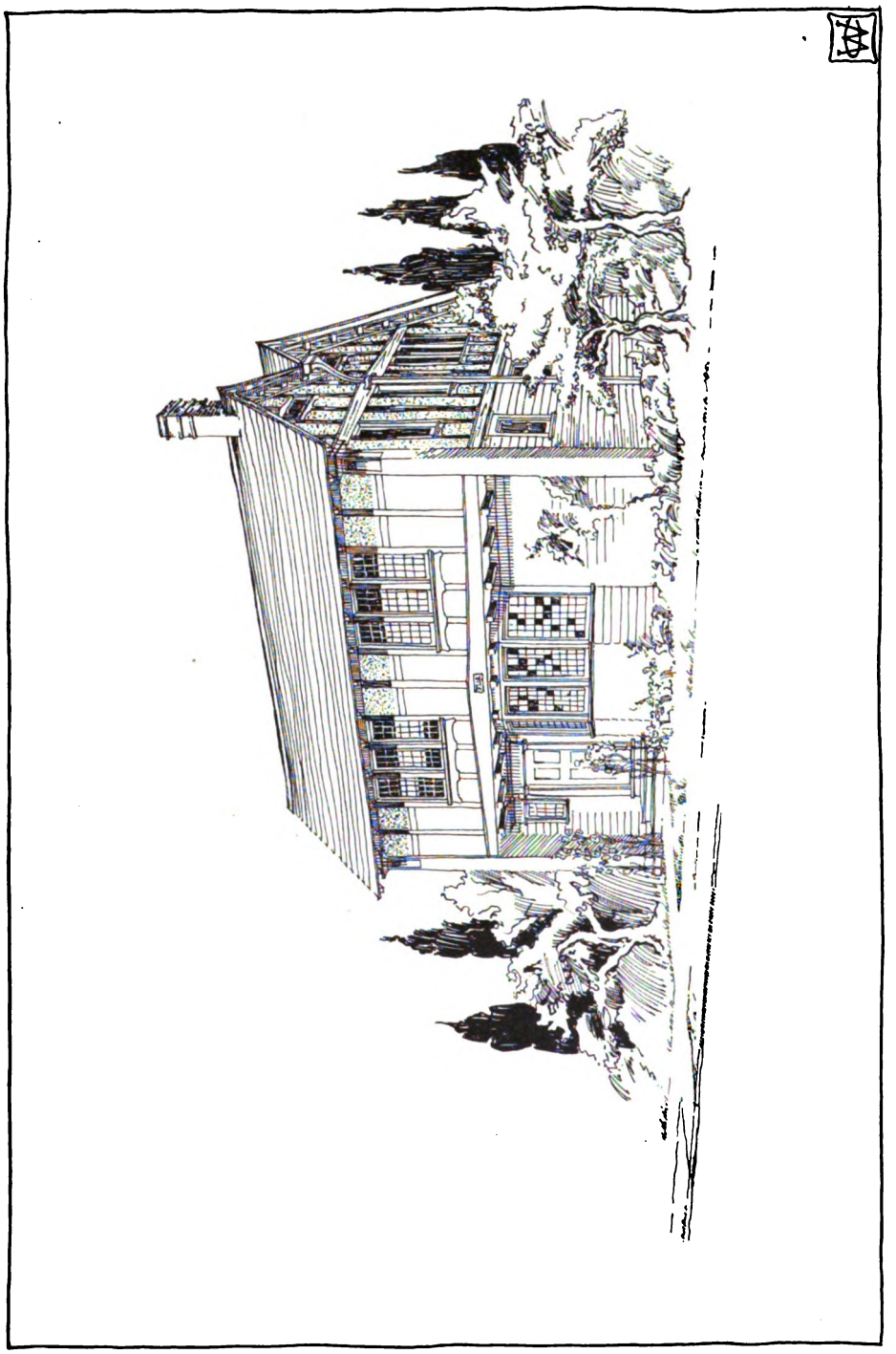
The design awarded second prize in the $3,000 house competition, and placed first in order of merit, is excellent in plan. The first floor is particularly good, being simple, compact, with a pleasant relationship between the family rooms, which practically form one large apartment. For comfort and privacy the living-room opens too broadly into the hall, but this is a detail easily modified, and not a radical defect. It is only the radical defects which really count against a plan. Here the working department is equally good. The kitchen range is well removed from the sink, which is under the windows and adjoining the pantry, as it should be.

The second floor is satisfactory, although a $3,000 house, even at the present high cost of building, might well be planned to contain four livable bedrooms and a bath.

As for the exterior treatment, the general idea is a good one, and rather unusual, but is weak and timid in the handling of the timber work and exposed beams. The scheme of roofing is not good, particularly for a northern climate, double gable being an unnecessary complication. The dropping of the eaves at the rear for the sake of a lower and more picturesque effect sacrifices good space on the second floor, where four bedrooms instead of three might have been had. A very good attic, good enough at least for a well-lighted storeroom, might have been had under a single-gabled roof, reached by stairs over the first flight from the bedroom over the entrance.

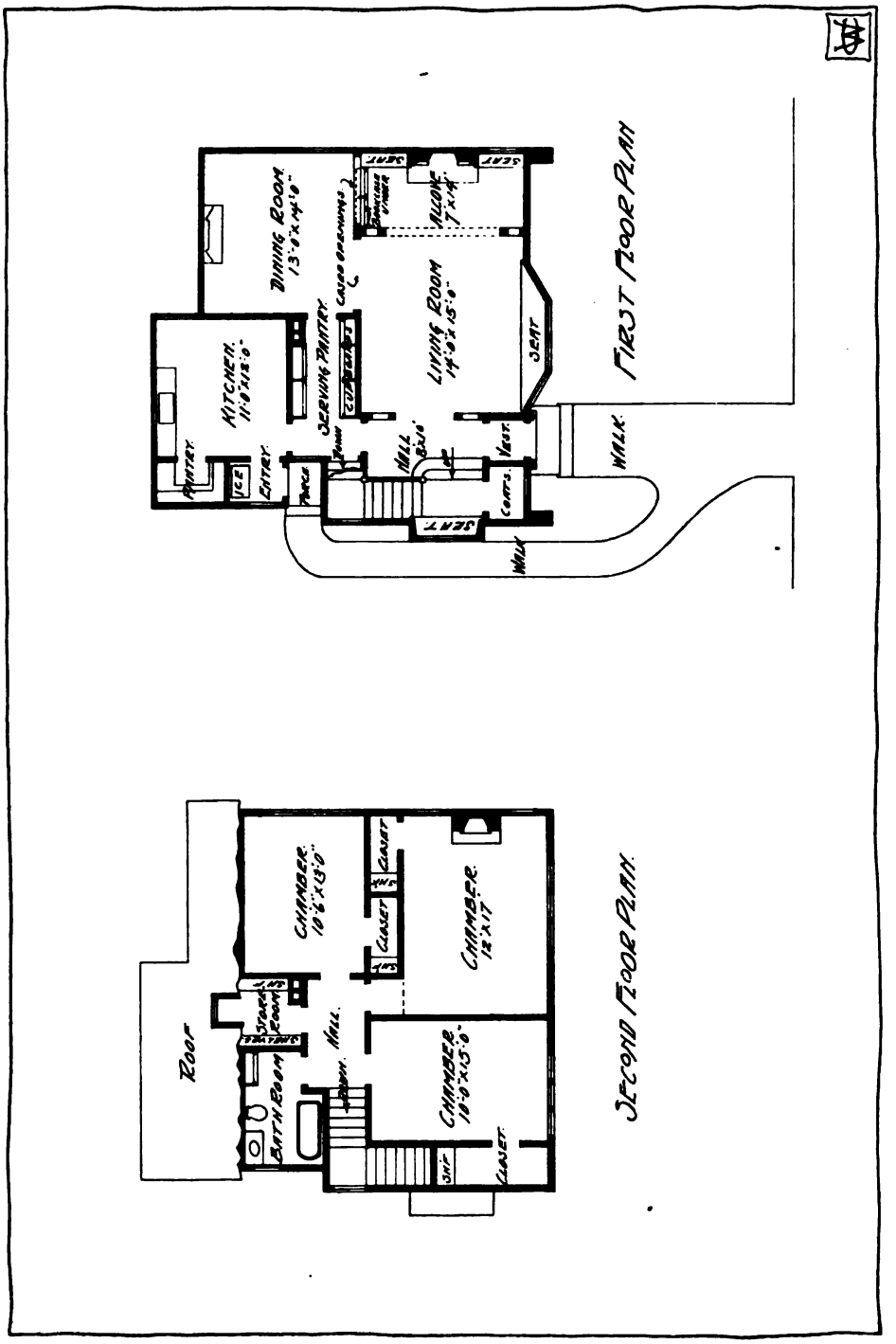
A model house cannot be wholly successful unless waste space is reduced to a minimum, and quaint or forced picturesque effects sacrificed to utility. Practical demands must be met first, and the art, as difficult in the designing of a cottage as in creating a mansion, is to lend grace and elegance of proportion to utility. And simplicity and utility always go hand in hand.

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PRIZE DESIGN FOR A $3,000 COTTAGE BY MR. ROBERT G. WORK, 115 MONROE ST., CHICAGO, TO WHOM A CHECK FOR $50 HAS BEEN SENT

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DOMESTIC SCIENCE DEPARTMENT

CONDUCTED BY MARION TALBOT

Dean of Women and Associate Professor of Sanitary Science at the University of Chicago

The Opportunity of the Householder

MORE than twenty-three hundred years ago, centuries before the dawn of the Christian era, the Greek historian and philosopher, Xenophon, wrote a dialogue in which Socrates declares that "the ordination of the house is the name of a science, and that science means the order and increase of the household." He goes on to say: "In my opinion, a wife who manages her share in the household matters well has as much influence as her husband in their prosperity; for as a rule it is the labor of the husband that brings in the money of the family, but the judgment of the wife that regulates the spending of most of it; and whilst houses in which these matters are well managed increase, those in which they are ill managed decrease in prosperity."

We are very apt in these days to go astray in our notions of what true prosperity is, often confounding it with material wealth or losing ourselves in a maze of theories about social and industrial life, which it is professed will bring about the millennium of prosperity. When we think about the subject more carefully, we see that money prosperity in a household is a small part of its real prosperity. Socrates surely had in mind that the proper spending of the income in the activities of the family should result in higher standards of physical, mental, and moral health, and the development of all the forms of activity which lead to the highest well-being. It is very evident that there can be no national prosperity of this kind except such as rests first of all in the homes. This view extends very largely the sphere of real influence of the housekeeper, even though the range of her special activities may seem to her narrow.

The degree of intelligence brought to bear upon the administration of the household will be a factor of no mean value in determining the progress and prosperity of the individual, the family, and the nation. The efforts expended when viewed in this light can no longer be considered an unending and dreary round of drudgery, but must be admitted to be a most efficient means of contributing to general social progress.

What are some of the qualities upon which success in fulfilling the opportunities and duties of the household will depend? Every thoughtful observer must say that the highest qualities of mind and heart not only find scope, but are actually essential for the highest and best administration of the house.

Depth of thought, clearness of idea, a wide range of knowledge, are needed to cope with the problems which arise.

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Judgment, moderation, and decision find ample play in household emergencies. The faculty of administration and government is essential. Accurate methods of observation and logical habits of generalization are needed at every turn.

The training for the duties of the householder presupposes the best mental and moral discipline on broad general lines. This is a truism as regards many other vocations, even though they affect human comfort and habits only incidentally, and to a slight degree. Householders are beginning to recognize its truth in their own calling, and are claiming and using opportunities for sounder education and broader culture.

In addition to this general basis of knowledge and discipline, which is more and more emphasized as a preliminary to activity of every high order, there should be a more special training for the work in hand.

It is not necessary to discuss in detail what this work should be. There is a long step between the notion, unfortunately not yet extinct, that there is an inherent instinct for household administration in all women, and the plea made by Professor L. M. Salmon for a "professional school where all the historical and scientific aspects of the household can be investigated in the same earnest spirit as are those other occupations, called, but with no more reason, 'the learned professions.'"

As Mrs. Mary Hinman Abel suggests, "Every house should be an experiment station. In the question of house service, the housekeeper takes part in the struggle between capital and labor; in mastering the plumbing of her bathroom she is studying hygiene and sanitary science; in studying methods of cooking, she is grappling with problems in chemistry unequaled in interest or value by the experiments in any laboratory."

In the routine of daily life, it is easy to forget that the conditions of household management have changed rapidly during recent years. Decades ago, the knitting-needle, the distaff, and the spinning-wheel were banished from the household. Even the busy needle has had for some years an insecure tenure. In the great centers of life and activity, in the cities, the towns, the villages, and even on the farms, foreign hands do the work at the wash-tub and the range. Many industries which were formerly in the hands of women in their houses have now become trades followed almost entirely by men.

Moreover, in every department of intellectual activity advances are constantly made which bear directly upon household interests and prosperity. Physicists, chemists, physiologists, biologists, sanitarians, political economists, and other specialists are day by day discovering truths of science fitted to contribute to the welfare of human homes if householders would but grasp them and put them to practical use, instead of mechanically following time-hallowed customs.

Indeed, it is curious, and almost painful, to see how long even those directly responsible for administration of the household remain in ignorance of the scientific progress which has a direct bearing on their field of work. There are but few who are masters in their chosen realm, fewer still who are alive with the true spirit of progress, and very few indeed alas, who can be leaders in giving household administration the place of honor it deserves.

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Experiments in Cooking for Children at Home

BY MRS. ALICE PELOUBET NORTON

THERE has probably never been a time when the attractions of life outside the home have been as great as they are to-day. Not only is there a multiplicity of interests, social, intellectual, and religious, to absorb the time and thought of the "grown-ups," but the children, whose life was once centered in the home, frequently find home less interesting than school, or street, or miniature club. A little girl of my acquaintance was lamenting the other day that Friday night had come, and there would be nothing more to do till Monday morning, when school would begin again.

This speaks well for the school and its influence, but it indicates a serious failure on the part of the home. The home is the strategic point in society. A failure to retain the loyalty and interest and love of the children means disaster.

Some of our schools are trying in many ways to help the home, by bringing the home life and the school life into close relation. The children are brought into touch with the home industries, and the many problems that grow out of them. They are taught how to apply in the home their science work. In the shop they make articles for home use. They study ways of beautifying their homes.

It is time for the home itself to take up the work more earnestly; to utilize and carry further all that is done by the school; and where this foundation is not laid, to adopt the best methods of the schools, and to make home the most delightful and interesting place in the world—a place whose treasures can never be exhausted, and whose influence shall last through life.

It is in the hope of helping some mother to do even a little toward this end that the work given here is offered.

Bread-making has proved one of the especial delights of the school children. The rule given, and the experiments that follow, have been successfully used by boys and girls of eight and ten years, as well as by older children, and much of the work could be done even by younger ones.

Rule for Bread

(All Measurements are Level.)

One-half cup liquid (half milk and half water); one teaspoonful of butter; one teaspoonful of sugar; one-half teaspoonful of salt; one-half yeast cake, moistened in one tablespoonful of water; flour to make a dough stiff enough to knead (about one and one-half cups). Scald the milk, add the butter, sugar, and salt, and the water, and cool till lukewarm (90° F.). Mix the yeast thoroughly with a tablespoonful of lukewarm water and add to the milk. Stir in the sifted flour gradually (a wooden spoon will be the easiest to use for the purpose). When the dough is just stiff enough to handle, turn it on a slightly floured board and knead till smooth. Return it to the mixing-bowl, cover closely with a cloth and tin cover, and let it rise till double its bulk, keeping it in a warm but not hot place (about 70° F.); turn it again upon the board and shape into two small loaves. Put it in buttered pans, and bake in a hot oven for forty minutes.

The large amount of yeast is used that

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the process may be a quick one, and the results accomplished before the patience of the child is exhausted.

Some of the questions that will probably suggest themselves to the children are, What makes the dough light? Why must we have the liquid lukewarm? Could we make bread from other kinds of flour? The experiments given will help to answer these questions. The child should be given directions for work, but he should not be told the result beforehand. That should be a matter of his own observation. After the work is done the results should be talked over, and the child led to their interpretation.

Experiment 1.—(To be tried before setting the bread.) To find how warm "lukewarm" is.

In a cup of water about as warm as the hand, hold an ordinary bath thermometer, or any house thermometer that can be placed in water. Read the thermometer, and add cold water to the cup till the thermometer registers 90°. Put the finger in the water until you are sure you can tell water of this temperature by the feeling.

Experiment 2.—After the bread is risen cut off a piece of the dough with a sharp knife, and notice the holes throughout it. Stretch the dough.

Experiment 3.—(To find out why the liquid must be lukewarm.)

Mix one tablespoonful of molasses with one-half cup of boiling water, crumble into it one-eighth of a yeast cake, and put it in a tumbler. Mix molasses and ice-water and yeast in a tumbler, using the same amounts as before, and in a third glass mix molasses, lukewarm water, and yeast. Cover the glasses and set them in order in a warm place, and look at them every half-hour or so.

In a short time bubbles will be seen upon No. 3, and these will increase. A little stirring will make them more evident. Much later the bubbles will appear upon No. 2, but they will not come at all on No. 1.

The child may be told that yeast is a tiny plant, so tiny that there are millions of these plants in one yeast cake. Like other plants, it must have water and food in order to grow, and the food it likes best is some kind of sugar. When it grows it makes over part of this sugar into a gas, and it is this gas which has made the bubbles in the tumbler of liquid, and the holes in the bread dough.

What would happen if you should pour boiling water on the plants in the garden? Would ice-water help them to grow? In the same way the yeast is killed by boiling water; it does not grow in very cold water, but it needs warm water. When the ice-water grew warm the yeast began to grow.

Experiment 4.—(To find out whether all kinds of flour will make good dough and light bread.)

Mix a dough of corn meal and water, one of cornstarch and water, one of rye flour and water, and one of oat flour or oatmeal and water. Mix also some white flour and water, and compare all these doughs.

If you want to experiment still more, make some bread by the rule given, but use half the quantities, and in place of flour use corn meal, or rye, or starch, or oat flour. The rye will make good bread, but not so light a loaf as the wheat flour. Can you knead all these doughs?

Further experiments and suggestions for reading will be given next month.

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A NEW term has appeared as a rival to the phrase "Domestic Science," whose fitness has long been questioned. The University of Chicago has issued a leaflet describing courses in "Household Technology and Related Subjects." The instruction is intended to give men and women, as a means of liberal culture, a general view of the place of the household in society, to train men and women for the rational and scientific administration of the home as a social unit, and to prepare teachers.

MORE than twenty years ago an old merchant of Boston, John Simmons, died, leaving a large sum of money for the establishment of an institution in which there might be given instruction in such branches of art, science, and industry as would best enable women to earn an independent livelihood. The property has been accumulating all these years. A charter for the Simmons Female College was obtained from the legislature of Massachusetts in 1899, and recently steps have been taken to organize the college, under the presidency of Henry Lafavour, who was called from a professorship at Williams College, and the deanship of Sarah L. Arnold, long and favorably known as a supervisor of the Boston Public Schools. The ultimate location of the college has not yet been settled, but its temporary quarters will be in a central part of Boston. The plan of the college includes professional, collegiate, and special courses. Under the first head, one which is of peculiar interest, is household economics, which will require four years for its completion.

PERHAPS the most interesting legislation, from the point of view of the housekeeper, which has passed Congress this session is the act which became a law in May, dealing with oleomargarine and adulterated butter. In order to understand the force of this legislation, attention must be called to the definitions laid down in it. "Butter" was defined, in an act of 1886, as a "food product usually known as butter, made exclusively from milk, or cream, or both, and with or without coloring matter," and that definition is retained in the new legislation. "Adulterated butter," according to the act, may be of four kinds: (1) that produced by taking old butter in several lots and reworking and rechurning it in milk or cream to get a uniform product; (2) that in which some foreign substance is used to cheapen the product; (3) that in which some process or material is used to cause it to absorb abnormal quantities of milk, cream, or water; and (4) that in which any foreign substance, as an acid or an alkali, is used to deodorize rancid butter. "Process" or "renovated" butter is butter which has been subjected to any other process than those which have been described, in order to make it resemble genuine fresh butter. By this act, oleomargarine, admittedly harmless, if colored to resemble butter, that is, if tainted with only so much fraud as is allowed in the case of lawful butter, is taxed exactly as is the adulterated butter, which may be not only fraudulent, but positively deleterious, ten cents on the pound. The uncolored oleomargarine, in connection with which there is neither fraud nor harm, is taxed as is the process butter, which, while not harmful, is fraudulent, if it claims to be new butter, a quarter of a cent on the pound.

There is no stronger prejudice connected with our food than that which demands that the butter shall be of a brilliant yellow hue; but this demand is a prejudice only. If we were to be frank, we should all acknowledge that the origin of the color lies, not in the "cowslip by the river's brim," but rather in a yellow powder discreetly injected at the right moment by the manufacturer. By frankly declaring that we will use the harmless if pallid substance, oleomargarine, we can secure an honest, nutritious, and cheap substance.

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SEEN HERE AND THERE

AFTERNOON tea is an all-the-year-round dissipation, function, refreshment, duty—what you will. The changing seasons merely change its location from the fireside to the veranda or the lawn, and bring out new conveniences to help five-o-cloquer, as our French friends form their fashionable verb. An English tea-basket is a useful adjunct, a sort of wicker étagère, with a separate shelf for each plate of wafers, plum-cake, or the like. Even prettier is the muffin-rack, recently put on the market by capable furniture designers. It, too, is a light, portable frame of mahogany or Flemish oak, with three places for dishes of muffins, scones, or toast—a graceful and practical bit of furniture.



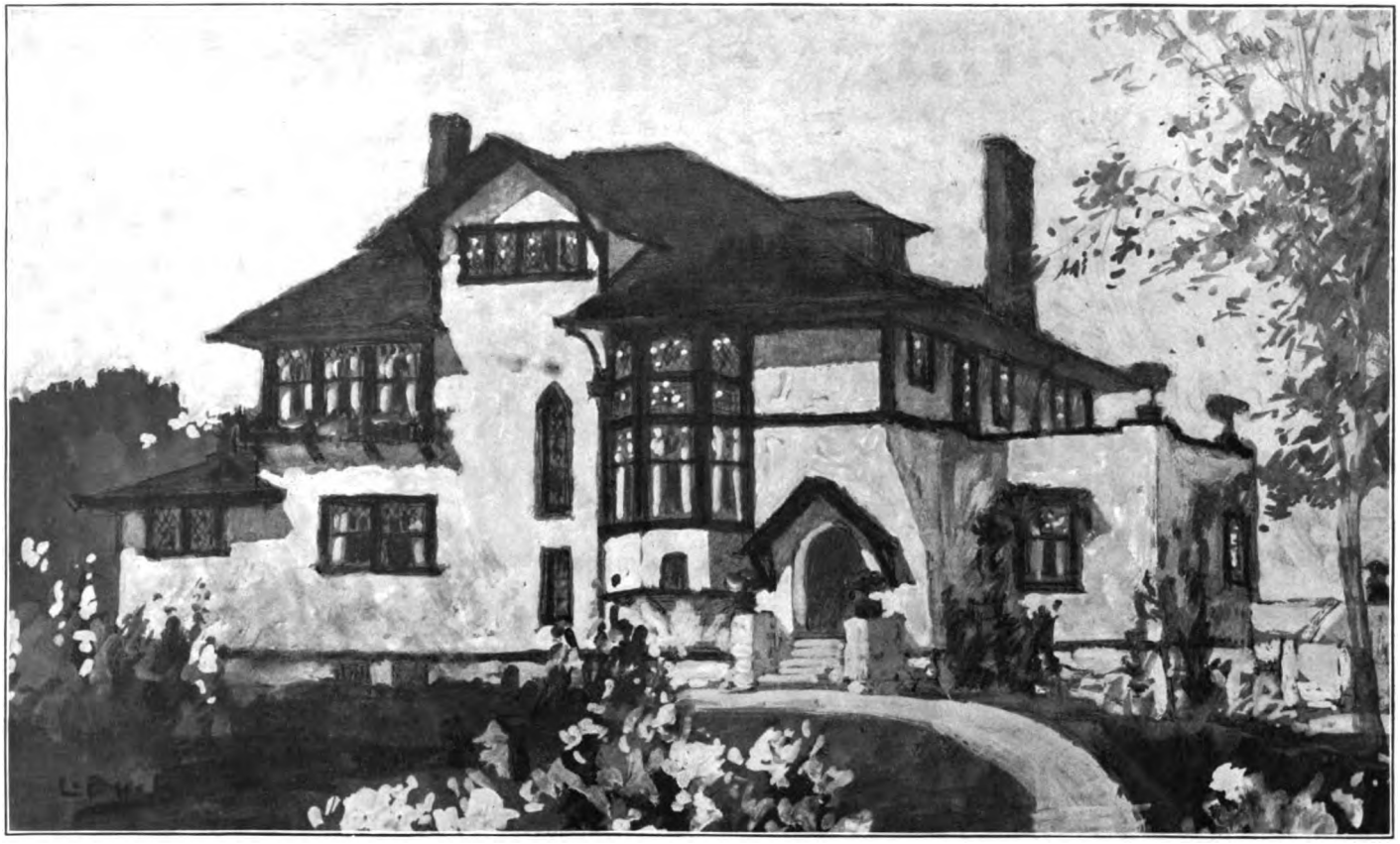
A MUFFIN-RACK
Made in Mahogany or Flemish Oak

Si vous five-o-cloquez in the open, all the winds of heaven will frisk about your spirit-lamp. To protect it, miniature screens in favrile glass may be had nine or ten inches high, and weighty enough with their jeweled glass and leadings not to blow over easily. One has blossoming apple boughs running across its three small folds. Another has purple irises, blue water, and green, blade-like leaves.

A silver cake-cutter, with a toothed edge like the familiar bread-knives, is another invention for the tea-table; and every tea devotee must have a silver tea-scoop, of which the most amusing is modeled exactly on the big plain tin affair with which every country grocer delves into his sugar-barrel.

Of the making of new things in favrile glass there is no end. "I call this my little Caleb West," says the clever young woman in charge of the lamps. It was a small desk-lamp of heavy green glass with a wavy pattern about its edge, moving in its stanchions—do they call them stanchions?—and looking for all the world like a bell-buoy tossing on Atlantic billows. Another desk-lamp is in the shape of one of those old-fashioned three-sided seals that hang from gentlemen's watch-fobs. Among the higher table-lamps many beautiful shades are now finished on top with a pierced metal piece which satisfies the eye that half expects to see a few inches of glass chimney protruding as in oil-lamps.

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SKETCH FOR A COUNTRY HOUSE, DESIGNED BY THE CRAFTERS

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THE LATE CECIL RHODES'S BEAUTIFUL HOME AT CAPE TOWN

IT is seldom that the houses of the great and the rich in new lands have more than a passing interest from an artistic standpoint; nor is it usual to look for much beauty in the residences of the colonial multi-millionaires of Great Britain, or the bonanza kings of America. Yet all the world now knows the late Cecil Rhodes to have been a dreamer and idealist in his heart, no matter what it may think of his actions and policies.

It is of no little interest, therefore, to find evidence that Mr. Rhodes dreamed also in his house-building, and that his home in South Africa represented some of his inner feelings as truly as his will and the bequest of American scholarships.

The house called "Groote Schuur" was burned several years ago, and was rebuilt on the lines of the Dutch colonial buildings on the Cape. Curiously enough the gables are those we associate most commonly with mission and early Spanish architecture in Mexico and California. How it came to South Africa we must leave the archæologist to solve. There is certainly nothing to suggest English influence in this semi-tropical building and the wide, shady piazza, and yet the garden and the terrace are truly English; a composite house devised by a composite heart—part South African, part British. Mr. Rhodes, seated on his veranda and looking into his garden, could dream of Oxford and the pleasant friendly landscape of rural England, or he could raise his eyes above his hedges and look into the heart of South Africa. Surely this view is the breeder of great dreams, vast ambitions, and a somber, somewhat gloomy attitude towards life. Yet Mr. Rhodes loved this place, and devoted to it much time and thought. On his last visit to England he purchased a large number of Dutch tiles with which to decorate his far-off home. All of which shows he was not so insensible to artistic sentiment as would be indicated by his quoted remark, "Some men make hobbies of collecting butterflies and old china, my hobby is to make all Africa English."

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ODDS & ENDS

To clean silver spoons, knives, and forks in every-day use, rub with a damp cloth dipped in baking soda and polish with a piece of chamois leather.

"We live at the bottom of a great air-ocean," says Dr. Andrew Wilson in the *Illustrated London News*, "which surrounds our globe and encompasses it like a shell. Obviously, therefore, air is a free gift to us. It is there, ready for our consumption.

"To put this great air question in the plainest light, let us take the case of an ordinary room. The apartment might be aptly described as essentially an air-tight box.

"We make provision for the supply of water and of gas to the apartment or house; we make none whatever for the supply of air. Yet air is an item in our personal history without which we could survive for a few minutes only.

"Air gains admittance to our rooms by the crevices. It is really all a matter of chance, this question of air supply. It comes to us under the door, through the keyholes, by the joints of the windows, and even through the walls, but it is a haphazard affair at best.

"The exit of foul air from a room is equally a thing of chance. Fortunately, there is a chimney, and often a fire in the grate, and the fire exerts a drawing-in action, which causes air-currents to come to us.

"The air in a room is essentially a solid mass. It has to be treated as such. It presses on every object on the earth's surface with a pressure of nearly sixteen pounds to the square inch.

"If we wish to empty a room of air thoroughly, we must move the air mass, and this is what we attempt to do by the aid of ventilation schemes.

"We must have systems of 'artificial' ventilation inaugurated. We must move the air, and to accomplish this end we require machinery, in shape, say, of fans, which will extract foul air and bring fresh air into our abodes.

"The idea that each house should be so provided may be regarded as impracticable. But one may foretell, by aid of a scientific faith, the advent of a time when a supply of fresh air may be as legitimate a subject of commercial enterprise as is the providing to-day of water and gas.

"Pipes laid on to each house and every room from a central pumping-station; air warmed in winter and cooled in summer, supplied to us at any rate we desire, and all regulated by the turning of a tap—this is my dream of the future of ventilation."

If a sleeping apartment is properly supplied with fresh air, it will do much to keep the occupants from falling into the doctor's hands, and so having to undergo the fresh air cure—the very antithesis of previous habits.

In Swiss winter health resorts, such as St. Moritz and Davos, invalids covered with rugs may be sitting out from morning to night—the very persons who often at home have been guarded from every breath of fresh air in their rooms. At the same time it must be admitted that draughts are disagreeable—though probably less harmful than unpleasant.

But certainly we should be glad to see more interest shown by house-owners and builders in regard to efficient ventilation, and the medical profession can largely assist architects by insisting, in and out of season, on the need for well-ventilated rooms.

Packing Pate de Foie Gras

In a government publication relating to food adulteration, surprise was recently expressed "that even in such a high-priced article as pate de foie gras, the traditional diseased goose livers have been replaced by beef and pork." Albion W. Tourgee, the American consul at Bordeaux, writes to the State Department that the statement here quoted is misleading in two ways. He insists that the abnormal growth of a goose's liver, when the bird is kept from exercise and is specially fed, is no more unhealthy than the fatttening of a hog for market. He then considers the addition of other material to the goose livers in packing for the market.

The livers are cut to fit the tins roughly, and the interstices must be filled with something else. Hashed pork and beef suet give a firmer support to the liver than the thin oil of the latter would, and keep the livers from being shaken about and damaged in transportation. Furthermore, this oil is likely to grow rancid and make the contents of the tin offensive to persons having weak stomachs. The packers declare that these modifications are resorted to for the sake of pleasing the fastidious American palate, and only incidentally to reduce the cost.

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Consul Tourgee thinks that the pork and beef suet should not be regarded as adulterants, especially since they are thoroughly wholesome.

Benjamin-Constant

The death of M. Benjamin-Constant in Paris the other day removed from French art a representative if not memorable figure. He was an accomplished craftsman, with a special gift for producing canvases of a superficially brilliant character. His best work was done in the earlier years of his career, when travel in Spain and in the East developed his taste for gorgeous effects of color, and when his talent was in a fluid state. Then he was uneven, it is true, but again and again he painted picturesque subjects with vigor and flexibility. One of the best pictures he ever produced is the Moorish interior which we reproduce. Later his style became crystallized in the mold of the Salon, and he became a shining exemplar of what may best be described as "official painting."

He painted pictures like the "Orpheus," an admirable academic study of a nude figure set in an austere landscape, and he painted immense canvases like that which was shown at the Paris Exposition of 1900, representing the entrance of Urban II. into Toulouse, in 1095, to preach the first crusade. In that vast historical composition the pope is shown on horseback, surrounded by priests, acolytes, and pages. The scene glitters with gold, it flames with red paint, it is all very gorgeous and spectacular. It is exactly the sort of thing that finds favor in the eyes of public officials, the sort of thing in which provincial museums and public buildings throughout France are rich. Yet admirable as it is up to a certain point, this kind of art is without any subtle qualities whatever, whether of color or feeling, and quite without personal distinction. As with his huge Salon pictures, so with his numerous portraits, Benjamin-Constant was workmanlike and even, in a purely conventional sense, brilliant, but never essentially impressive. There was something too business-like, too facile and mechanical about his art. As time went on, his style grew steadily more commercial, his color more meretricious. He received many honors, and he will for some time be remembered as a painter who was at least capable of some strong bits of technique; but it is doubtful if any work he ever produced brings him lasting fame.

RECIPES

THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL *will publish from month to month recipes for special dishes. They are the result of a wide experience on the part of an excellent housekeeper, and can be followed with perfect confidence.*

Sweetbreads

Soak them in salt water for a couple of hours. Remove them and pour over them boiling water. Remove all skin and shape them, and place in cold water. Then roll in fresh grated bread crumbs, and cook in butter for twenty-five minutes in a covered skillet, turning occasionally. Can be served with cream sauce and cauliflower, or a tomato sauce.

Stuffed Green Peppers

Take all the seeds out and rinse thoroughly with cold water. Chop cold roast veal (or other meat) and mix with cream; pepper and salt to taste. Stuff peppers, grating bread crumbs on top with a small piece of butter. Put in oven for about fifteen minutes. Serve cold or hot and with or without sauce.

Preserved Peaches or Pears

To one bowl of sugar put three bowls of fruit. First pare the fruit and cut in half; cover with water and cook until nearly done. Then take out and put in a platter; add sugar to make syrup. When right thickness, place fruit in again and cook until tender. Put in jar and cover with syrup.

Vegetable Soup

Make your stock the day before, using from a good soup bone. Then cut in pieces cabbage, carrots, celery, parsnips, onions, a clove or two, and cook in a little stock until nearly done. Add to the soup an hour and a half before serving with pieces of tomato, and let simmer together for that time. Take out the cloves and make as thick as desired.

Spice Cake

One-half pound of raisins seeded and chopped; one and a half cups powdered sugar mixed with one-half cup of butter. Stir in the beaten yolks of three eggs, then two cups of sifted flour with two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, then the beaten whites of the eggs, one teaspoon of cloves, one of cinnamon, not quite a teaspoon of allspice. Lastly stir in the raisins.

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THE SCRAP-BOOK

Citiman—"Yes, I'll be glad to run out and see you some time. What's your number?" Subbubs—"Why—er—the houses in Swamphurst are not numbered yet." Citiman—"Well, how shall I find you?" Subbubs—"Turn to the left from the station, and walk down the road until you come to the second big puddle. My house is directly opposite."—*Springfield Republican.*

We have boiled the hydrant water;
We have sterilized the milk;
We have strained the crawling microbes
Through the finest kind of silk.
We have bought and we have borrowed
Every patent health device,
And at last the doctors tell us
That we've got to boil the ice.

A question of privilege: Mistress (after a heated discussion with argumentative cook)—"Are you the mistress of this house, I should like to know?" Cook—"No, ma'am, I ain't,—but—" Mistress (triumphantly)—"Then don't talk like an idiot!"—*Punch.*

Hab Ich Geliebet?

(She Questions.)

Have I loved? I have lived. And listen, dear,
To live is to love, I say;
I have loved and lived for many a year—
I live and I love to-day.

And some of my love to the living I give,
And some to but lifeless clay;
For some of my loves yet love and live,
And some have been borne away.

But hither or thither to me is one—
Once to love is to love for aye;
And I kneel to a love in the churchyard yon
As I kneel to thee, love, to-day.

Now the shadows of evening above me bend,
The sky in the west is gray;
But still I must love to the very end,
For I know no other way.

And though of fools, all others above,
There is none like an old, they say,
If it be folly to live and love,
Let me be a fool alway.

CHARLES HENRY WEBB.

The Calamity

All at once the street-car sort o' hopped,
And then, with a jolt and bump, it stopped,
For another car was just ahead,
As motionless as if 'twere dead;
Another car was ahead of that,
Two men inside, one lean, one fat;
And ahead of that was another car,
With one lone man of the G. A. R.;
Another car was ahead of that,
In which a sleeping copper sat;
And another car ahead of that
Was as empty as a looted flat.
Ahead of that was another car,
And ahead of that another car,
And ahead of that another car,
And ahead of that another car;
And another car ahead of that,
And another car ahead of that,
And another car ahead of that;
And other cars ahead of those,
And still more cars ahead of those,
And ahead of those were others still,
And stretching ahead were others still;
While each was silent as the tomb
And a veritable cave of gloom;
For a wagon filled with soft-coal slack
Had broken down on the street-car track.

—*Chicago Tribune.*

To the Road

Cool is the wind, for the summer is waning,
Who's for the road?
Sun-flecked and soft, where the dead leaves are raining,
Who's for the road?
Knapsack and alpenstock press hand and shoulder,
Prick of the briar and roll of the boulder;
This be your lot till the season grow older;
Who's for the road?

Up and away in the brush of the morning,
Who's for the road?
Vagabond he, all conventions a-scorning,
Who's for the road?
Music of warbles so merrily singing,
Draughts from the rill from the roadside upspringing,
Nectar of grapes from the vines lowly swinging,
These on the road.

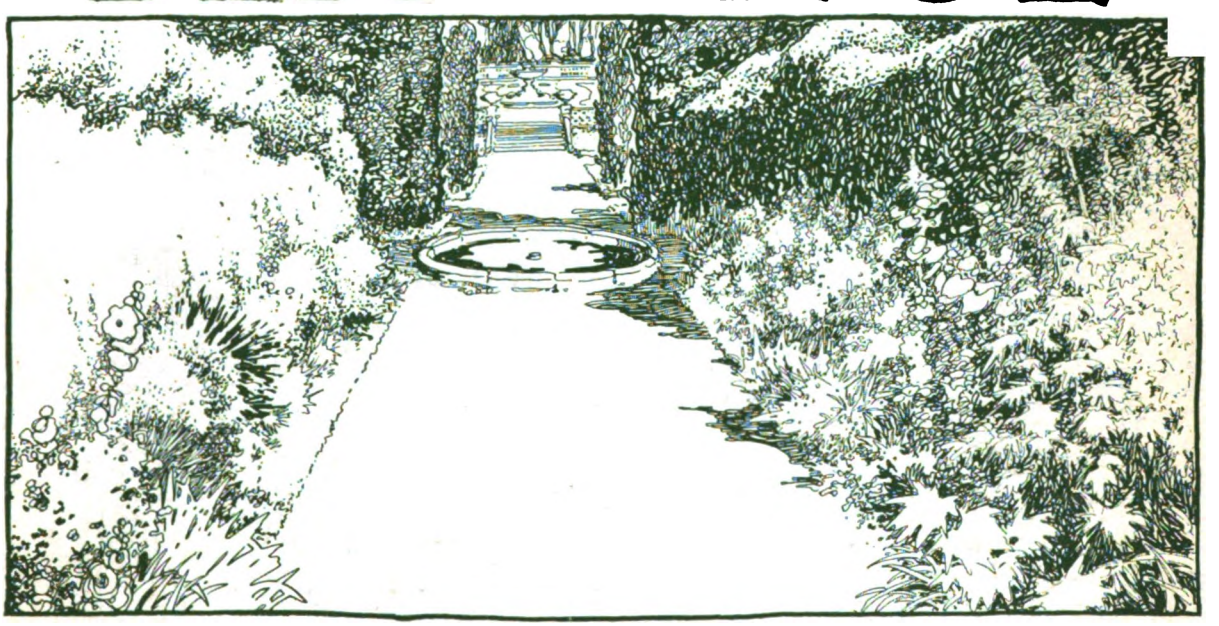
Now every house is hut or hovel,
Come to the road;
Mankind and moles in the dark love to grovel,
But to the road.
Throw off the loads that are bending you double;
Love is for life, only labor is trouble;
Truce to the town, whose best gift is a bubble:
Come to the road!

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR, *in Metropolitan.*

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VOL. XII. No. 3 PRICE 20 CENTS

THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL



THE FINEST PRIVATE RESIDENCE IN THE WORLD
OUTDOOR LIVING-ROOMS :: LOUIS XVI. FURNITURE
COUNTRY LIFE FOR THE CITY MAN :: DOMESTIC SCIENCE :: COLLECTOR'S INTERESTS :: THE FLOWER BEAUTIFUL :: SOME INEXPENSIVE SUMMER COTTAGES

AUGUST, 1902.

OVER FIFTY ILLUSTRATIONS

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ENTRANCE TO A HOUSE IN DES MOINES, IOWA. BUILT LARGELY FROM HOUSE BEAUTIFUL SUGGESTONS

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The House Beautiful

VOLUME TWELVE AUGUST, 1902 NUMBER THREE

COUNTRY LIFE FOR THE CITY MAN

I

THE study of country life is not for the farmer, for he knows all about it by life-long experience; and while it may amuse the rich man who has retired, he is in a position to study it at first hand, or in any way his fancy leads; but the poor city man wants to know more about it, and for the good of the land and the nation he ought to know more about it. More and more the masses of our population live cooped up in cities, drudging from eight o'clock in the morning until six at night, going home to a stifling flat or a disagreeable boarding-house, never pausing to thank God for anything, or seeing anything in particular for which to thank him. These city men are thin and yellow, or beer-bloated and unwholesome; their wives are weak-eyed and pale; their children puny. They are tied down like galley-slaves to their oars, held there by the stern necessity for food, and not daring to move for fear of starvation. Of course they look forward to the possible chance some day of striking something lucky that will make them millionaires, and that hope furnishes about all the zest they have. Their wives and their children sometimes find other amusement; but too often the wife has to slave in the house and neglect her few friends, and the children have to go to work as soon as the truant officer will permit them to be out of school.

Some who do not belong to this huge class of our citizens may fancy this picture overdrawn, but it is not in the least. It is a simple statement of a life as monotonous and as regular as clock-work, the life of a considerable fraction of the population. Moreover, it is, on the whole, the most intelligent class of our people, the class from which all that is good in our nation (or nearly all) is directly recruited. Practically all the rich men come out of it, and not a few of the lawyers, physicians, editors, and even preachers. Indeed, many of these very professional men are in and of this class, body and soul, for it is not all made up of clerks. It even includes the vast army of school-teachers.

Now, it is folly to advise these people to buy abandoned farms and become farmers. They couldn't if they would,

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and they wouldn't if they could. We don't want them to. Nothing could be a greater economic blunder than to urge them to such a course. The fact is, the country has certain disadvantages which can never be wholly obviated.

In the first place, country life is essentially a solitary life. The vital thrill of progress does not reach it. Except as it is touched by the city, it remains a hundred years behind the times, and there is little chance for it to catch up. It is a dead-and-alive sort of life. It has no stimulus to great effort, and indeed it gradually leads to a relapse to barbarism or worse. It represents crude nature, rough and unrefined by human culture, and it gradually kills out all culture which is not fed by the fountain springs of city intensity. We are told that our greatest men have been born and bred in the country, are indeed the product of the country; but the fact is, we never suspected their greatness nor did they themselves till they came out of the country. It was essential that they should leave the country and go to the city, for a pure countryman who is also a figure of national greatness cannot be found.

I am a lover of the country; but there is nothing to be gained by ignoring the disadvantages of the country. It is our chief work to face them and obviate them.

Now, as things are to-day, the city man whom I have described insists on from one to three weeks of country life each year, which he calls his "vacation." The vacation is a sacred American institution, God be praised! It is the thin edge of the wedge, on which all hope of gain in popularity for country life depends.

What we should aim at is not to turn our city men into countrymen, for that is impossible; but to make the city man spend his summers at least in the country, or if he cannot do it send his wife and children out.

His reply is brief and simple—"Can't afford it."

We must show him that he can afford it—nay, that he can save money by it, and add infinitely to the health and happiness and future welfare of his family, his wife, his children, all those he loves and for whom he spends his whole life in toiling.

It is hardly necessary to argue for the advantages of country life, for they are well known and appreciated. First, there is the advantage of pure air. More children are killed by impure air than by any other single element. The mortality among babies in the city during the summer is notorious. As the children get a little older, they seem to be inured to the filthy atmosphere, or else by that time the weaklings are killed off. But they grow up thin and peevish. The well-known fact that so many prominent men were born and grew up in the country shows how unfavorable is the city to the formation of sound constitutions and the establishment of that vital energy and vigor which go to the making of greatness. Seldom does the city man, pure and simple, attain special prominence, and still less often in the third generation does he appear as more than mediocre. It is not a question of continuing to live, but of living with that abundance of vitality which makes happiness, success, aye, even greatness when there is no other special talent. An inexhaustible energy is a talent in itself.

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Next to health we may place happiness. Happiness is, indeed, in most cases the direct result of health. Can one be happy when a peevish baby is whining and crying all day long? How many wives are turned into scolds, and how many divorces result from nothing in the world but overwrought nerves and bad digestion! How many errors in business which have brought ruin and disgrace can be traced directly to physical debility! Nay, how many suicides, how many defalcations!

We may say with a great deal of confidence that nearly everything in life worth living for may be sacrificed through loss not simply of sound health, but of freshness and energy. These nature gives to nearly all those who breathe pure air, drink pure water, eat good food, and sleep long and soundly. Withhold any one of these, and you must look out for the consequences. The curse of city life is that it denies practically all of them. The air is notoriously impure. How could it be otherwise? The water is no better than the air, in spite of all the millions spent on getting it. The food is not, cannot be, fresh. Butter is kept in the storage chests of wholesale and retail dealers seldom less than a month; eggs the same; the milk is half-sour when delivered, or else doctored to prevent its souring; there is simply not time enough to get fresh milk from the country to the consumer, even with all the precautions of modern scientific handling and the closest inspection. The same is true of meat; it takes time to kill the animal, to deliver it to the retailer, and then for the retailer to deliver it to his customers, a small piece at a time as they want it. Some meat may be good, but bad meat is always being used, for neither retailer nor consumer can afford to waste it, and it is impossible to use up every part of the animal with equal rapidity. Again, it is a frequent custom for one market to take the leavings of a better, so that while the rich man gets fresh meat, the poor man has to suffer.

Then, too, the city man cannot sleep long enough or soundly enough. City life is a life of excitement at the best; there are theaters, parties, and social calls. It is very difficult to get to bed in the city before ten or eleven o'clock at the earliest, and one must be up at a fixed hour in the morning to be at the store or office by eight o'clock. But that is not the worst of it; the city man cannot sleep soundly when he does go to bed. Sleep is induced more readily by outdoor exercise than by any other one thing. Nervous exhaustion is more likely to produce wakefulness than sound sleep; indeed, the kind of life a city man is bound to lead is almost sure to prevent really sound and sufficient sleep.

Now, all this is not so dreadful as it sounds at first. The human body is so constituted that it will stand a great deal of impure air if now and then it can get plenty of fresh air; bad water and impure food do not kill unless the vital energy is depleted and the body cannot longer resist the insinuating microbes; and we may go without our sleep with impunity even for months at a time if we are able to make up the exhausted reserve. In short, most of us can lay in a stock of good health during six months of the year that will last us admirably during the other six. It is not so easy, however, to lay in that stock in two weeks.

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Now, space remains in this article only to suggest the proposed solution of the difficulty—a solution fully tested by the author and recommended with confidence to all his fellows. It is to buy a small house in the country not too far from one's place of business, on a railroad or boat line that affords good transportation facilities, and keep wife and children in it for six months of the year, while you yourself go out over Sunday if you cannot go and come every day. You can do this and save money.

OLD BOOK WARNINGS

BY OLIVE PERCIVAL

THESE warnings and admonitions are copied from old English and American books, found in divers second-hand book-shops of a certain goodly city where things new and shining are held in such high esteem that the proprietor of one of the book-shops did remonstrate with the book-hunter for squandering her money for such very old books, when his stock could show such nice new ones, just as cheap.

It is singular that these bibliographic curiosities should belong to "the good old days," so often mourned, and that nowadays a man can manage to keep himself in possession of a library not one book of which bears the owner's name or book-plate. Shall we then believe that book-lovers have become too virtuous to steal? Or merely that books are too cheap to be coveted?

Here do I put my Name for to Betraye
The Thiefe yt steals my Booke away.
John Fisher His Booke.

If to a Friend
This Book I lend
Be sure to return
Or in —— will ye burn.

Who steals a Book that isn't his'n
Soon or late Will Go to Prison.

If this I Lend to any One
Pray keep it Not too Long
Keep Clean & Fair & Send with Care
To whom it doth Belong.
J. Glover Adam's Book.

Who Steals this Book
Will End the Strife
With Name Erased from Book of Life.

William Cole's Book.
William Cole
His Property
Bought at Salem 1796
Read Slowly
Pause Frequently
Think Seriously
Keep Cleanly
Return Duly
And with the Corners not turned down
William Cole's book.



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THE FINEST RESIDENCE IN THE WORLD



THE GREAT STAIRCASE

STAFFORD HOUSE AND LADY SUTHERLAND

FOR the first time in history, the proud gates of Stafford House, London, were opened to the public last summer when a fête was held there for the benefit of the Lifeboat Fund. It was one of the most brilliant and novel fêtes ever held in London, presided over by the king and queen and the duchess of Sutherland, its hostess. The gilded salons and halls were ablaze with jewels and gorgeous costumes.

Taking everything into consideration, Stafford House is probably the finest private residence in the world. So far as mere vulgar coin is concerned, the chances are that two or three of the great mansions in Fifth Avenue, New York, cost more than the home of the duke and duchess of Sutherland; but you can't express the value of Stafford House in coin any more than you could put a figure on St. James's Palace. Conceiving such a thing possible, Stafford House would bring much the better rate of the two at an auction sale. Although it is not so vast as Buckingham Palace, it is infinitely preferable as a

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place of residence, a fact that the late Queen Victoria neatly expressed on one occasion when she was the guest of the late duchess of Sutherland, mother of the present Duke. "Duchess," said the queen on her arrival, "I come from my house to your beautiful palace."

Forty years from now we shall get some definite idea of the cash value of palaces, for Stafford House stands on crown land, and the lease will fall in that time. The government will demand a prodigious premium for the renewal of the lease, and the Duke of Sutherland, with all his wealth, will stop to think twice whether he will pay the price or let his house go.

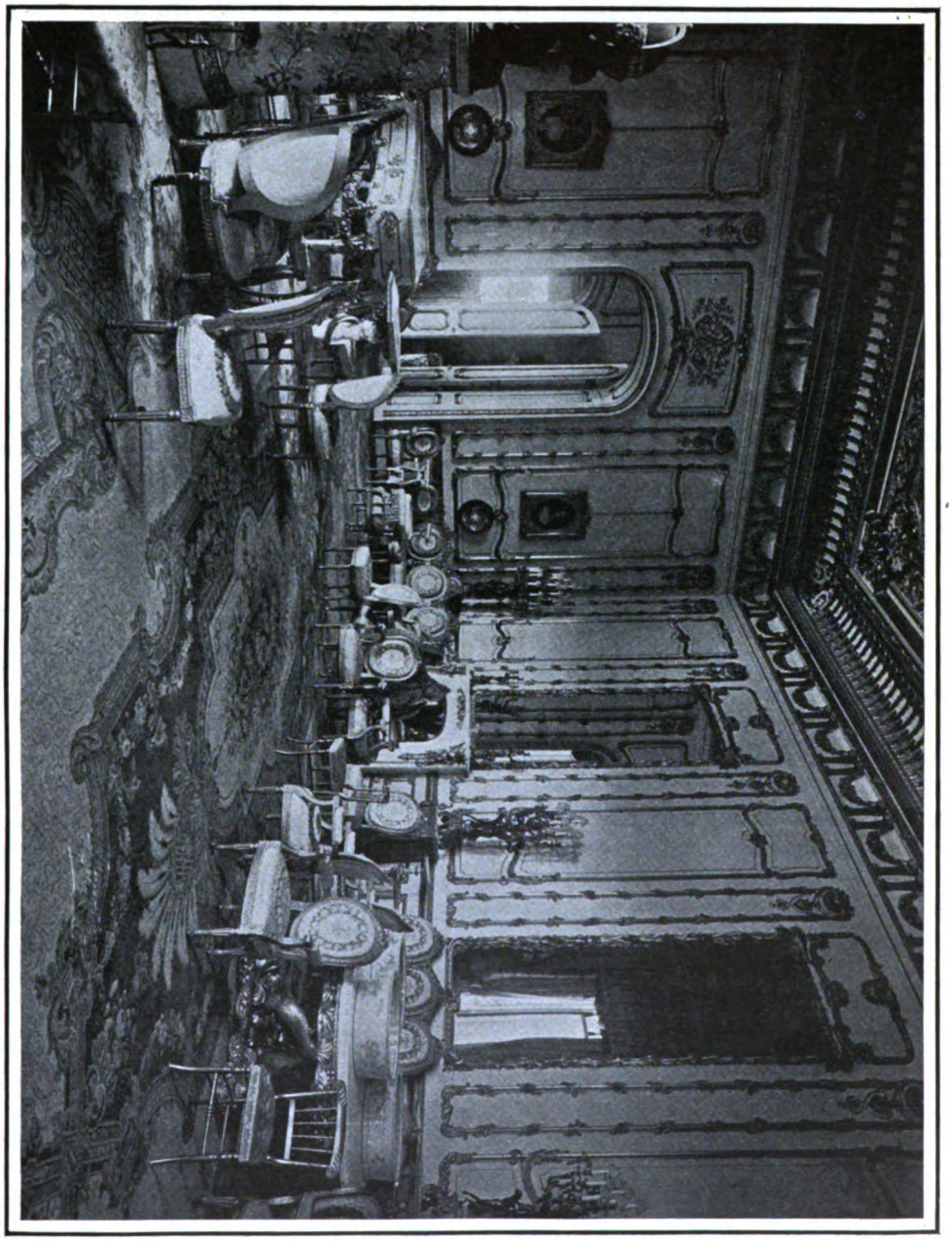
One hears little about the duke of Sutherland. His name rarely adorns the pages of the society papers. Like the duke of Norfolk, he can afford to wear old clothes. He owns 1,358,000 acres, and is one of the three great landlords in England, the other two being the dukes of Buccleuch (call it "Buckloo" and not "Buck-clutch," as an American girl I know once did) and Devonshire. Next to the young duke of Westminster, he is probably the richest peer in the country, and withal, one of the most unpretentious, gentle, and kindly of men. He has a private railway on the vast Sutherland estates, and often is his own engineer, not so much for the sport of the thing as because he would have devoted his life to mechanics and manufacturing if he hadn't been obliged by an untoward fate to give most of his attention to the business of being a duke and looking after his land. He has managed, however, to find time for taking an interest in the manufacture of leadless glazed ware and Venetian glass, and was active in the organization of the volunteers for South Africa. He is suspected of being really clever.

He certainly was clever when he asked Millicent, daughter of the fourth earl of Rosslyn, to marry him, sixteen years ago. She is a sister of the lovely countess of Warwick, and has as much faculty for organization as that oft-discussed lady. It is not every woman who wholly approves of the famous countess, but the duchess is popular all around. She has positive genius for entertaining, for managing charity fairs, and for lending a helping hand to musicians and artists who need a little social lift to get started on a successful career. Incidentally she has stepped in several times to keep her brother, the good-natured, impetuous spendthrift, earl of Rosslyn, out of trouble.

The duchess is not much older than the young American duchesses, and her husband is young enough as dukes go. He celebrated his fiftieth birthday only a short time ago.

But I started out to tell some of the wonders of the finest house in London. A party of tourists who had just landed set out one day to explore in the aristocratic neighborhood of St. James's. They had studied Baedeker all the way over on the steamer, and for a year before that, and they knew London by heart, so that it really wasn't necessary for them to ask questions of the polite "bobby." I encountered them on their return from the expedition up St. James way. "St. James's palace is the best of them all," said one of the girls. "It's so dignified and stately and royal, in behind those lovely trees." There was something suspicious about "those lovely trees," and a little cross-examination led to the discovery that the whole party had

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THE STATE DRAWING-ROOM

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been reveling in the glories of Stafford House, and had paid scant attention to the "rummy little old brick barracks out in the back yard," as one of them expressed it.

The mistake was natural enough. The small paved court that separates the ancient palace from the ducal mansion has been known from time immemorial as "Stable Yard," and when you approach Stafford House by the carriage-way for the first time you could be forgiven for supposing that the "rummy little old brick barracks" tucked in back of Stable Yard were the stables, instead of being the home of many proud kings since the time of Henry VIII., who built it. So, by courtesy, it is the great house of the duke that stands in the Stable Yard of the modest little palace, and not *vice versa*.

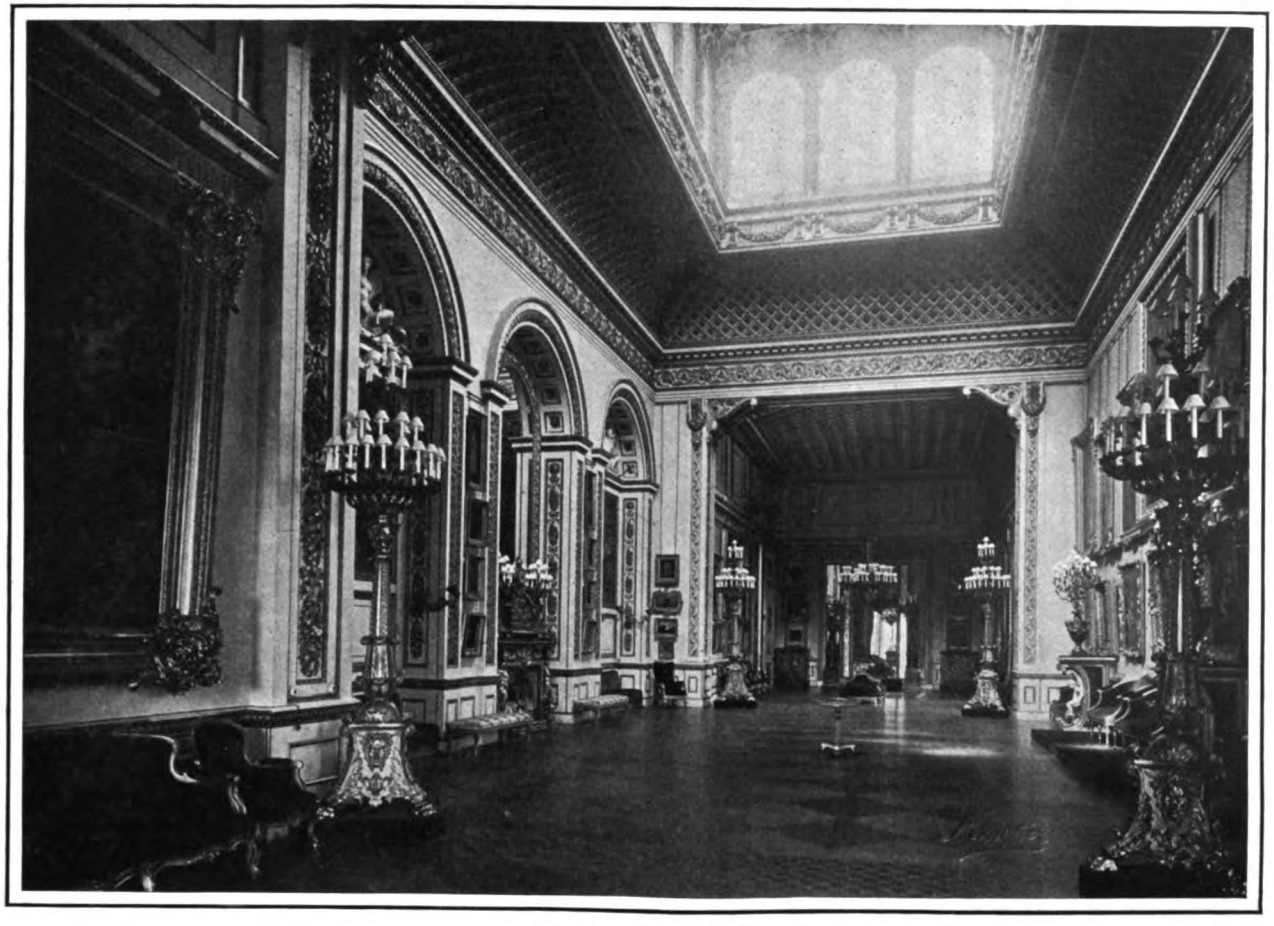
In behalf of the ancient residence of the Tudors, it must be said that St. James's looks far more worthy of its history when approached from the other side. But Clarence House, the amorphous yellow structure at the western end of St. James's, and therefore close behind Stafford House, gets so much the worst of the comparison with its ducal neighbor that its recent mistress, the haughty Russian princess who married Queen Victoria's second son, never liked to live in it. After the death of Duke Alfred, the duchess was glad to yield possession, and Clarence House now is being made over for the duke of Connaught, King Edward's only surviving brother. It looks new and cheap enough beside the noble pile on the corner from which the duke and duchess of Sutherland may look down on royalty.

Stafford House looks as old and solid as the hills, but London soot is chiefly responsible for that, as the building was put up only seventy-five years ago for the then duke of York, second son of George III., on money borrowed from the marquis of Stafford. As at first constructed, the house, exclusive of the land, cost $360,000; but labor was cheap in those days, and the mansion lacked the top story which now adds much to its majesty. The duke of York, after waiting so many years without even getting a chance to be prince of Wales, died before his wonderful new house could be finished, and the marquis of Stafford, who had by that time become the first duke of Sutherland, got the property on a crown lease. He spent no end of money on it under the direction of Sir Charles Barry, the architect of the houses of Parliament, and began to get together the collection of paintings that now adds to the fame of the place.

Since the present duke and duchess have come into possession of Stafford House it has been possible for the public to get into the picture-gallery by application to the duke's secretary, and reference to any one in London who could be considered a responsible person. The gallery is a noble room, lighted from above and adorned with the massive gilt and crystal chandeliers that every house built in the time of the Regency had to have to be considered really splendid.

Some of the pictures have been sold since the first duke's day, but enough are left to make the catalogue read like a list of the old masters. Two of the most notable paintings in the gallery come from the brush of Murillo, and are considered generally to be some of his best work. One of them is "The Return of the Prodigal Son," and the other is "Abraham Entertaining the Three

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THE PICTURE-GALLERY

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Angels." They are in his ripest and most thoughtful style, and were part of Marshal Soult's loot from Spain. There is a particularly beautiful Moroni, and there are two or three Van Dycks, including the famous portrait of the earl of Arundel, and some good examples of Velasquez and Rubens. Tintoretto and Correggio are represented, and there is a picture of Christ bearing the cross that is ascribed doubtfully to Raphael. Dutch and early English masters are also represented, although some of these pictures are reserved for the delectation of the family, and are not to be found on the picture-gallery's walls.

Above the veined marble staircase sweeping upward from the reception-hall are brilliant copies from Paul Veronese, and on the first landing is the marble statue of Erin, for which a former duchess of Wellington is said to have sat. Between the reception-hall and the carriage entrance stands a great pair of glass doors, which by tradition of the family never are opened except for royalty or for a departing bride. On the occasion of the recent fête, however, they were opened wide for the public, in recognition, possibly, of the fact that fifteen dollars apiece was a royal price to pay for admission, even if the money was to be devoted to charity.

One of the most notable rooms overlooking the St. James's Park is a state drawing-room, which was used for the first time on the occasion of the coronation of Queen Victoria, when the grand dame who was then duchess of Sutherland held a memorable reception. The floor is covered by an Aubusson carpet that was designed especially for the house, and that looks as fresh and rich to-day as it did sixty years ago. So does the furniture, upholstered in precious silk tapestry, with curtains to match. There is a red drawing-room, too, for which all the furniture was made by Siddons, who furnished Windsor Castle for George IV., and a green drawing-room, whose walls are hung with green velvet that matches the shade of green park as seen from the windows. Perhaps there are two or three more drawing-rooms scattered about the mansion. It is difficult to say for certain. It is doubtful if the duchess herself could tell without stopping to think a minute just how many drawing-rooms and sitting-rooms she has in her "town house."

At the fête these apartments were all thrown open to the public—to any one who paid the entrance fee of three pounds. In one of the upper galleries there were tables prepared, at which an elaborate supper was served, and one had to pay the generous sum of fifty pounds for one of these tables!

Is it any wonder that Disraeli said in "Lothair" of Stafford House, that "the edifice is not unworthy of Vicenza at its best," and that old Samuel Rogers, after taking a look at all the palaces in Europe, said that this private residence was preferable to any of them? It is said that Empress Eugenie was so taken with it that she wanted Napoleon III., then at the top notch of his career, to build for her an exact copy of it in Paris.

As if all this magnificence were not enough for one family, the duke has a collection of noble country seats—Trentham Hall; Lilleshall House; Dunrobin Castle and the "House of Tongue," in Sutherland. In time the whole doubtless will pass over to a little boy of thirteen who already rejoices in the title of "Marquis of Stafford."

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THE MOVING OF EPPIE GLASS

BY ISABEL GORDON CURTIS



HEN the name of Eppie Glass is mentioned, my mother wrings her hands and assures any one who will listen that Eppie was the worst maid of all work her roof ever sheltered.

In the memory of her daughters Eppie's face beams like that of a sturdy young madonna encircled by a halo. She was the first and last domestic in our household who enjoyed "moving things."

It is the happiest moment of our lives when we can turn the house (metaphorically of course) around or upside down, so that the parlor of yesterday resolves itself into the morning-room of to-day. Eppie had the same passion. We discovered it one Monday morning, while we were shifting a cosy corner from upstairs down to the reception-hall. The door opened. There stood Eppie, gazing radiantly at us while we descended dusty, disheveled, and dangerously swaddled in Oriental draperies. Eppie's arms were bare and soapy, her mouth was full of clothes-pins, and her apron heavy with wet clothes, but she dropped everything and rushed to our aid. Bab was struggling a few steps above me with a suit of armor warranted to have once been worn by Cœur de Lion.

"Lat me tak' it, Me'em," she cried; "lat me hae it."

She wrapped her strong young arms about the jangling metal, under which had once pulsed the Lion Tamer's heart, and she bore it, as lightly as if it had been his gauntlet, to a corner behind the front door.

"I'll win' throu' my washin' in an hoor," cried Eppie, "an' I'll dae onything ye want me tae. There's naethin' like movin'; I jist loe it."

She thrust the clothes-pins in her mouth again, and was gone before we could speak.

"Isn't she a darling?" cried Bab.

From the window we could see Eppie's radiant face flash at us between the wet sheets on the line. "I believe she could lift anything," cried my little sister, delightedly. "Let us try fixing over the library. I'm just dying to see how the bookcases would look on each side of the fireplace."

Eppie had the muscle of a young athlete. She handled the heavy bookcases more easily than we did the books. In less than an hour the library looked like a composite of the hall, the parlor, and the library. We gazed at the transformation with delight. Eppie went into Scottish raptures, which we did not attempt to follow. The sight of father's stuffed eagle, which had left its perch in the hall to roost on a pedestal once occupied by Mendelssohn, made Eppie break out in a volley of strange language. Bab declares till this day it was a pæan from Ossian.

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Mother, dear little soul, does not enjoy our moving spells. She betakes herself to her own upstairs sitting-room. There the legs of the haircloth chairs stand on the selfsame carpet roses where they were planted twenty years ago. The old yellowed Declaration of Independence and Washington Crossing the Delaware have places of honor on the brown walls beside grandmother's hair wreath and wax flowers. The old-fashioned sanctity of mother's room has only once been disturbed.

In the summer we were entertaining a house-party, and one morning we left on a tally-ho trip. That night when we swung around the corner of the avenue and rolled up our own street, we all exclaimed in chorus. Our home was a blaze of light. There was not one unillumined window in the brick pile, even the electric lights on the piazza glared whitely into the darkness.

"A surprise party," groaned the poor little mother. "How inconsiderate at this time of night! We are all tired to death."

We threw open the door and entered what looked like a strange hall. Facing the front door stood the massive sideboard. It held a splendid array of bric-à-brac, gathered from all parts of the house, instead of its accustomed load of cut-glass and silver. The dining-room chairs were arranged stiffly about the parlor surrounding the library table, an umbrella-stand, hat-tree, the bookcases, and the eagle. The dining-room was resplendent with satin *tête-à-têtes* and onyx tables. Father's cherished hunting scenes had made place for the dear old Declaration of Independence and Crossing the Delaware. The piano was jammed into a corner of the hall where the cosy corner had stood, the cosy corner was in the library.

We wandered about the old home, feeling we had strayed into the wrong house, until we reached the wide-open door to the kitchen. There stood Eppie, modest, blushing, triumphant! Her face shone with delight while she watched our bewildered wanderings. Then she darted to the pantry and pulled from his retreat a brawny, red-haired young giant, who drooped his eyelids and stood sheepishly before us.

"Here's Sawney, my lad, Sawney," cried Eppie, blissfully. "He gaed me a han' wi' the movin'. I could niver hae done it a' my lane. Sawney's as strang as Samson."

We did not dispute Sawney's strength; everything in the house had been lifted except the carpets. The dear little mother took a bold, unswerving stand. Next morning Eppie said good by with tearful eyes. For once in her life she was not happy about moving. Poor Eppie!



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OUTDOOR LIVING-ROOMS

BY HENRIETTA KEITH

"I said to my Heart, 'I am sick of four walls and a ceiling,
I have need of the sky.'"

WHEN spring halloos along the hillsides; when there has been rain in the night, and a smell of growing green things in the morning; when everything is singing—the grass and the lilac-bushes as well as the birds—"Spring is here, love draw near," then how we long to escape from our winter prisons, beautiful and luxurious as they may be, and accept the invitations of the birds and the grass. It is then we hasten to get out the piazza chairs from their ignominious quarters in the attic, to give them first—if we are good housewives—the annual furbishing of a coat of linseed oil, and then of varnish; that is, for the wicker portions, giving rein to our fancy either in brilliant red or soft green paint for the frames. Porch chairs thus cared for, will nearly equal a "well-preserved" woman, duly "treated" with creams and massage; being good for many years of service, while preserving a highly respectable appearance. Having attended to these little toilet matters and gotten ourselves and our chairs out on the porch, with what content we settle ourselves in them and steep ourselves in the soft air and sunshine, blessing meanwhile the builder who first thought to add these delightful outdoor sitting-rooms to our dwellings!

Of late years the porch is coming to be of more and more importance, and porch life a feature not to be overlooked by the modern architect in planning American homes. Our porches—for we claim the term—enlarged and acclimatized, are a distinct feature of the American home, and a very ornamental and important part of the construction. They are for the most part substantial and harmonious, with their graceful columns; a union of strength and beauty most happily illustrated in the pictures presented. Not often, thank heaven! do we see that abomination a claptrap wooden structure tacked on to the front of a brick or stone city dwelling.

This open-air, outdoor life of the porch is now so well established that it is catered to by manufacturers of every sort, and the porch is gay with red or blue and white awnings, and cozy with every sort of light furniture. We use our porches much as the Englishman his garden, which better suits his more retired and exclusive ideas. Their grounds are veiled from the too intrusive gaze of the public by thick shrubbery and hedges if not by a high stone wall. A tea-drinking on the front porch would never do for them; but behind a bare and often severe exterior you may emerge into a delightful retreat, a tanglery of honeysuckle and roses, to say nothing of a pear ripening on a friendly south wall, and there the family drink tea—not once a month only, but every day when it doesn't rain. It seems strange that the Englishman with his climate would not prefer our porch arrangements, where we may not only woo the sun-god—the most beautiful of the gods—but may be protected from the sudden rain. A country home I know of has a side porch screened in, and made into a summer dining-room. It opens off from a passageway leading to the kitchen, and the exposure is sheltered from the usual course of summer storms. Here

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is the round table spread the whole summer through, with the chairs about it. Here many a meal have I taken, with the soft summer rain dripping down, but not on the table-cloth, and forming a pearly, misty veil on the meshes of the wire screen. There is never any lack of appetite at that table; there is a deluge of appetite, the good house-mother thinks, for doughnuts and coffee, raspberries and cream, are particularly good out there.

Any one who has once tasted the matutinal joy of a porch breakfast on a hot July morning will surely go far and do much to try it again. Somebody has said that a dinner is the acme of hospitable endeavor. One can do no more for you than that. But a dinner in a regulation dining-room is as "water unto wine" compared to a porch breakfast with the yellow sunshine filtering through the young vines, and the morning breeze playing with the corners of the table-cloth.

Sometimes a napkin is wafted away, but what of that! Did ever coffee have such an aroma, or rolls and yellow butter balls look so tempting? Or the scarlet gleam of strawberries through their shrouds of thick cream? Or the red riot of raspberries laid on the cool gleam of fresh leaves?

Many delightful functions are now arranged for the porch at country homes. One of the prettiest of weddings was arranged for the great broad veranda of a country home on the shores of a Minnesota lake. This porch ran across the entire front of the house and around the sides, giving a promenade of one hundred feet in length. On each end was a door opening into the house, so that the bride could issue from one end, the groom from the other. The porch was made into a long, leafy lane, with tamarack boughs, fragrant as Gilead's balm, and the trailing scarlet of woodbine and sumach leaves—for it was in the fall—mingled with the golden glory of the goldenrod. The center of the porch floor was laid with rugs, and down this leafy, carpeted aisle, more lovely than any church, came the bridal procession, all in green and white, to the marriage altar, which was a perfect bower of bloom, canopied with a large floral umbrella, in the broad corner space of the porch angle.

At the opposite corner, in a smaller bower, was stationed the stringed orchestra, with golden harp gleaming, and adding to the picture. Over all, flooded the sunshine of a perfect September day, making a picture, with its setting of wooded lawn and blue lake, worth remembering.

But though the country house is perhaps the most thoroughly *en rapport* with porch life, city people need not despair; there are many charming diversions for the porch, by way of breaking the monotony and conventionalism of city life.

A "porch party" has grown to be a favorite method with hostesses of entertaining their friends in simple but delightful fashion. It is not much trouble to add to the usual furnishings of a generous porch all your pretty light-wood and wicker chairs, to heap the rattan couch with gay pillows, to spread rugs over the floor, to bring forth the hassocks and the big cushions made of matting and stuffed with excelsior, which make such admirable backgrounds for their more dainty sisters. When you have done that, and also spread a rug or carpet down the steps, you can stand a big vase or stone jar at each side, filled with ferns, or goldenrod, or great branches of daisies and sweet clover, according to the calendar of blossom.

You can put a small table over in a corner with a tall vase of glowing American beauties, or, as did one lady I knew, a bowl filled with great sprays of scarlet honeysuckle from her own vine. It is well, too, that one of the bamboo screens which are now so much a part of porch furnishings should be in readiness, lest some semi-invalid should feel too strong a draught. When all this is done—and 'tis only fun to do it—and there is a swish of summer skirts, a dream of

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A CALIFORNIA PORCH

dainty toilets, and a pleasant hum of gay talk, while bits of sewing or 'broidery are toyed with, bring forth your kettle and crane, and the light tea-table ready furnished, and serve your guests with the delightful fragrance of rare Souchong with little cakes. Or if you prefer chocolate crowned with a white mountain of whipped cream, and are so minded as to serve sandwiches and a salad, or an ice with cake, you may e'en do your ain sweet will in the matter; none of the alternatives will be a burden on your strength or a drain on your purse. That is the beauty of a porch party.

Here is the way a young girl in Janesville, Wisconsin, entertained her mates. She was a very lucky girl, for her father had a hobby, and the hobby was hollyhocks. The back yard—and the front yard too—was filled with about fifty varieties of hollyhocks, ranging over the whole gamut of color tone, from royal purple to straw color.

She gave a girl's luncheon to a dozen chums, and set the table on the wide veranda, which was screened from the public gaze by thickly laced vines.

Great masses of ferns were in the corners of the porch, and stuck here and there quite thickly were single stalks of hollyhocks in the greenery of the vines. In the center of the table was a large cut-glass bowl, fringed round with ferns and heaped high with hollyhocks. Beginning at the bottom was a circle of the white blossoms, gradually deepening in hue to pink, and then red, to the rich, deep crimson of the apex. Pink ribbons radiated from the center to each plate, terminating with a single large hollyhock of some shade in the centerpiece.

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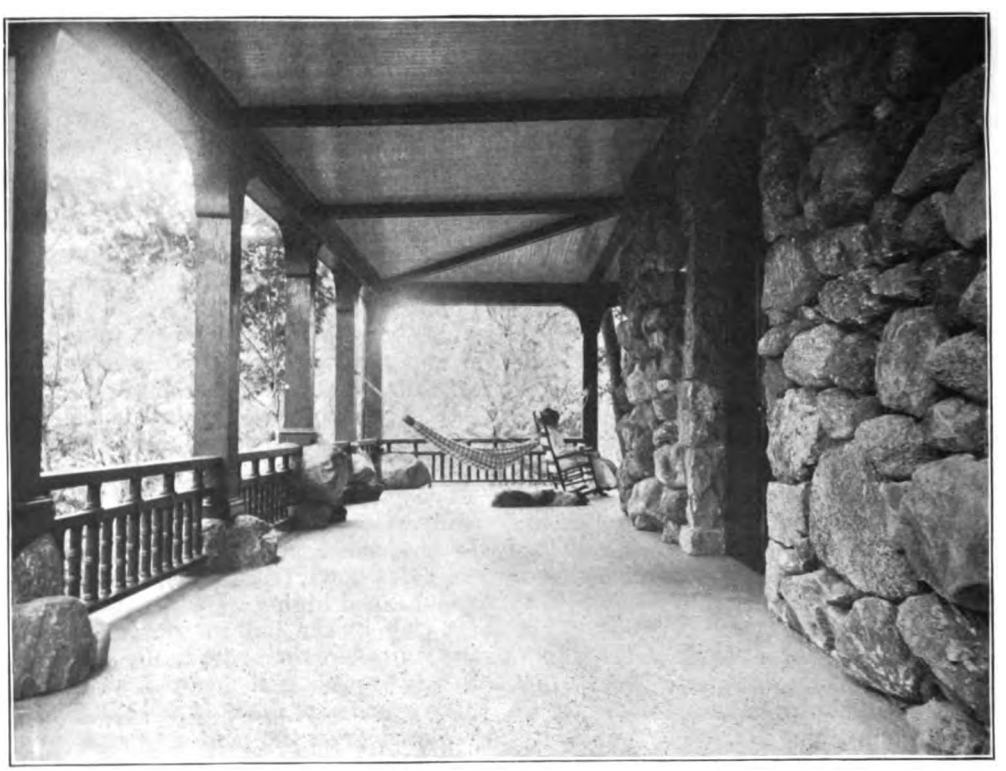
The most delightful breakfast the writer ever enjoyed was a porch breakfast given on a city porch in Duluth, overlooking the blue waters of Lake Superior. It was a noon breakfast, and midsummer even in Duluth is a hot time; so that the cool breezes of the great lake were very grateful.

There was a glass of sparkling Apollinaris beside each cover, ballasted on the other side by a dainty plate heaped with large clusters of native strawberries on their stems; you had also a little dish of powdered sugar to dip them in, if you had the heart to humiliate them so.

Then was borne out from the regions within a planked white fish, that erst had roamed the blue lake before us, "and finer or fatter ne'er smoked on a platter," or, as in this instance, on its own sturdy oak. Its bier was garlanded about with flowers, and with it were served bread and beer. Next appeared a rum omelet, and this was a ladies' breakfast, but nothing daintier can be imagined than the graceful, flashing movements of the pretty hostess, deftly pouring the ruby liquor from its crystal glass around the golden, fluffy mass, whence presently arose the odors of a most delectable burnt-offering.

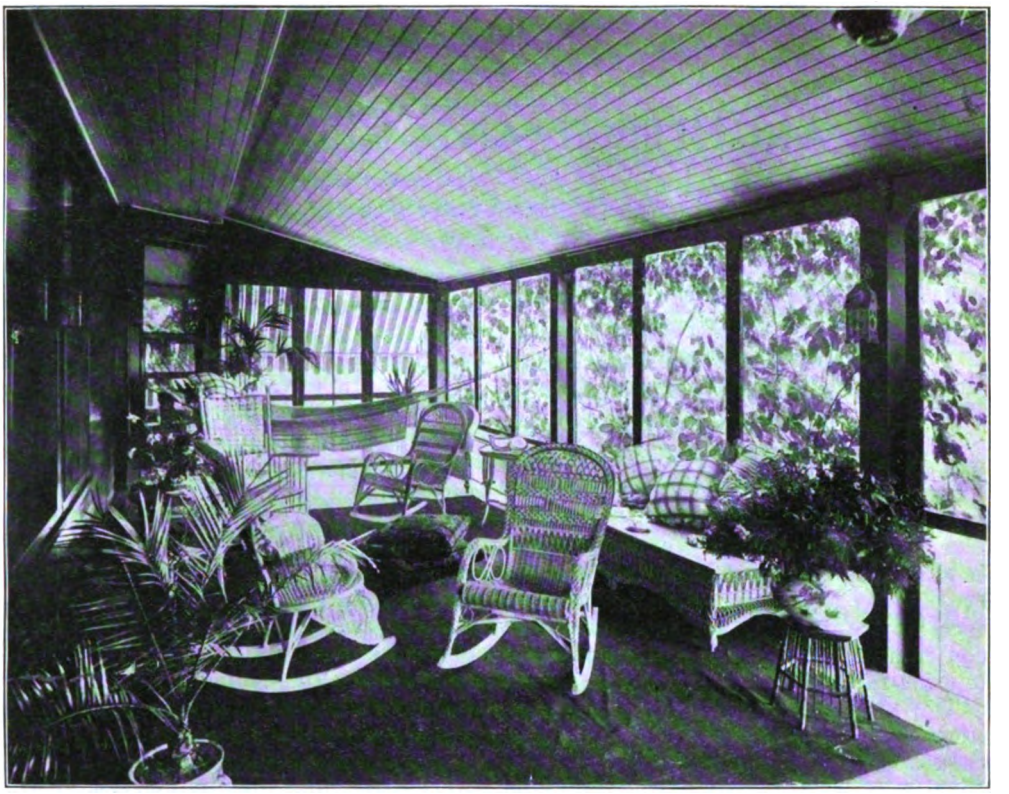
All things delightful must end, and so at last did this breakfast, with black coffee and salted almonds, very like a luncheon without the ice-cream. But the memory of it remains, and can be recalled at will, in the way of the Spanish exiles who kept their castle keys to remind them of departed grandeur.

Porch pleasures are for every land and clime; for the northern lake, the eastern hills, and the dreamy, languorous, flower-scented air of the California foothills and plains. There indeed is porch life



A PORCH FOR A HOUSE OF BOULDERS

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A LIVING-ROOM WITH SCREENS

to be found at its best estate, behind the Moorish arches of the loggia, and on the paved floor of the open, sun-bathed, vine-wreathed patio, or court. There those favored idlers may dream away the hours, lulled by the plashings of the fountain's cooling spray, or, as it please them, flash the shining needle in the southern sun.

Every day in the year they may enjoy their Mocha, flavored by orange flowers and roses, and need not inclose their open-air breakfast-rooms with glass for fear of wet and cold, as do those in sterner northern climes. Even in December they have only to lean over the railing and pluck a rose, as the breeze swings it in and out; and oranges—that *sine qua non* of breakfast—like the poor, they have always with them.

But great is the law of compensation; and our porch joys, though briefer and more fitful, are more intense and our pleasure is more keen.

Our southern porch, with its arcade of graceful arches, its tropical setting of palms and orange-trees, the electric bulbs, which promise evening as well as daytime pleasures, its generous proportions and charming outlook, is most attractive: we deny it not. North or South, happy is the owner of a porch and a hammock, whether swung under the shade of palms and pepper-trees, or oaks and maples, for here as elsewhere,

"East, West—hame's best."

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THE ARCHITECT AND CLIENT AGAIN

BY W. HENRY WINSLOW

THE paper in the April number of THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL, "The Architect and His Client," is like a brisk northwester after fog, and ought to do good service toward clearing up chronic misunderstandings.

Now that the ball is set rolling, doubtless others will wish to take a hand, and I confess to being one of these through my experience with domestic architecture, and with clients where personal relations have counted for much. There are at least two sides to the matter, and were there no more, the question your contributor raises would be a promising one for rejoinder.

The subject hinges upon considerations concerning the love for his art and regard for his client, and of such desire for profit and notoriety as there may be in the architect's mind, as well as what lies in that of the client.

It is to be assumed that the beginner cannot be, and the busy architect never is, indifferent to his percentage, which in the case of average dwellings yields no proportionate return for good service as compared with other buildings. But it is not beyond common experience that architect and client are substantially in accord, notwithstanding the element of dissatisfaction inhering in matters of art. Mrs. Spicer's allusion to "the improvement of the next house" the occupant hopes to build hints at the educational nature of house-building, and the architect is also a learner, if he is good for much, though not as in a traditional instance to the degree of needing a reminder of the inaccessibility of a second floor in the absence of stairs. Lapses on the part of the house-owner, implying friction and disappointment later, might be prevented if his planning were continued for a longer time than is usual before the architect is approached. A leisurely discussion of schemes in advance of the architect's plans is most desirable, considering that most persons are limited to one experiment in housing themselves. That it is not common may be due to the difficulty of carrying in the mind parallel and changing pictures of the inside and outside of an imagined house, to say nothing of a clear image of either.

No better service can be rendered one's clients than to clarify their ideas through perspective and isometric drawings, or simple models, till they can see things as they will be.

Forty years ago, when our architects were little more than builders, they were free to follow their own devices within fixed pecuniary limits, while now, notwithstanding their excessive training and large expenditures, their hands are often tied by being "hired to bark by those who choose to do their own barking." In those days public ignorance promised opportunities which on the whole were poorly availed of. To-day the half knowledge of the public, and the plea that they have only themselves to please, are stumbling-blocks.

Perhaps some one asks why the man who pays for and lives in a house should not have it as he likes, no matter how ugly or absurd, and one answer might be that no man's house should be a public nuisance. An architect may reasonably ask, "Why employ me if not that my professional expertness gives a more livable, better built house, in better taste than you can provide for yourself?" It may happen that a family demands "a

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fashionable novelty" as its permanent home, or a forced union of incongruous styles or materials, discordant features, or ugly linear or color combinations. Why not trust the architect as one trusts the dressmaker or the family doctor?

These suggestions may serve to answer Mrs. Spicer's implied question: "Why should it not be required of the architect to build an 'owner's house'?" What she calls "the architect's house" and "the compromise house" must necessarily fail as she says, and for the lack of the essential harmony of conception which differentiates architecture from haphazard building.

The architect, artist, and constructor in one should be ready to enter even with enthusiasm into any consistent plans furthering them with all his knowledge and taste. This is, of course, impossible if he is only offered the alternative of acting the fool or fooling his client, and I for one heartily assent to the proposition that he should refuse any commission, unpleasant though it may be to do so, from those whose aims he cannot "carry out conscientiously."

"The submergence of the architect's individuality" is another, not to say an impossible, thing, his individuality being in fact his most valuable professional asset.

But perhaps what Mrs. Spicer has in mind is not so much submergence of individuality as sympathetic convergence of thought and aim, with a reasonable deference on both sides, and respect for the owner's practicable requirements as well as for the taste, judgment, and knowledge of the architect.

Such a sympathetic relation is foreign to "rough-shod riding" on either side, and the architect's disinterested attitude may be such that when professional services for a family ends, he suffers from a sort of personal bereavement.

The practical requirements of any architectural building should be well expressed through its interior and exterior, as the purpose of living bodies is through their forms, and it is probably true in art as in nature, that there is only one exactly fitted in each case for complete expression.

Whether this be so or not, it is the architect's business to give the fullest embodiment of his client's purpose in his work. His power to do so in the most agreeable and rational form is his peculiar function.

My contention, therefore, necessarily implies the absolute individuality of good architecture, and is in the line of Mrs. Spicer's plea for evidence of the individuality of the house-owner.

Yet it should not be forgotten that a certain sort of individuality is the curse of modern house-building so far as it cares nothing for harmony in itself or with its surroundings, and is often an egotistic explosion amounting to a sort of mild insanity. And let it be said that the sympathetic co-operation so desirable between architect and client is no less to be desired between architects, especially while concerned in adjacent work or in the building up of a neighborhood.

SHERATON VERSUS CHIPPENDALE

NOW that old furniture is in such great request, and collectors are seeking far and near for genuine specimens of eighteenth-century work, it may not be amiss to explain the difference between the method of workmanship of these two great manufacturers, as shown in the various articles which they turned out.

There is as vast a distinction between them as can well be imagined, in spite of the fact that amateurs, and even dealers, who ought to know better, often confound them and call everything that

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was, or was supposed to have been, produced during the latter half of the century Chippendale.

Both these celebrated furniture-makers were what we should now call "adapters" from the French, for in those days there was no such thing as original art in England. Chippendale was at the height of his reputation in or about 1754, for it was then that he brought out and published "The Gentleman's and Cabinet-Maker's Directoire," while it was not until 1793, nearly forty years later, that Sheraton produced "The Cabinet-Maker and Upholsterer's Drawing-Book," both of which publications, by the way, were little more than what we should now term trade circulars.

Any one who is conversant with French history can imagine the difference in style which those forty years brought about, from the period of Louis XV., with a touch of the *Grand Monarque*, to the time of the Revolution, flavored by Louis XVI. ornamentation.

Chippendale's designs were very elaborately carved, and were chiefly borrowed from the French of Louis XIV. and Louis XV. and the Chinese, whereas Sheraton's models were far more simple and refined, one of the great charms of his work being the perfect proportions of all the parts.

Finely figured mahogany was the wood generally employed, and it was usually inlaid with a band of satinwood or a few lines of boxwood, either to form panels or to accentuate the outline.

Satinwood was also introduced for drawing-room furniture, and was often most elaborately decorated with delicate scrolls, festoons of flowers, and beechmast husks, as well as figures painted in the French style. Sheraton was contemporary with Robert Adam, the architect, and they worked at one time in much the same lines.

One last word of advice to collectors. Remember that nineteen out of every twenty articles offered as Sheraton or Chippendale are not twelve months old, and that large factories make a business of producing these antiques. It was not so long ago that, when a witness in a police court was asked his occupation, he replied, "I'm worm-hole borer to ——, the old furniture makers." Consequently, be warned and avoid bargains which have been rubbed down and polished up, broken and mended, to give them an ancient appearance, and be content with the twentieth-century reproduction of Sheraton's work, which possesses all the beauty and delicacy of design of the master's best efforts.

HOUSE BEAUTIFUL SUGGESTIONS IN PRACTICE

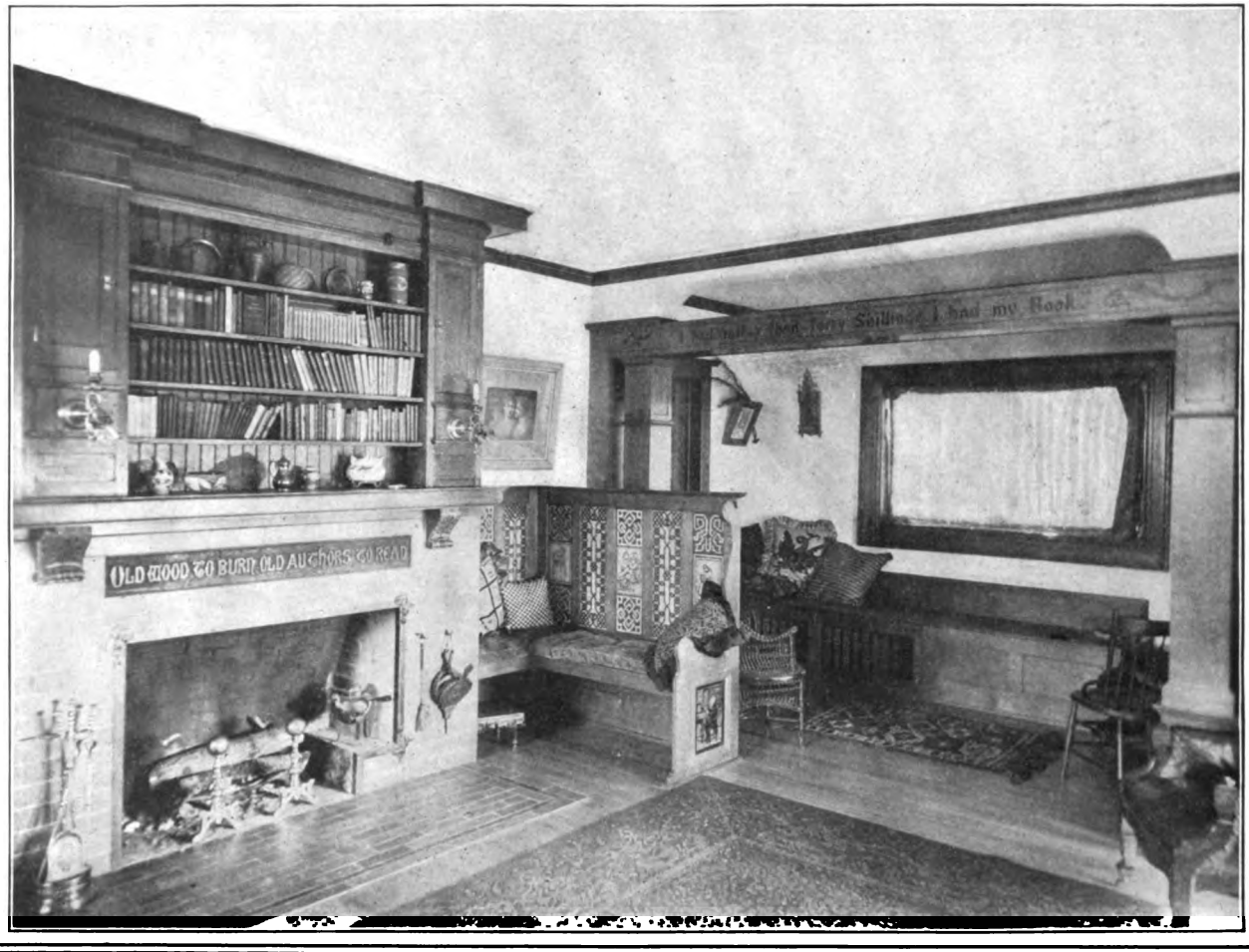
It is always gratifying to the editor of THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL to find evidence of the practical value of the magazine. As a frontispiece to this issue, and on pages 153 and 154, are reproduced photographs of an attractive house at Des Moines, Iowa. The owner, Mr. J. B. Weaver, Jr., writes as follows: "I take the liberty of sending you pictures of our new house, many ideas for which we gleaned from THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL. The interior arrangement is largely taken from the plans given in your April, 1900, number. The finials, woad, and front barge-boards are hand-carved, the latter by the writer's wife and himself. The first story is dark purple brick with white mortar; the second story, shingles dipped in oil and raw sienna. The rooms in the lower story are finished in hard wood; above they are all in stained poplar or mahogany."

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HOUSE BEAUTIFUL SUGGESTIONS IN PRACTICE

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THE LIBRARY IN A HOUSE AT DES MOINES, IOWA. *See page 152.*

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JEAN BAPTISTE CAMILLE COROT

Born 1796; died 1875

BY JAMES WILLIAM PATTISON

Class Lecturer on the Collections of the Art Institute of Chicago

DO you like those pictures by Corot?" asked my very respectable neighbor in the village of Ecouen, near Paris. He was the registrar of the canton. To my reply in the affirmative, he responded with, "Ah! I detest that." So for many years did the painters of conventional pictures, who controlled the annual salons, detest it. Year after year, they hung his work in what we in America call "the morgue." They called it the "catacombs" in Paris. Every group of exhibition galleries has its badly lighted chamber, to which the hanging committee consigns the unfortunate pictures which it does not like. Nobody goes there to buy, and all the medals are used up in more favored localities. During a large part of the period of forty-seven years, during which Corot exhibited without fail, he was in danger of consignment to the "catacombs"; often actually in it. Even after his admiring friends, insisting strenuously, secured medals for him, the committee was none too kind.

One of the measureless benefits following in the train of the revolutionary movements of the Barbizon school and the impressionists is the liberality of hanging committees. Art is not altogether free, but its liberty far surpasses in these days that of the days gone by. The "New Salon" (Champs de Mars, now Salon de l'Avenue d'Antin), in competition with the "Old Salon," opened its galleries to every sort of vagary which smacked of genius, and gained enormously thereby in spite of the howling of the conventional critics. This could not have existed at one time. The "Old Salon" is now trimming its sails to meet the competition by increased liberality. These circumstances take us back to the period before the empire, to the Directory, which tried to straighten out the confusion of the bloody French Revolution. Then it was, in 1796, on the Quai de Voltaire, in a house facing the Seine, right in the heart of Paris, opposite the approach to the Pont Royal leading to the garden of the Tuileries, near the Ecole des Beaux Arts and the Latin Quarter, that Corot was born. Over the door of the modest shop and residence were the words, "Madame Corot—Marchande de Modes." This tells the rank of our hero. The Corots were prosperous, frugal people, as fond of pinching a penny as any other small tradespeople. The father came from the excellent stock of Burgundy peasants, forcible and capable people, and this father had many of the characteristics which made his son remarkable. When he married the young merchant dressmaker, his management promoted the affairs of the little shop so that he had money enough to dower his two daughters and plan to set our Corot up in business.

The boy was sent, at ten years of age, to the Lycée at Rouen (where an uncle lived), and returned to Paris, with a high-school education, at eighteen, to

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commence his life as a salesman of women's finery. In these days he met Michallon, an excellent young painter, one year his senior, doing some desultory sketching with him. Making a sorry work of selling notions, his father finally listened to his appeals, and consented to the adoption of an artist's life. So the young man simply skipped out of the shop-door to the lower terrace along the Seine and painted the river with its background of buildings, by no means an uninteresting motive, as we all know, and painted many score of times since. The girls from the shop slipped away to satisfy their curiosity as to the young master's progress, and one of them ran down to see him several times—something she continued to do all through her life. Being now twenty-two, and a disappointment to his father, it was an act of genuine liberality on the part of the economical peasant to promise the youth an annuity of three hundred dollars per year, though warning him that no more than that would be forthcoming; and the word held good until Corot had gained the Cross of the Legion of Honor, when the old man concluded that a slight increase might add to the dignity of the situation.

Lucky young painter! Brought up with frugal habits, and allowed to paint just what he liked, and sure of an income of twenty-five dollars per month. Who is rich? The man who can live within his means and do as his fancy dictates.

Two years went to training in the studio of Victor Bertin, who evolved properly artificial landscapes with classical titles. Such titles were sustained by studiously drawn nymphs. Had Corot remained long enough to acquire some discipline in drawing, this might have been of great use.

It is astonishing how cheaply a young art student can live. He saved enough out of his twenty-five dollars per month to travel to Rome, painting what he saw there in his own way. None of the young men paid attention to his strange productions except Aligny, who was sincere enough to recognize talent in any of its aspects. Aligny told the others that no one had painted landscapes like that since Claude Lorraine.

Here is the key to Corot's art: he was the product of the age of artificial (classical) landscape-painting, which was the degeneration of the style of Claude. To Corot Claude's pictures told their lesson as to the others, but his was a finer sense, a cleaner mentality, and a more poetical temperament. Corot's pictures are Claude's over again, nymphs and all, almost exactly, but added to this a deal of sincere study of nature. He did not reproduce the actual forms; no weeds were elaborated in his foregrounds; no trees elaborated to show their leaves; no clouds carefully detailed. Nature was to him only an essence, like the alcohol which has extracted the flavor of the fruit and discarded all the fiber and meat. Though at first somewhat materialistic, he very soon painted trees without outlines, and houses which swam in the air. Water he suggested, but never polished it with a glassy surface, as if it were a material thing. Every tree was well puffed out with its fluffy leafiness, but no leaves were painted. It was a suggestion of light and air in which all these material things swam, as the clouds swam in the ether and were a part of it. There were sky and earth and material things just in sufficient amount to formulate his idea, as some array of words is essential to the expression of poetical thoughts. But he was sparing of his words, not pronouncing them too audibly.

Thus Corot forms the link which connects the old formal art invented by Claude (and misused by his imitators), and the modern realistic school, leaning much more to the old.

As the world has moved on, painters have arisen who could see truths of value, truths of color, and actual truths of texture as the men of years ago never dreamed of. These are the "naturalists," wonderful fellows, like Courbet, who could see truth in a way no one ever did before, and as many young men

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now in the schools see it. Corot talked a great deal about painting nature just as she appeared. Excepting in his early studies, he never did so. Courbet used to laugh about Corot's talk regarding truth. Courbet did paint true; so did Manet and Monet. But Corot made ideals, was a true poet.

To understand this, we must clear up the word "classicism." How will it answer to say that a classic is something in literature or art which has been perfected by studied arrangement so as to create an impression of dignity or grace or some sentiment of refinement? This may be a rude definition, but it tells pretty nearly the conditions. Classicism is truth intentionally arranged, and therefore not quite true. Corot was as true to nature as his poetical arrangement admitted of. Claude was quite the same, making landscapes according to the regular arrangements long since determined. Claude's advance is found in his observations of light and atmosphere, and Corot's advance was like that also—rendered of the subtilties of light and air, and in these he was very truthful. Like many artists who keep the model always before them though never painting like the model, Corot painted from nature, not following it. Why did he go outdoors? Nature intoxicated him, and with the drunkenness of enthusiasm he rendered her hidden beauties. "I detest that," said my neighbor. He desired facts, carefully worked out so that he could feel his dull senses quickened. Corot never knew a dull moment. The classical artists who hung Corot's work in the "catacombs" disliked it because they also could not see so fine, but worse than that, they had prejudices, and prejudice is incurably wall-eyed. Corot rose before the dawn and sallied forth to watch the mystery of the coming of day, the silvery tones which obscured all colors and reduced nature to a harmony.

It has been my good fortune to meet the dawn on land and water many times. What do you know about the wonderful beauty of the dawn? Sunsets are cheap, but the dawn, too early for the rose tones to show, is a priceless jewel. Corot never painted outdoors after the sun was up, or after the mystery of the morning hour had passed. At twilight, when the sky had dispensed with fireworks, he walked about and gazed, studying the mystery of the penetrable foliage when no leaves were visible. The twilight lasts many times as long in the high latitude of Paris as in the central parts of our country; and its beauty increases as the garish reds and yellows fade away. Corot's "truth" is found in his rendering of this mysterious moment at dawn or twilight, and finally he invented a style of treatment for all pictures which he based on this idea.

So Corot was a variant of the classical landscape-painter and followed the compositions of Claude very often, and like Claude rendered effects of light and atmosphere, improving much on his prototype.

Besides the six hundred dollars per year which his father always paid to him, there was the promise of a home whenever he desired to use it. Just over the Seine where it sweeps around the outer edge of the Bois de Boulogne, almost exactly west from the heart of the city, and distant less than five miles as the crow flies, is the village of Ville-d'Avray. You can go ashore from the *bateau mouche* at St. Cloud and pass up the road to it. Gambetta died here, and there is a monument to his memory. There is also one to Corot, about which people who take you driving talk more. There is a range of steep hills and a series of pretty valleys forming a peninsula in one of the loops of the Seine. Here the family Corot had a modest cottage for summer use, and the artist sometimes spent the whole year there where the sky looked at him. A pond, well decorated with rushes and the proper rudeness, has become celebrated as the dreaming place of the painter. One of those octagonal garden-houses which the French delight in stands in the garden, and here Corot painted mural decorations with the appropriate

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nymphs in landscape; all to gratify his mother. Since then these have been removed from the plaster, and now decorate some other garden-house. His sister kept house because the artist never married.

During the siege of Paris, he entered the town to help care for the wounded and succor the poor. In this pious work twenty-five thousand francs of his money was expended, for by this time he was earning money more easily. But his love of painting was too much for him. From time to time he eased the strain by making pictures. Happy Corot! When there was a revolution in 1830, hearing the confusion, he asked for the cause, and then remarked, "So; it seems that some people are not contented." The world loved and the young artists adored him. Sitting out in the open, clad in blouse and wooden shoes, with cap on head and pipe in mouth, many would pass him by, but the light in his eye and keen intelligence in all the physiognomy defined the man apart. When he lay a-dying his face lighted up as he said, "Truly I have nothing to complain of. For fifty-three years I have been a painter—been permitted to devote myself entirely to that which I love most in this world. I have never suffered from poverty; had good parents and excellent friends." Old-fashioned in his dress, browned by exposure to the sun, careless of the action of his voluminous gray hair, there was a pose about him and a dignity of expression which hid the peasant in the great painter. With a powerful head and straight nose beneath his high forehead, no one who looked at him attentively ever mistook the character of the man. Habitually thoughtful, his gravity turned to gayety at the slightest temptation. Of music he was passionately fond. In a letter written after a ramble at dawn, he said: "It sounds as if the flowers were saying their morning prayer." In another letter is this thought: "The sun is setting in an explosion of yellow and orange, fire red and purple. I do not like that; that is pretentious and vulgar." "The sun has disappeared, and in the softened gray sky has left behind a gauzy, vaporous tint of the palest lemon-yellow, which melts and blends into the deep blue of the night, through tones of deepening green, of pale turquoise of inconceivable fineness—." As the night comes on he sees a star in the pond, and then several, until suddenly "the little lake is sparkling, an ant-heap of busy stars."

Four medals came to him and the Cross of the Legion of Honor. When he was seventy-one years old, the rank of Officer of the Legion of Honor came to add comfort; for every Frenchman loves dearly that honor. Just before his death, and when years weighed upon him, his loving fellow-artists created a special medal of honor, and with trembling limbs he stood up to receive it. His landscapes were in the "noble style," like his beautiful life.

A Story of Holland House

THE place now belongs to the fifth Earl of Ilchester, a lineal descendant of the famous politician Fox, afterward Lord Holland, and Lord Ilchester, who owns over thirty-two thousand acres in other parts of the country, has ample means for "keeping up" Holland House. Holland House, too, has its ghost story. The beautiful Lady Diana Rich, daughter of the Earl of Holland from whom the house took its name, was once walking in the garden before dinner, when she met her own apparition, "as if in a looking-glass." A month later this lady succumbed to smallpox. Her sister, also, it is said, saw an apparition just before her death.

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SALISBURY HOUSE

TWO INTERESTING OLD HOUSES

BY E. TURNER POWELL

SALISBURY HOUSE is situated in Bury Street, Edmonton, and is one of the oldest and most interesting of several fine houses in the neighborhood. It passed into the hands of the Earls of Salisbury in the fourteenth century, when it was sold, and we find it in Henry VII.'s reign vested in the crown. By that monarch it was granted to Sir Thomas Bouchier, but in 1513 it again became crown property by purchase, and continuing such, formed part of the marriage settlement of Queen Henrietta Maria. The house is of the Tudor period, and was originally much larger, the offices, kitchens, stables, etc., being now used as a separate dwelling-house. The remains of the moat may still be seen in the garden, and the vaults under the house are large and complicated. The present owner, Mr. Fabian (to whose kindness I am indebted for information regarding the history of Salisbury House), discovered bricked up in these cellars a quantity of old wine in short-necked bottles, and in the moat some curious pipes and coins of Charles II.'s period. But the most interesting

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ANOTHER VIEW OF SALISBURY HOUSE

discovery arose during some repairs which were being carried out. The workmen, in clearing out an accumulation of bats' nests and rubbish from between the joists of the flooring of some of the disused rooms, threw out, unnoticed by themselves, an ancient leather bag secured by strange locks. This fortunately was detained by the owner, who, on carefully opening it, discovered roll after roll of many-colored silks and black satin, which for two centuries had protected a cavalier's love-lock. This love-lock, for several reasons, has been considered to have been actually shorn from the head of the royal martyr himself, and certainly the care with which it had been so successfully preserved points to the fact of its having been regarded as some almost sacred relic. Salisbury House is supposed to have been the seat of Judge Jeffreys, and a room over the door of which still is seen the title "The Judge's Room" may either take its name from this fact, or from Bradshaw and his associates, who were conspicuous enemies of the king, having held many of their meetings there. The interior still retains many of its original ceilings, panelings, and chimneypieces. A fine old fire-back was discovered when enlarging one of the fire-openings. This bore the device of the rose, thistle, and fleur-de-lis, the initials J. M., and the date 1649, a crown surmounting the whole. Needless to say, these relics have been carefully preserved.

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Within a short distance of Salisbury House, partly inclosed by an old wall, partly by a magnificent yew hedge some hundreds of years old, as shown by the extraordinary size of its trunks, some being nine feet thick, lies Bury Hall.

Surely few houses possess so sad a reputation. This was the residence of the notorious President Bradshaw, famous in history as a man "who dared to sit in judgment" on his sovereign, Charles I. He died in 1659, his body, with Cromwell's and Ireton's, being dug up at the Restoration, hanged at Tyburn, and buried under the gallows. The house is full of interest, principally the dining-room, where it is said was signed the death-warrant of the king. Over the fireplace are the arms of Bradshaw, whilst the magnificent ceiling has the president's initials worked in floral devices. A subterranean passage is still in existence, connecting the house with Edmonton Parish Church.

RUSKIN'S PRINCIPLES OF ART

AN entirely general law, which was insisted upon through all the years of Ruskin's preaching on art, is that "All great art is delicate and fine to the uttermost. Wherever there is blotting or daubing or dashing, there is weakness at least, probably affectation; certainly bluntness of feeling. But all delicacy which is rightly pleasing to the human mind is addressed to the unaided human sight, not to microscopic help or mediation." With this rule in mind, Ruskin's favorable judgments upon Du Maurier and John Leech become more interesting. Would not the poster art of the present have made him impatient? and should not we be on our guard against being unduly influenced by it? His lectures on engraving are full of warning against awarding praise for any qualities of dash and effect, directing us always to approve rather of painstaking accuracy of line and finish of detail—a theory of criticism which is quite as false as it is true.

Of the aspects of art not purely technical, he taught that none is great which does not freely interpret some great truth of the moral sort concerning God, the human mind, or nature; that none can be great which is produced from wrong motives, either for gain which cheapens, for pleasure which weakens, or from vanity which corrupts; that no amount of teaching, example, or encouragement can develop a genius hitherto blushing unseen, since genius is a fire born to burn, and quite unquenchable. Of technical art, that humility or a faculty for appreciating the excellences of others is a first requisite of growth; that there is a fitness in certain materials for the expression of certain forms of art, as stone for majesty and repose, oil paints for broader dramatic episodes, literature for those yet more comprehensive; an artistic fitness in the use of iron for strength, even of paper for transient joy, as in the Japanese lantern for gay illumination; that pupils should be taught the power to see clearly the forms and colors of nature, to judge art rather than to become artists; and that the artisan must not work dully, but with generous enthusiasm, and using only the best of materials. He would have artist and artisan, priest and layman, learn that life, true living, is compounded of labor, joy, and sorrow; joy is base without labor, sorrow base without it, while labor is ever ennobled by joy, enriched by sorrow.

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THE LAMPLIGHTERS

BY OLIVE LOGAN

GAS and electricity furnish brilliant illumination, but are beyond the reach of thousands who have pretty homes in which they often receive company, and in which, of course, they pass long evening hours in reading or sewing. In these days of handsome lamps, the house thus lighted may be made beautiful in this particular sense; and indeed, some who use lamps consider them preferable in many ways to gas, electricity being out of the question. Gas is not only unhealthy, but it is a destructive thing. Six months' occupancy of a gas-lighted house will reveal a most distressing state of affairs as regards grime upon curtains, ceiling, blinds, and furniture; and if there have been plants in the rooms, they will have met an early death at the hands of their arch-enemy, gas fumes. Half the weary headaches and the depressing lassitude we feel at times are the direct result of the pernicious presence of gas poison in an unventilated apartment. In my city home I have a colored cook who is on the "go home nights" order of domestic; occasionally, however, when the weather is bad, she makes up her mind to stay, and as there is a small room ready for her use, she retires to it, bolts the door, and lights the gas, which she keeps on tap all night. I bear this heavy addition to my gas bill with private gnashings of teeth, but outward complacency, because we are all of us more or less slaves to a fairly good servant; but by a racking headache all next day she pays the penalty of her silly idea of being afraid to sleep in a dark room.

In my country home my pretty little "bungalow" is lighted by seven lamps. It looks like a fairy abode when all these are aglow. "But the care of them!" you exclaim. Indeed, it is but trifling. After breakfast my "girl" takes the reservoirs out of the various sockets, and places them on a large lacquered tray on the dining-room table, together with the can of oil. It takes me just ten minutes to fill, trim, and wipe these seven lamps; they are then returned to their various positions, and are ready for evening. However carefully wiped in the morning, lamps should always be wiped again just before being lighted. The unpleasant smell which sometimes arises is due to oil which has been dropped on the brass part, or has exuded through minute particles in the metal, and this, when it gets heated, gives off an intolerable odor. If the lamp burns dull it is because its breathing apparatus is clogged; in this case, get an old saucepan and drop all the brass parts, minus the wick of course, into some clean water, and boil them for a short time, a process which loosens the stale oil, which you can then wipe away, when your lamp will burn as brightly as ever.

In reading or sewing, be careful to

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place the lamp in such a position that the light falls over your left shoulder on to your work. For a lamp thus used you will hardly need a lamp-shade, but these points of beauty are always desirable when the lamp serves as general illumination to a room. However prettily furnished an apartment may be, it is its illumination which draws all eyes, to the exclusion of everything else. Moth-like, we admire the flame. It is the sun in miniature; without its revealing beams we should all be blind at night. Lamp-shades are cheap or they are dear; every purse may find its own lamp-shade. Some are very pretty; others atrocious. The lover of the truly artistic should never buy red or yellow shades; the first makes every one look as if he were threatened with apoplexy; the second, as if jaundice were impending. Monstrosities in the shape of owls' heads, monkeys, Indians on the war-path, and similar horrible objects, should never be considered as decorations anywhere, least of all on a lamp-shade. Equally undesirable, to my mind, is the trumpery paper and gauze ballet-dancer, now so frequently seen.

The crinkled tissue paper offers scope for the fabrication of handsome shades. A length of it, box-pleated, and adorned with a ribbon around the pleats, while the bottom is distended widely, is very striking. Even more beautiful, however, is the shade made of scalloped pieces of plain tissue paper, on which are placed real leaves and colored grasses. These are covered by another piece of tissue paper gummed lightly around the edges; the pretty floral effect is fairy-like when the lamp is lighted. About five pieces of tissue paper make one shade, and they are tied together with narrow ribbon bows at the top, which allow of their being regulated to the size of the lamp. A wire shade, covered with pale blue silk, and trimmed around the edge with a two-inch fringe, while ruches of the silk are arranged on each rib and also around the edge, makes a charming and an inexpensive shade. For those lamps which have the close-fitting globe, nothing is prettier than a shade made of a square of tissue paper—any light color and tightly crinkled—with a bit torn out of the exact center to let the chimney pass. The four ends hang like those of a handkerchief as held in the hand, and the crinkled paper fits the globe like a glove. This is quaint and artistic, and as it costs less than a cent, it can be frequently renewed.

If you will accept my modest suggestions, I think your neighbors will certainly bestow upon you the proud title mine have given me, which is, Madam Aladdin, with the wonderful lamps.

THINGS SEEN IN SHOPS

THERE never was anything attractive about the blowers of iron and steel we used to fasten over our grates to create a draft for a sinking coal fire, but bellows to fan the flmaes of smoldering logs are as fascinating as every other appurtenance of a wood fire. Extra long ones come now, Germanic looking concerns, heavily carved, in dark oak. The handles are fully two feet long, affording space for plenty of Bacchic vines, grotesque

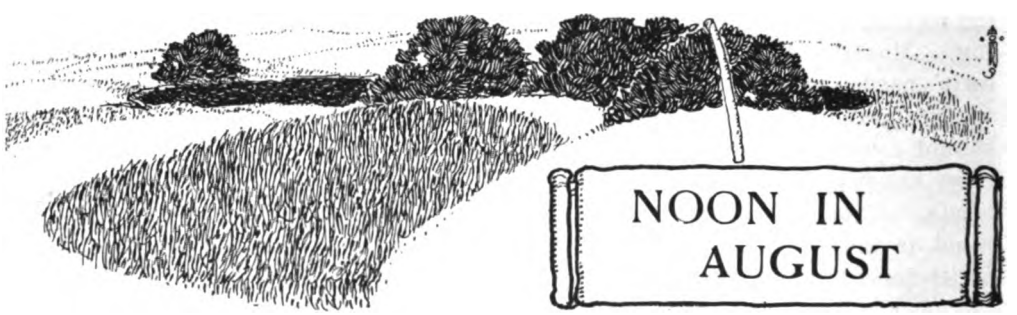
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masques, or birds of impossible plumage. Their practical advantage is that you can stand off at a comfortable distance and blow your fire.

Apropos of blowing, one of the new devices for electric side-lamps is the head of a small darky in bronze, blowing fervently upon a gilt pipe, from whose tip there bursts a large white bubble of ground glass. This is the globe for one of those incandescent lights.

Electric lamps which have genuine and really poetic beauty to commend them form part of a new Tiffany table decoration. It is a cluster of flower-like lights rising on slender stems from a green bronze base which is modeled into the large circular leaves of pond-lilies and their buds. This is even prettier when surrounded by a basin filled with ferns and other plants.

The new English stenciled borders that are now imported combine well with a plain papered wall, or one hung with any good color in linen or jute, or even with a kalsomined wall. They cost from twenty-five cents to one dollar, and introduce blithe decorative figures in a Walter Crane style. One known as "The Daphne Frieze" has æsthetic maidens dancing between conventionalized trees with twisted stems. Another, on a greenish yellow ground, has piping elves or sprites, each sitting in the round of his own peacock-colored wings.



Charmed by the splendor of the noonday sun,
The dun hills dream, and trancèd streams wend slow;
Shorn fields stare on, like eyes that see not; row
On row, the dwindling corn-blades droop, undone;
High in the haze of air, their glory won,
Great trees await their doom; and soft below,
Where vagrant breezes like lost heralds go,
The grasses sigh that summer's course is run.
Yet through the swoon of things a waking stirs,
As if the earth were palpitant with dreams,
And wood and hill and stream were thoughts of hers,
And all the world not real is, but seems—
The while we, too, on drowsy wings of sleep,
Are borne far down oblivion's shoreless deep.

CHARLES W. STEVENSON.

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LOUIS XVI. FURNITURE

BY VIRGINIA ROBIE

TO Marie Antoinette has long been accorded the honor of being largely responsible for the pseudo-classic revival in France. Recent writers on French handicraft of the eighteenth century doubt the young queen's part in the matter, and point out the fact that the return to simpler forms took place several years before the Austrian princess married the dauphin.

The Louis XVI. style of decoration was of gradual growth. It is not possible to mark the date when the old standards gave place to the new. It is an extremely interesting development, for in its perfected form it differed as widely from the Louis XV. style as did the early Renaissance from the Gothic. It was not merely a difference of detail, but of construction and proportion. Whether the style owed its existence to the influence of Marie Antoinette, or to the discoveries of antique ornament at Pompeii and Herculaneum, or to the natural reaction from an extreme taste to a simpler one, are questions which are not of vital importance to-day. Doubtless many causes were instrumental in giving birth to the Louis XVI. school.

Rococo ornament had run its race and the time was at hand for its downfall. As the limit of extravagance had been reached, any change was necessarily towards plainer models. A return to simplicity in decorative art meant a return to the antique.

In the eighteenth-century Renaissance, Greece, not Rome, was the inspiration. Straight lines replaced the flowing scrolls that had so long dominated interior decoration. Horizontal bonds superseded the broken and tortured moldings. Irregular panels, painted with cupids and rose garlands, gave way to rectangular spaces ornamented with classic emblems. Furniture-makers discarded curves and adopted severe outlines. The endive and the twisted acanthus disappeared. The laurel and the oak-leaf replaced them. To the Greek band was given the prominence previously allotted to the shell. The fluted column was made a constructive part of nearly every piece of furniture. In chairs and tables the supports were fluted, tapering slightly at the base. In cabinets, the column had the character of a pilaster, sometimes tapering, sometimes resting on claw-feet. The oak-leaf was seldom used in the decoration of the chair, but in the cabinet, armoire, console, and bureau it was made a very ornamental feature. The laurel and the bay-leaf were also effectively used, and on rare occasions the acanthus, in a severe form, was revived. But to the oak-leaf was given chief preference, and it is interesting to study its development in small as well as large pieces of furniture.

In the decoration of clocks, mirrors, and sconces it was an important and usually a beautiful accessory.

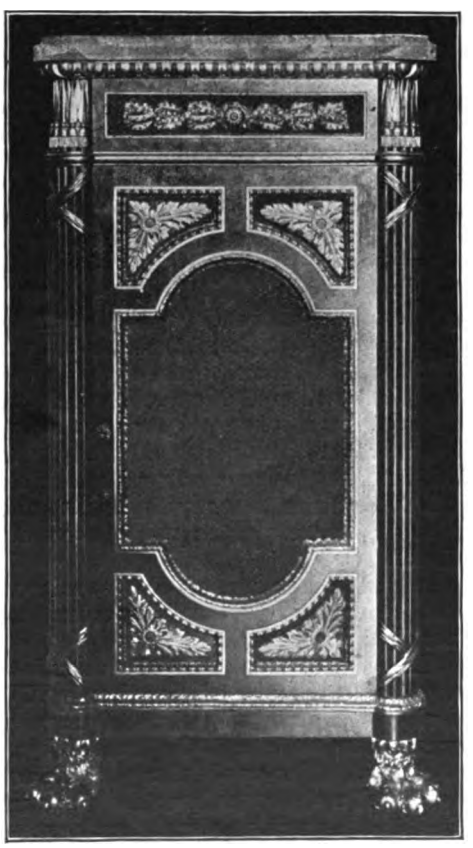
The cabinet from Fontainebleau is an excellent example of the Louis XVI. period. The fluted columns have no ornamentation except the crossed bands of ribbon. The oak-leaf appears in both a natural and conventionalized manner. The metal work is simple and exceedingly good. The gold is of two shades,

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red-gold in the moldings, and green-gold in the mounts. The claw-feet, which are in the shape of eagle's talons, are very spirited. An unusual effect is gained by the insertion of dark panels, which add greatly to the beauty of the cabinet.

The Louis XV. furniture-maker would not have been content to leave the broad center panel undecorated. Marquetry and elaborate mounts would have been a necessary adjunct in his eyes. The charm of flat, unadorned spaces was unknown to him. Fontainebleau contains many pieces of furniture designed expressly for Marie Antoinette, and this cabinet is of the number.

Pierre Rousseau planned the apartments of the queen at Fontainebleau and designed the decorations. The boudoir is particularly fine, and has been little altered since it was first executed. Everything pertaining to Marie Antoinette is of interest. From an historical point of view there are no apartments in Fontainebleau, Compiègne, Versailles, or the Petit Trianon so worthy of study as those occupied by the young queen. From the standpoint of interior decoration, all the rooms furnished in the Louis XVI. style have value. Of the three schools named in honor of the sovereigns Louis XIV., Louis XV., and Louis XVI., none is so worthy of reproduction as the style Louis Seize. It is the only one of the three adapted to modern conditions. It combines grace with simplicity, and when correctly interpreted is as suitable in an American home of the twentieth century as it was in a French palace of the eighteenth century.



LOUIS XVI. CABINET—FONTAINEBLEAU

In the case of the three great French styles, the palatial pieces form an important contribution to furniture lore, for with the exception of greater richness of material and more elaborate detail, the furniture of the court closely resembled that of the citizen's house. Thus the collections of Versailles, Fontainebleau, and the Garde Meuble have more than a royal significance. The Louis XIV. style suggests grandeur, the Louis XV. elegance, and the Louis XVI. grace. Comfort is not lacking in many of the Louis XIV. designs, but comfort is not their most prominent feature. In the Louis XV. pieces there is more luxury and less magnificence. The Louis XVI. designs are constructed on severe lines, but are perfectly proportioned, and combine beauty with extreme comfort. The furniture of the Seize period seems made for use, not merely a medium for the display of intricate marquetry and elaborate metal work. Ornament for ornament's sake is absent, although perfection of detail is never lacking. The execution of these pieces is of great beauty, and does not fall below the standard of the Quinze designs. Many

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of the men who achieved fame under Louis XV. rendered Louis XVI. distinguished service. Riesener, Carlin, Duplessis, Leleu, Gouthière, left an impress on both periods. Rousseau, Guibert, Saunier, Röntgen, Benemon, Thoniere, and Oben the younger were more closely identified with the Louis XVI. style.

Much of Riesener's later work was executed for Marie Antoinette, and is marked by the same exquisite finish that made his furniture famous during the reign of Louis XV.

In the catalogue of the Hamilton collection, which was sold at auction in 1882, are listed many of these royal designs.

"No. 301. Upright Secrétaire, signed 'Riesener fe 1790.' Branded with the cipher of Marie Antoinette on the back, £4,620. No. 302. A commode en suite signed 'Riesener fe 1790,' £4,305. No. 303. An oblong writing-table, stamped 'J. Riesener,' and branded underneath with the cipher of Marie Antoinette."

In a foot-note in the catalogue it is stated that "the commode and secrétaire were among the last works of Riesener, and that they were executed for the palace of St. Cloud, where the queen resided during the summer of 1790."

David Röntgen, usually called "David" in French furniture annals, was a remarkable designer. He was a member of the Paris guild of cabinet-makers, but executed most of his furniture in his studio at Neuwied. Röntgen owed his reputation not only to the excellence of his work, but to his unique methods of conducting his sales. From his headquarters in Neuwied he made journeys to the various courts of Europe. Among his royal patrons were Marie Antoinette, Frederick of Prussia, and Catherine of Russia.

Combined with beauty of execution were many contrivances which rendered his work remarkable. Secret drawers and hidden locks were made a feature of his desks and cabinets, and earned for him the title of *ébéniste mécanicien*. His mechanical ingenuity was often



LOUIS XVI. CHAIR—PETIT TRIANON

turned to account when important sales were pending.

Lady Dilke describes one of his transactions with Catherine of Russia. Röntgen had arrived in St. Petersburg with a notable collection of furniture. "The empress was ready to admire and wonder, but could not be persuaded to buy, her funds just then being exhausted by the war with the Turks. In the night preceding the visit which she had promised to pay to Röntgen's exhibition, arrived the news of a naval victory won by the Russians at Tchesme, and when she was received on the following day at the place appointed, matters were so arranged that her eyes should fall at once on an imposing secrétaire, which was surmounted by a clock bearing a Genius, whose graver indicated the date of the successful naval engagement, which Röntgen had contrived to add that morning. Catherine could do no less in acknowledgment of the courtly compliment than buy the whole collection."

To such a point did Röntgen carry his mechanical skill, and so closely associ-

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ated with his name were all kinds of mechanical devices, that for years every writing-desk with a secret drawer, every cabinet with a hidden spring, has been attributed to him. Lady Dilke, who has made a careful study of the eighteenth-century furniture-makers, cites several pieces in the Kensington Museum which have been incorrectly credited to Röntgen. In speaking of a "bureau-toilette" in the Jones collection at Kensington, she says: "A curious feature of this bureau marks the treatment of the cover, which falls and presents to the hand a myriad little receptacles for paint and powder and other 'make-up' requisites. This ingenious contrivance and the light color of the inlay have been responsible for the legend which declares it to have been ordered of David Röntgen by his patroness, Queen Marie Antoinette, a story that has not the slightest foundation. At one time the name of 'David' seems to have been applied indiscriminately to all work inlaid with light woods, when the interior contrivances presented more or less ingenious character. This is the only explanation of the attribution to Röntgen, not only of the 'bureau-toilette,' but of the noble cabinet at Hertford House, undoubtedly by Saunier."

Claude-Charles Saunier, Martin Carlin, Jean Pafrat, Jean François Leleu, are represented in many of the large English collections. From various catalogues the following items are gleaned:

Hertford House—"Mahogany cabinet with Sèvres panels, designed by Carlin, mounts by Thomise. Table of amboyna wood, fluted columns, designed by Leleu, mounts attributed to Gouthière. Table of wood and gilt metal porphyry slab, mounts by Gouthière. Corner cupboard of mahogany, marquetry by Riesener, mounts by Thomise. Clock and barometer, ebony and gilt metal, Thomise (?). Cabinet of amboyna wood and ormolu, by Riesener, mounts by Thomise. Chairs of carved and gilt wood, coverings of Beauvais tapestry. Corner cupboard, designed by Saunier."

South Kensington Museum—"Worktable, tulip wood and ormolu, by Carlin and Pafrat. Corner cupboard, marquetry, by Oben. Commode, marquetry by Riesener, metal work unknown. Bureau-toilette, by Saunier. Bedstead of carved and gilt wood, designer unknown."

Windsor Castle—"Sideboard in mahogany and ormolu, with Sèvres panels, by Martin Carlin. Mahogany cabinet with bronze mounts, bearing the arms of France and Savoy, designer not given. Secrétaire of tulip wood with bronze mounts, attributed to Röntgen."

These items, brief as they are, show the trend of the Louis XVI. style, so far as the choice of woods and metals are concerned. Mahogany had been growing in popularity since the middle of the century, and walnut, which had so long been the chief medium of French furniture-makers, had gradually lost favor. Walnut was not discarded, but it was more often gilded and enameled than used in its natural state. For chairs and couches, and for all pieces where upholstery was utilized, walnut was the usual foundation. The enameling to which the wood was treated was in soft colors, and exceedingly durable. Many of the Louis XVI. chairs, canapés, and bedsteads show this delicate finish, which to-day exhibits little trace of wear. The gilded furniture belongs to another class, although the designs are often similar. Many of the gilded chairs are combined with cane. Sometimes the natural cane is set in a gilded frame, and again the cane is gilded and the wood enameled. Modern furniture-makers are seeking to revive this fashion by reproducing the old designs. Some of the chairs are exceedingly graceful, but have little beauty in a room which is not treated in the Louis XVI. style.

Marie Antoinette, in furnishing the Petit Trianon, made a most effective use of cane. It suited the simplicity which she delighted to affect when she retired to the Trianon. The queen, brought up in the Austrian court, which was less formal than that of France, spent her

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LOUIS XVI. BED—FONTAINEBLEAU

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happiest hours in the picturesque building which Louis XV. erected for the Duchesse du Barry. Here she could escape the etiquette of the court, and live as independently as she pleased, even playing dairy-maid when the whim seized her. The English garden, the poultry-house, the mill, the grotto, and the dairy are still in existence, and are scarcely less interesting than the Little Trianon itself.

Gabriel, the royal architect, built the main edifice, which bears somewhat the same relation architecturally to the Grand Trianon that the Grand Trianon does to Versailles. "The Little Trianon is rather a handsome country house than a palace. Its walls are ornamented with sculptural festoons of oak-leaves, and the balustrade is of gilt bronze in designs of lyres and quivers, horns of plenty and the interlaced letters M. A. The antechamber has a Greek portal, and within is paneled in a severe but elegant style with a cornice of palmettes and painted rectangular panels over the doors. The dining-room opens immediately from it. The ornaments on the panels, trophies of quivers and crowns, were placed there by the order of the queen. The main salon is furnished in crimson and gold. The panels here are ornamented with lilies, in the lower part with the attributes of the arts and of literature, in the upper with garlands. The boudoir is charming, with its simple but beautifully wrought moldings, its panels relieved by delicately modeled arabesques, and its simple mantel garniture of two Sèvres vases and branches for candles in gilt bronze."

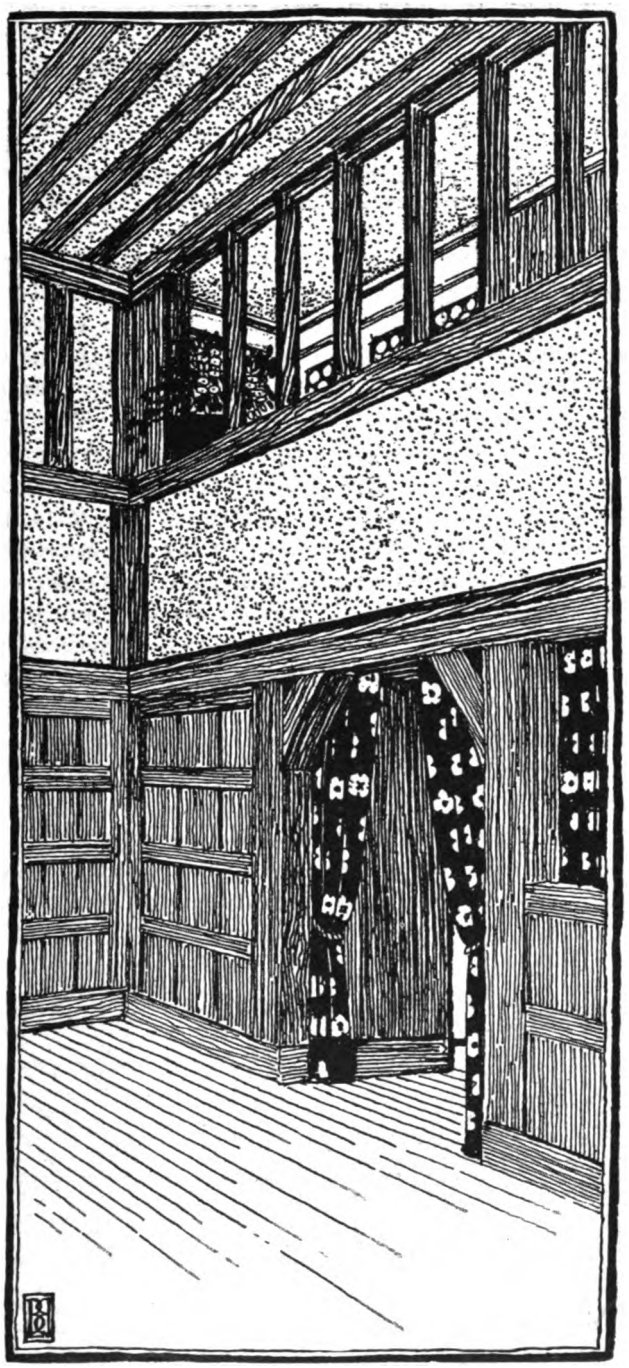
The rooms described may be taken as typical of the Louis XVI. period. They did not surpass the furnishings of many private houses. Paneled woodwork ornamented with arabesques and trophies formed the usual decoration of side walls. The furniture consisted of six straight-back chairs, two arm-chairs, and two chairs with upholstered sides, two sofas, and several tables. The disposition may be noted in the picture of the main salon at the Petit Trianon, which is described above.



LOUIS XVI. CLOCK

In studying the Louis XVI. style of furniture, two general types are observed: one is composed entirely of angles; the other makes a partial use of the oval. The arm-chair on page 167 is a fine illustration of the first class. In the interior reproduced, which is the room decorated and furnished for Madame de Maintenon, all the furniture shown belongs to the second. The fluted support is shown in both types, and this feature, it may be added, is the most marked characteristic—the really distinguishing feature—of all Louis XVI. furniture.

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HALL IN AN ENGLISH COUNTRY HOUSE. ALL THE EXPOSED WOODWORK IS OAK, SLIGHTLY DARKENED, WAXED, AND POLISHED. DRAWN BY BIRCH BURDETTE LONG

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NOTES AND COMMENTS

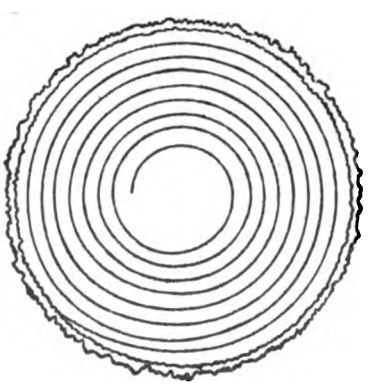
BY OLIVER COLEMAN

Woods for Furniture

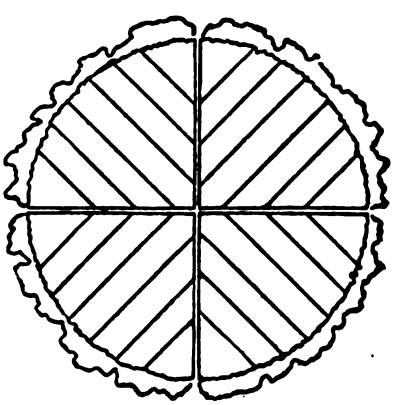
THE majority of people have an idea that bird's-eye maple, curly walnut or birch, or beautifully grained oak come from some peculiar species of the trees, and few realize that all is produced by the craft of man. A writer in one of the Sunday papers recently told of a woman who insisted she had seen in Central Park a bird's-eye maple-tree, and proved it to her own satisfaction by exhibiting a fine set of furniture, built of that wood. The names are simply invented by the cabinet-makers to distinguish particular materials, which are all produced by the method of cutting the lumber. Bird's-eye maple is always a veneer. The appearance is produced by cutting around the log, beginning immediately under the bark, and continuing until the log is used up. The thin shaving so obtained is smoothed and polished to show the grain, and then firmly glued to some other material. Every tree does not even then show the necessary grain or "eyes," and many logs after being cut are worthless. The veneer obtained from the sugar-maples is frequently the most beautiful.

Quartered oak is made by sawing a fine oak log into quarters and then sawing the quarters into boards. In this way the beautiful grain of quartered oak is produced. Curly walnut is from the root and that part of the trunk of the tree just above the ground, which is sawed in the usual way, and curly birch is obtained in the same manner from the birch-tree.

After the wood is thus carefully cut it should be treated in a way to emphasize its best points, to give value to its grain instead of concealing it.



HOW BIRD'S-EYE MAPLE IS CUT



HOW QUARTERED OAK IS CUT

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Japanese Criticism

MR. MOTOSADA ZUMATO, at one time private secretary to Marquis Ito, of Japan, and now editor-in-chief of the Japan *Times*, of Tokio, was recently in this country, and some of his comments are worthy of our best attention. Like all Japanese, though a newspaper man and a politician, he is also an art lover, and it is to his remarks on art in America as outlined in his published interviews that I wish particularly to refer.

"I think that Washington is a most attractive city, but there, as here, there is one thing missing. If it was a Japanese city the streets would be dotted with little gardens, and flowers would be growing everywhere. This beautifying of a big city with flowers and plants is something we are used to in my country, and we miss it when we get away.

"When I first got to New York I am afraid that I did not like the city very much. There was too much rush and noise. I seemed out of place in the rush and hurry.

"But since then I have seen the inside of many of your New York homes. I have met many cultivated people, and I have grown to like New York very much indeed. I am getting so like other New Yorkers that now when I am in a hurry I find myself rushing just as fast if not a little faster than anybody else.

"It is a wonderful city, New York, with its business, its life, its terrific activity, but one does miss the artistic very much. The men in the streets, in the parks, seem to have so little regard for the beauties of nature!

"In Central Park I saw a most curious illustration of this the other day. I confess it amazed me. There were a number of benches along the shores of a lake, but they were all fixed with their backs to the lake, so that those sitting on them could look out at the passing horses and carriages.

"No one on those benches seemed to give a second thought to that pretty sheet of water, to the hills, the trees, and the flowers back of it. All were intent on the horses and the carriages and the clouds of dirt they were kicking up. If that had been in Japan those benches would have been arranged just the other way.

"One would think the Americans lacked artistic taste entirely, unless he went into their homes. There he sees that he is wrong, that the Americans are very artistic, and that their homes are very beautiful indeed.

"This artistic taste in Japan goes right down to the working-man. When the laborer is through his toil in Japan, he goes home, sits in his window, and takes his pleasure looking out at his garden.

"Every working-man in Japan who has a home has a garden, and many of them are beautiful with flowers. But here you don't see gardens, even at the homes of the rich."

Is not this illustration of the benches in the park refreshing and absolutely convincing? Could any one thing be more typical of our attitude towards nature and beauty, our overwhelming interest in people and show and movement, and our lack of interest in quiet, in art, in thought-producing outlooks? We like to do things, to see things, and to appreciate things in crowds. Seclusion is as foreign to us as serenity.

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Small Gardens and City Improvements

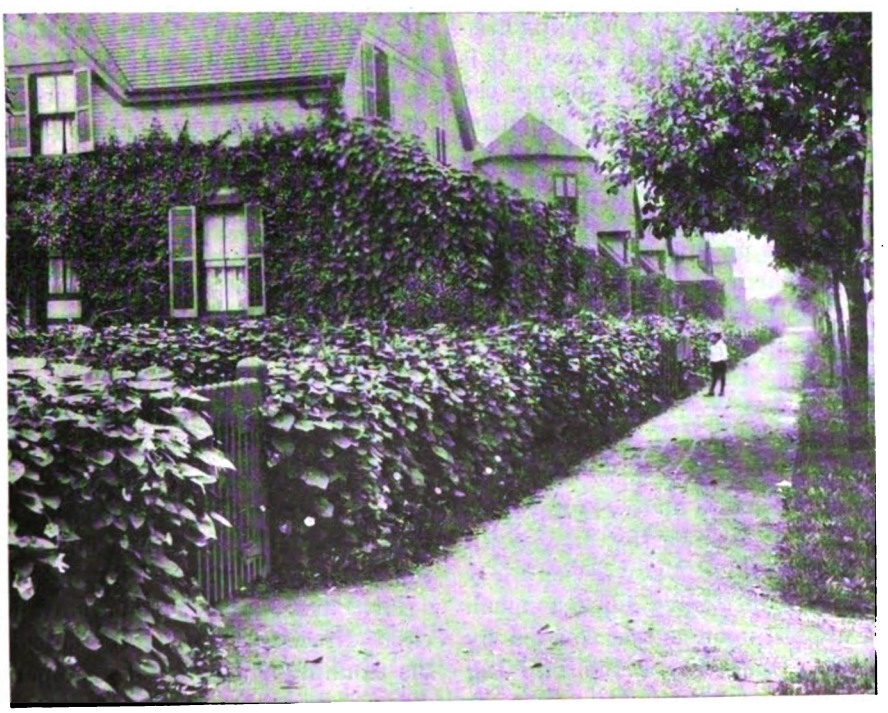
THE American Park and Outdoor Association is gradually developing strength and numbers. Its object is one with which all must sympathize, the beautifying of public parks and the general improvement of streets and avenues. The association is making quite an extensive exhibit in the Turin (Italy) Exhibition at the present time, and its influence is already apparent in many unexpected quarters—the back yards of several districts of Chicago and Milwaukee among others. In Brooklyn, New York, an experiment is being made in beautifying an entire block. The residents, under the lead of this association, have banded themselves together, and have planted trees, shrubs, and window-boxes full of flowers on both sides of the street. A man has been jointly employed to look after these, and it is hopefully expected that the result will be so alluring as to spread the contagion into neighboring blocks.

Another well-known attempt in this line of work is that of the National Cash Register Company, at Dayton, Ohio. Here the employees' houses and back yards have been improved by landscape gardening until they have developed into a distinct addition to the house, in place of the hideous catch-alls that most back



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yards, especially those of working people, become.

I think no one can look at one of these leafy streets or beyond into the trim, well-kept back yard without feeling that it is all well worth while. And yet such conditions cannot be forced: they may be encouraged and gradually cultivated; but generally speaking the American, working-man or capitalist, does not take kindly or naturally to this kind of thing, involving, as it does, quite a little manual labor. It is the Englishman or the German who likes to potter about among his flowers after the day's work is done, and it is in Germany and in England that we find the fascinating little gardens which form such picturesque settings for the houses of the wage-earners.

Appropriate Houses for our Millionaires

MR. CARNEGIE is building himself a New York house. It is well uptown, occupying the full Fifth Avenue frontage of an entire block, about Ninetieth Street, I believe. Mr. Carnegie is always large and generous, and usually unique in his way of doing things in general, and of spending money in particular. His house is another case in point. Of course it is a large house, a palace it looks when seen in moonlight. The lines are square and severe, and the carved stone ornamentation not too profuse. A very good house, I am sure!

The setting of this house, however, is what makes it noteworthy among all New York houses. There is certainly twice, and possibly three times, as much ground unbuilt upon as that covered by the house. One end of the building stands towards Fifth Avenue, but back fifty or more feet from the building line. The main façade faces south, and is about one hundred and twenty-five feet from the side street. On the east end there is a pergola and terrace effect, and the whole is inclosed within a high iron fence, broken at regular intervals by massive granite posts. The planting has not yet been made, but as the whole thing is in effect Italian, I presume there will be some sort of formal garden in the foreground. It is sure to be very effective, and one of the show houses of the city.

I have always wondered at the parsimony of the very wealthy New Yorkers, who build their palaces upon the building lines, and allow some one to construct very distracting edifices wall to wall with their houses. What if the ground is valuable, why not make a splurge in ground as well as with brick and brown stone? Many of the great houses, the Cornelius and the W. K. Vanderbilt houses, for examples, are copies of French châteaux or Italian villas. In their native habitat, set in great parks, amidst trees and gardens, they would be perfect residences, but seen with no relieving foreground, there is much to be desired. Any of these men could easily afford to buy a city square, and having set his castle in the center, he could then have made the setting a monumental green spot in the city streets, an oasis of fresh air and sweet smells to gladden the eyes and benefit the health of less fortunate citizens, who might at least sniff the odors and look through the bars at the trees and flowers within.

Mr. Carnegie has made a move in the right direction. It is to be hoped that his example will stimulate competition.

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THE FLOWER BEAUTIFUL

CONDUCTED BY

CLARENCE MOORES WEED

Marigolds

HOW perfectly some flowers embody the spirit of the season! The dainty May-flower seems to hold within its perfumed cup a suggestion of eternal spring no more surely than the great yellow marigolds in our gardens seem to carry with them the glorious perfection of midsummer—a richness and fullness that fitly embody the suggestion of the hazy August noon.

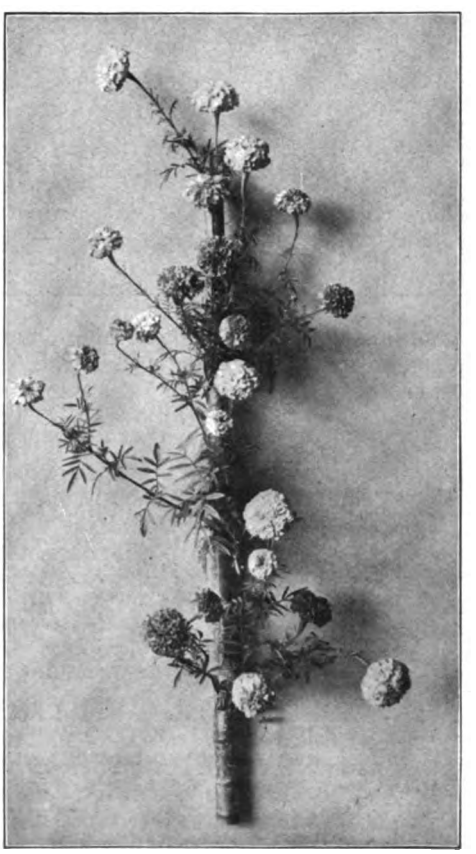
Many people tell me they do not care for marigolds, yet I think they are losing something worth while from their experience in not cultivating these beautiful blossoms. The perfume may be a trifle strong perhaps when the flowers are used indoors, but surely in the garden it can be borne with, while the eye delights in the hemisphere of glowing gold. And the blossoms are yielded in such abundance that it is a pity not to take advantage of their prodigality.

There are four chief types of marigold blossoms commonly grown. The largest are the great African double varieties, with their large hemispherical blossoms. The kind fittingly called El Dorado is one of the best of these. Then there are the French dwarf sorts with double blossoms, much smaller than the African varieties. There is also a French, tall single variety, and a French dwarf single, the beautiful legion of honor marigold. The French, tall double sorts seem to be seldom grown, while the very dwarf French kinds are suitable only for edgings for flower gardens.

The French dwarf marigolds are exceedingly prolific in blossoms. Schuyler Mathews tells of one "of a perfectly symmetrical shape, spreading with luxuriant foliage over a space twenty inches in diameter, and bearing seventy-five flowers in various stages of development, which, when full, will measure an inch and a half across."

In the northern states it is desirable to start the marigolds early in order to get a longer period of bloom. This is especially true of the African sorts.

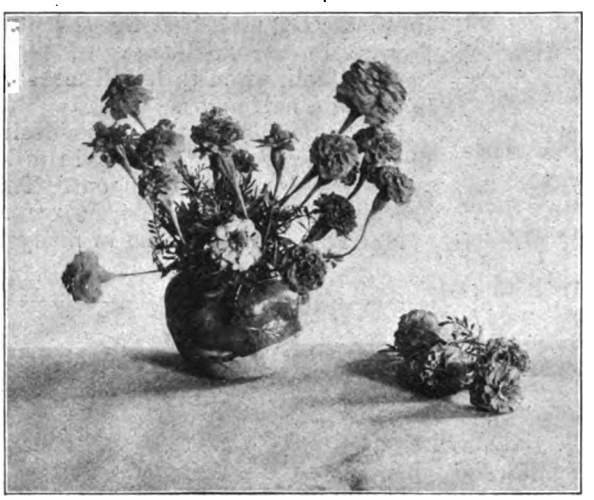
Marigolds may be used in many ways



MARIGOLDS IN A BAMBOO WALL HOLDER

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for decorative results. One of the most effective flower displays I ever saw consisted of an arrangement of the large stems and blossoms of the African varieties—one yellow, the other golden orange—in a bamboo wall holder. A



MARIGOLDS IN A MEXICAN BOWL

combination of the legion of honor blossoms in such a bamboo holder and one of the African varieties in a jar near by also gives excellent results. The flowers may be displayed to advantage, however, in almost any simple receptacle. They seem particularly happy in ginger-jars, and are very effective in the yellow-brown Mexican bowls of glazed ware. They last a long time after they are cut from the plants.

Flowers in the Summer Home

A GREAT deal may be added to the attractiveness of the summer home through the judicious use of flowers for decoration. And here, if anywhere, it is certainly desirable to use the blossoms of the fields and woods rather than those of the conservatory and garden. For we go to the country to enjoy its beauty and to change our environment, and it is fitting that this change should show itself in all our surroundings.

Fortunately there is little trouble in most localities in finding an abundance of floral beauty to bring to the verandas and rooms of the summer house. The goldenrods are perhaps the most generally useful of these summer wild flowers. Throughout August and September they cover the hills with a mantle of beautiful yellow, and light up the dark swamps with spots of glowing gold; they fringe the roadsides with tassels of inimitable grace, and dot the open woods with miniature circles of golden beauty. This ubiquity is largely due to the abundance of species, each in general adapted to a particular sort of situation. Even in early summer the sharp-toothed goldenrod appears in blossom, and it is closely followed by the cut-leaved species, while a little later a host of others bursts into bloom. One of the most abundant, as well as one of the most useful for decoration, is the lovely Canada goldenrod, a splendid plant sometimes reaching the height of a tall man, though more commonly but three or four feet high. The bicolored goldenrod is very different in its appearance, but is an exceedingly effective flower for decorations; the bunches of bloom are distributed up and down the vertical stem in a most beautiful fashion. In the woods and copses, where the shadows are thick and the sunshine fleeting, you may find the exquisite elm-leaved goldenrod. Compare its leaves with the narrow ones of the sorts that live on the open hillsides, and you will see the lesson of what the botanists call the

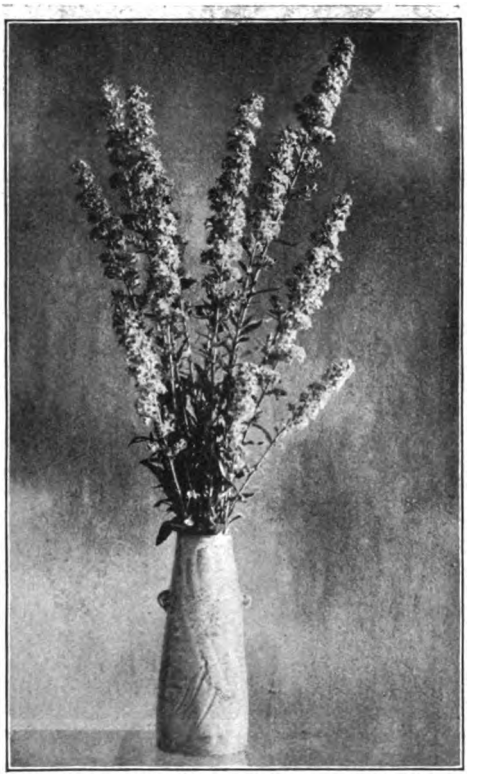
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shade plants. When a plant grows in shady places it is likely to have a greater leaf area than when it grows in the open sunshine. It must have a larger surface to collect the light when the latter is comparatively dim. And so we find that this species has the broad, thin leaves of a shade plant—leaves with well-developed stems, but otherwise so similar to those of the elm-tree as to give this goldenrod its distinctive name. But the plant gives a touch of color to the somber shades of the woods that we should not wish to do without.

The goldenrods lend themselves readily to decorative uses. A great jar of them upon the veranda is always effective, and smaller displays in rather tall, simple, cylindrical vases of glass or pottery are delightful.

In most of our northern states one need not go far to seek the white umbrellas of the wild carrot. They probably occur along the nearest roadside, if indeed they do not overrun the fields and pastures. Yet this is a decidedly decorative plant, with its fluted columns for stems, its slender, incised leaves, and its masses of tiny flowers arranged in spreading heads that attract a great variety of insects for the purpose of pollenation. This plant can be used indoors to good advantage in tall Japanese vases colored in dull tones.

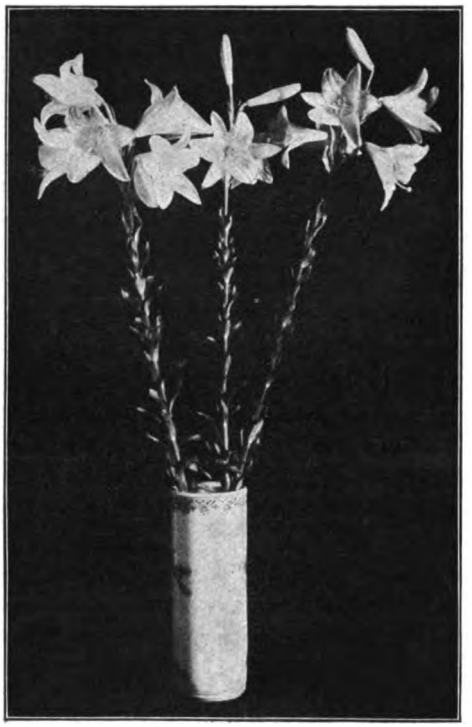
If you will visit damp places along the borders of the woods you may easily find the curious white flowers of the turtle-head, or snake-head—one of the oddest blossoms of the whole season's display. It occurs from midsummer until late in autumn, the leafy stems reaching a height of from one to three feet. Each rather large flower is at first sight suggestive of a closed gentian slightly modified. Another oddly shaped blossom, which occurs throughout the latter part of summer, is toad-flax, or butter and eggs—a plant which is much in evidence along roadsides and in waste places. Its yellow flowers and light green foliage are a welcome addition to nature's summer decorations, though they can be used only in a limited way for decorative results in vases or jars.



GOLDENROD IN A GRAY-BROWN JAR

In wet meadows one may find during August the beautiful white spires of the ladies' tresses, which are likely to be prized all the more when one knows that they belong to the orchid family. This plant is widely distributed east of the Mississippi River, extending as far north as Nova Scotia, and as far south as the Gulf of Mexico. The leaves are long and slender, suggestive of blades of grass, while the rather small white flowers are spirally arranged in three rows on the ends of the flower-stalks, the latter averaging about a foot in height. These flowers are visited by bees, which begin at the bottom of the spiral and work upward, effecting the pollenation of the blossoms through one of the curious contrivances for which the orchid

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LILIES IN A CYLINDRICAL JAR

family is famous. For indoor use the ladies' tresses must be used in rather small jars for near-at-hand effects.

August sees also the blossoming of a great variety of flowers of the composite family. They abound on every hand, and are conspicuous in their various tints of yellow and blue. In many species the flower-heads are small individually, but are massed together so as to attract attention, as in the goldenrods, already mentioned; while in others the flower-heads are large and conspicuous, as in the group to which the wild sunflower belongs. There are a number of these species, having a good-sized head, with large and conspicuous ray-flowers. The rudbeckias, or cone-flowers, the coreopsis and sneezeweeds, as well as the true wild sunflowers, are of this type. These are all good for broad decorative effects.

Notes

JAPANESE FLOWER-STANDS

MOST of the tables and stands commonly offered in the furniture shops are highly polished with a varnish finish. If a vase or jar holding water is placed upon one of these it is liable to mar the beauty of the finish on account of the moisture beneath it. Perhaps the easiest way for the lover of flowers to avoid this difficulty is to provide one or more of the tables and stands which in China and Japan are made in a great variety of teak, cedar, and lacquered woods. Types of these are represented in the accompanying pictures. Such tables have many advantages as flower-stands, one of the most important of which is that the owner is likely to be willing to use them for flowers alone, and not to crowd the vase of blossoms in among a lot of bric-à-brac, where they have no chance to reveal their loveliness. To place such a stand by itself against a wall or other background, and then to use it as a shrine of beauty for displaying flowers, is the beginning of a liberal education in the adequate appreciation of these "kisses from the good God," as Helen Hunt's little protégé so naïvely called them.

The other day I saw a "bouquet" arranged for a state occasion by a professional florist. It was a pyramidal mass, heterogeneous in the form and color of its constituent parts. The apex was made up of two large spikes of red cannas with dainty Marguerite carnations next to them, and great masses of geranium blooms in three distinct colors adjacent to these. Beside the latter were carnations in four separate colors, with sweet peas in three colors intermingled. Filling up all the gaps were the blossoms and leaves of various other sorts of flowers.

The effect of this mass of unhappy color and unfitting form may easily be imagined by those readers who have seen similar combinations. It only needed a

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fringe of lace paper to conform to the highest ideal of the middle of the nineteenth century.

I often wonder why people will persist in such an abuse of their æsthetic sense. Perhaps in the case of the professional florist there is some excuse, for like his brother, the professional photographer, he thinks he is hemmed in by the traditions of his trade. But the decorator in private life has freedom to see the beauty of simplicity in the use of flowers, and to give them opportunity to display themselves in harmony with their surroundings.

During these midsummer days our gardens should be yielding rich rewards in floral beauty. If we have planned them naturally and well, we shall appreciate these words by Schuyler Mathews, an artist and a lover of flowers: "The chief beauty of the garden should lie in its flower colors and plant forms, and not in the symmetry of its beds and borders. If our ideas of a perfect garden include any rigid geometrical principles, we should better study nature and let our ideals go! Our ideals at best are extremely limited, while nature's realism is immeasurable; she puts so much variety into her reality that she is more beautiful than we can imagine, by sheer force of quantity! We should seek to display the whiteness and the purity of the lily, and not trouble ourselves so much about the brown earth patch from which it grows."

Is not this true, also, when we wish to display the beauty of the lily indoors? Is it not better to place the erect stems in a tall, simple jar that retains their lines of growth, than to have painted upon the jar a realistic bouquet that shall seem to attempt to vie with the peerless beauty of the flowers above? And is it not better to keep the lilies separate than to mingle with them other flowers different in form and color?

Possibly you may tell me this matter of flowers in the garden and house is all a question of taste. In that case I should want to quote to you these lines printed the other day in *The Applied Arts Book:*

"What, then, is taste, but those internal powers,
Active and strong, and feelingly alive
To each fine impulse? A discerning sense
Of decent and sublime, with quick disgust
From things deformed, or disarranged, or gross
in species."

DAINTY TABLES FOR SUMMER LUNCHEONS AND SUPPERS

BY MABEL McGINNIS

DURING the hot weather the considerate housekeeper is glad to save the laundress a little work. This can be done with great advantage to the housekeeper, too, by substituting colored table-cloths for the usual white ones. For luncheon a blue denim cover is very cool and pretty, with a centerpiece and plate doilies of white drawn-work, and in the middle of the table a bowl full of mignonette, or some simple country flower. This is for a home luncheon, and the table-cloth, if treated with care, can be used a week or more without change, and will still look fresh at the end of that time.

For a luncheon party a cool green table-cloth of art linen is very effective.

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The china used with this should be green, or have some green in it. Masses of white flowers, either sweet peas or daisies or roses, should be arranged in one big green glass vase, low and open-mouthed. This should be in the center, with four small vases of the same style at the four corners. White plate-doilies may be used, but it is daintier and more unusual without them.

Another pretty table-cloth is of pale lavender linen; the china used with this should be blue and white, and the flowers purple, such as heliotrope or asters, sweet peas or pansies. Flowers on the table are always most effective and artistic when only one kind is used instead of a mixture. They should be arranged in low bowls, and put in loosely, so that they spray out gracefully. If the bowls are very low, and the flowers long-stemmed, a clever device for making them stay in the bowl is easily manufactured.

Have your plumber cut a piece of lead about two inches wide and eight long. This being pliable, bend it back and forth in a zigzag. Put it (or several according to the size of bowl) into the bottom of the bowl; this will weight it down, and by sticking the stems into the openings of the zigzag, the flowers are held firmly, and do not fall out of the water.

Two exceedingly pretty table-cloths for the supper-table are of red linen and of orange linen. They are particularly pretty in the fall when the wood fire is burning, and one wishes the room to have a glow of warmth and cheer.

With the red cloth use red candle-shades of course, and white china, and either potted geraniums or masses of the darker and brighter nasturtiums with their leaves. Use the yellow and orange nasturtiums with the orange table-cloth, and yellow or pink shades on the candles. The china may be white or flowered.

Any of these table arrangements made with care in keeping to the color scheme, and with the fitting flowers, will produce a very original and individual effect. The colored table-cloths are very moderate in cost, and even the light colored ones can be used repeatedly with care and an occasional pressing.

COULD SHE BUT KNOW

Could she but know
Where all my thoughts are straying,
Like little winds among her tresses playing—
Could she but know!

Could she but hear
The song my heart is singing,
A prisoned bird that toward her would be winging—
Could she but hear!

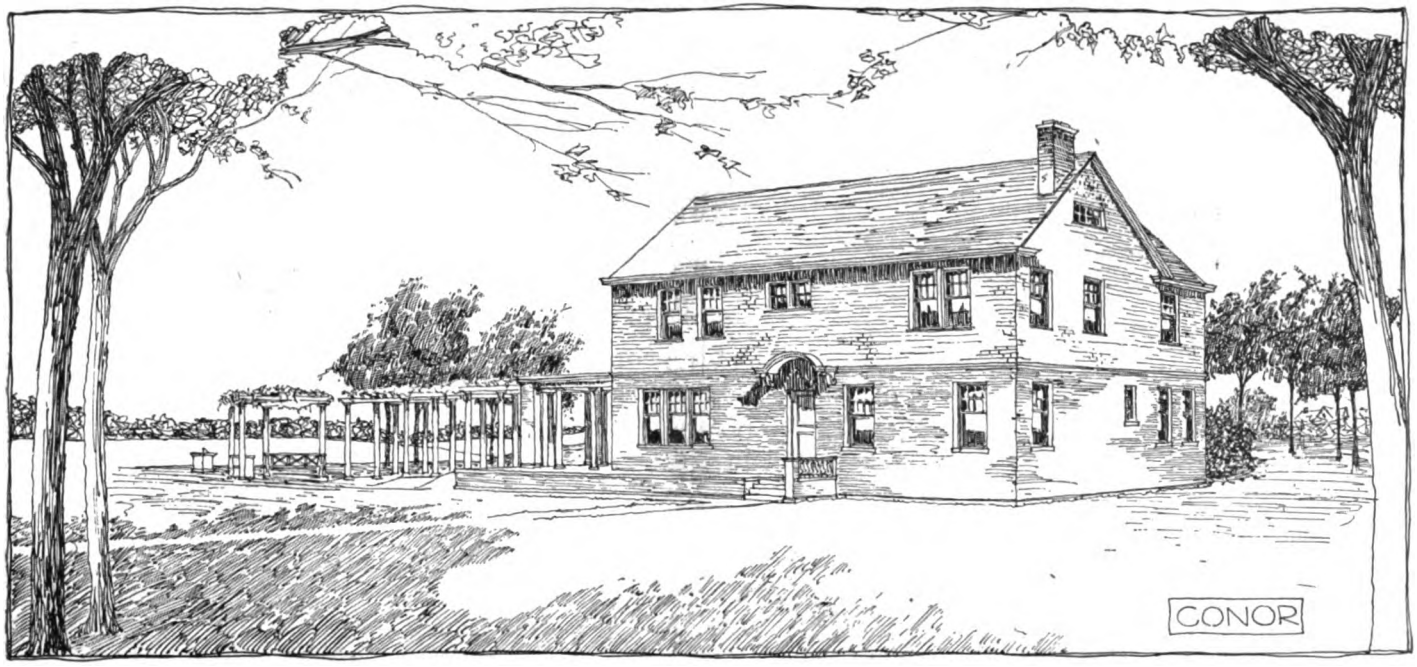
Could she but see
The rose of life unfolding,
The holy light its golden heart is holding—
Could she but see!

Could she but love—
Ah! then what need of telling?
Joy were enough—no helpless songs compelling—
Could she but love!

BEATRICE C. WILCOX.

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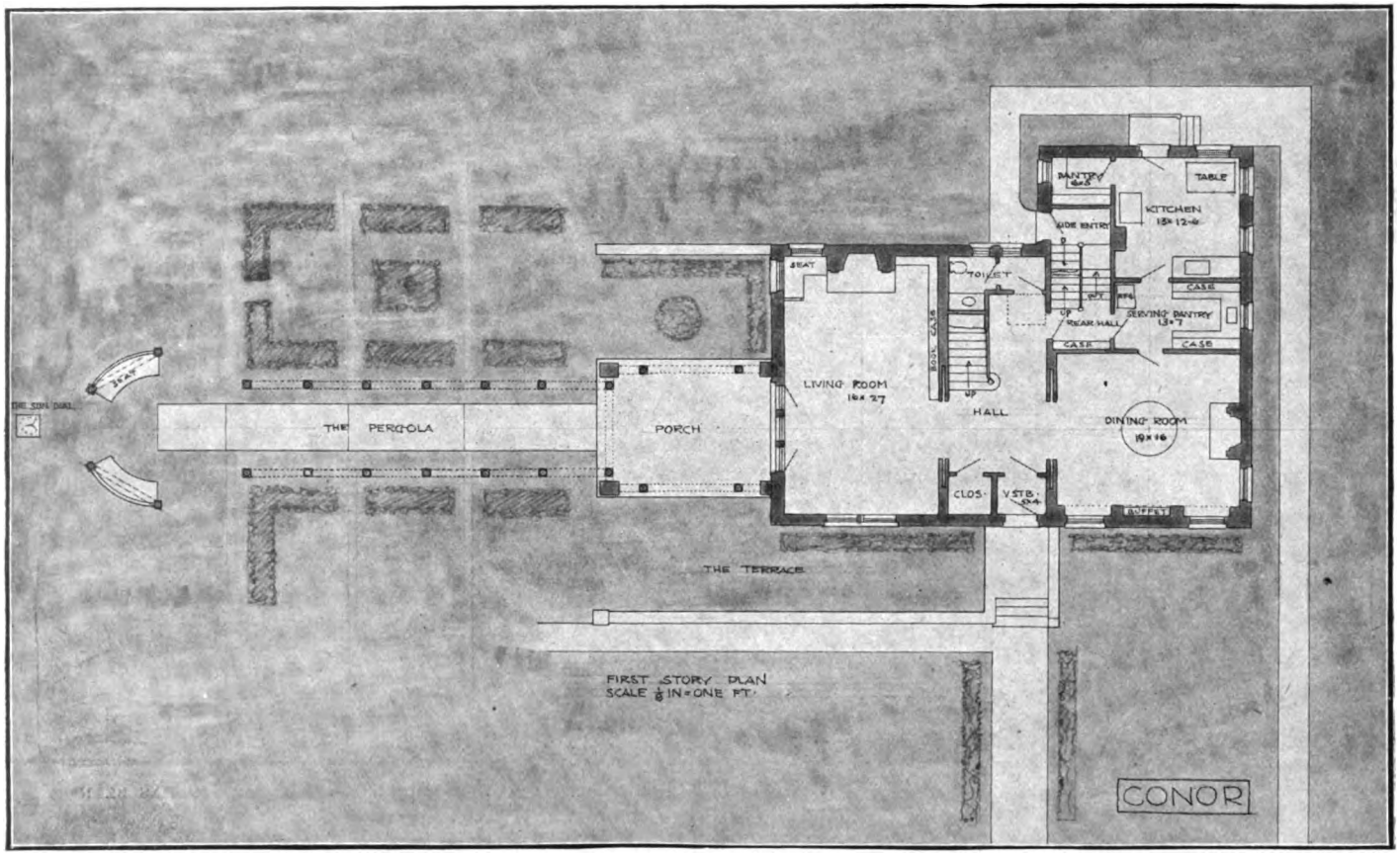
SKETCH FOR A $6000.00 COTTAGE



THIS DESIGN WAS AWARDED SECOND PRIZE IN THE RECENT HOUSE BEAUTIFUL COMPETITION. A CHECK FOR $50 HAS BEEN SENT TO MR. GEORGE WALLACE CARR, 180 GRAND AVENUE, CHICAGO

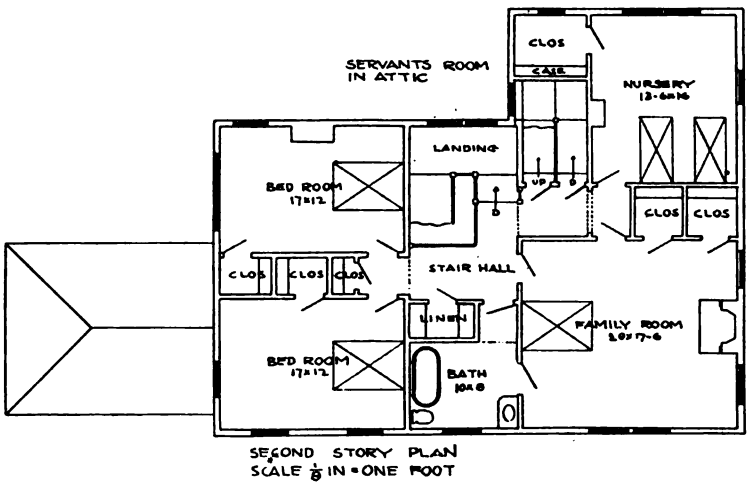
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STUDY FOR A $6000.00 COTTAGE



PLAN OF THE GROUNDS AND THE FIRST FLOOR

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SECOND PRIZE DESIGN FOR A SIX THOUSAND DOLLAR HOUSE

THE author of the design placed second in the six thousand dollar house competition presents a most excellent plan derived from a common and well-known colonial arrangement, with a decidedly workmanlike and sensible handling of details for interior comfort and use. It is one of the simplest plans submitted in the competition, although simplicity is gained somewhat at the expense of that very useful apartment—a small parlor or reception-room close to the entrance. Even the most informally hospitable housewife often deplores the lack of such a buffer between the outside world and the family fireside. A square stair-hall often may be made to serve to protect the living-room; but in this plan, and in all plans having the same common prototype, the hall, although large, is unsuited to any other use than that of a wide, open thoroughfare. The guest plumps fairly into the very heart of the house before the entrance door is closed behind him.

Doubtless these and other faults of this type of plan are evident to many, and have been weighed in the balance against its many obvious excellences. No one typical plan for so small a house meets all needs and requirements.

Considering the first floor more in detail, the entire working department is so arranged as to leave no room for serious criticism.

The living-room is good, and the porch with its long axis opposed to the room is better, avoiding the common error of porch-builders. The pergola and arbor are happy in plan, but disappointing in the perspective sketch. The descending staccato treatment is not at all happy. Otherwise the external accessories are well considered.

The exterior of the house proper will not stand careful analysis as a design, but its simplicity and frankness, marred only by a meaningless band half-way between ground and eaves, commend it as an arrangement of good brick walls over which vines may climb and distract attention from the fenestration, which is needlessly haphazard.

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DOMESTIC SCIENCE DEPARTMENT

CONDUCTED BY MARION TALBOT

Dean of Women and Associate Professor of Sanitary Science at the University of Chicago

The House as a Unit of Health

"If in the centers called home the foundations of the science of health are laid, the rest, on a larger scale, will necessarily follow, for the same rule that applies to the accumulation of wealth applies equally to the accumulation of health. 'Take care of the pennies,' says the financier, 'the pounds will take care of themselves.' 'Take care of the houses,' says the sanitarian, 'the towns will take care of themselves.'" B. W. RICHARDSON.

"Life is not merely to live, but to be well." MARTIAL.

EVEN though it is necessary for practical purposes to use the term health in a restricted sense, meaning chiefly physical well-being, the underlying idea of physical health as a means of giving expression to the highest faculties and activities must be constantly borne in mind. The following words from Emerson amply illustrate the relation between the house and the life within it: "A house should bear witness in all its economy that human culture is the end to which it is garnished. It is not for festivity. It is not for sleep. But the pine and the oak shall gladly descend from the mountains to uphold the roof of men as faithful and necessary as themselves, to be the shelter always open to the good and the true, a hall which shines with sincerity, brows ever tranquil, and demeanor impossible to disconcert."

The idea of considering the house as a unit of health is essentially modern. It was, indeed, one impossible until within recent years. The fact that it is so generally accepted to-day shows that our views have changed materially in respect to two points, viz., the causation of disease, and the relation of private to public rights.

The early Christian view was, that "disease was caused by the wrath of God, or the malice of Satan, or by a combination of both." Since the source of disease was supernatural, it was considered irreligious to use natural means for combating it. Methods of cure were logically based on the two ideas of striving to appease the divine anger which had been roused because of sin, and of eluding the malice of Satan. On the one hand, help was sought by prayer, visits to shrines, pilgrimages, gifts to the church, and similar practices, reputed to be effective in renewing divine favor; on the other, the malice of Satan was thwarted by the persecution or murder of his supposed emissaries, especially Jews and witches. The proof that the Jews were particularly chosen for this office lay in the fact that they were remarkably free from disease. It is now known that their rigid adherence to the Mosaic code of sanitation, which was to them a religious duty, was the true explanation of their exemption.

In consequence of these views, measures which in modern times would be called sanitary reform were looked upon as impious. Even to the present day phrases linger in popular speech which express the old view, as, for example, after an epidemic of a contagious disease, leading to much loss of life, the explanation is sometimes offered that the disaster was "due to an inscrutable providence," "a divine visitation,"

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"the result of natural sin," or "the rebuke of God."

Such influences greatly delayed the progress of scientific thought, for any attempt at another explanation met with opposition and ridicule, reinforced by religious fervor and fanaticism. But the onward march of knowledge could not be permanently stopped. Facts gradually accumulated whose antagonism to the established theory aroused questionings. It became clear, for instance, that pestilence was not limited to heretical countries, or to ungodly people. In time, disease was seen to be in some way connected with uncleanliness, and that there was some connection between the spread of disease and the water supply became evident. John Wesley's dictum, "Cleanliness next to godliness," expressed the new idea from which results have already come that have revolutionized society.

The impetus to hygienic research came largely through the practical efforts of Sir Edwin Chadwick, properly called the "father of sanitary reform." There soon followed the beginnings of the modern science of bacteriology, a marvel in the rapidity of its development, which has contributed in an extraordinary measure to men's knowledge of how disease is caused, spread, and controlled.

A change of view on the part of the clergy has naturally followed close upon this new knowledge. It is said that after a bishop had issued a call to prayer to ward off cholera, one clergyman refused, on the ground that it would be blasphemous to seek help from prayer, considering the filthy condition of the streets. Fasting, penance, and prayer are now recognized as ineffectual substitutes for obedience to divine law in the physical realm.

As science has been reinforced by rational and active effort, several diseases, such as cholera, typhus, and plague, now known to be connected with filthy conditions of living, have almost disappeared. Many other diseases, it has been proved, can be controlled to a great extent, and perhaps ultimately exterminated. Tuberculosis is a noteworthy example.

The place where conditions of living can be most completely directed is the house, and in so far as the house is healthful, the community as a whole will be free from disease with its attendant suffering.

Popular Fallacies about Food and Sanitation

"A LITTLE knowledge is a dangerous thing," and "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise," are sayings which have a semblance of truth in these days when many housekeepers in their new scientific ardor accept as true any statement which seems to have a scientific form, very much as their less eager but equally credulous sisters gulp down any nostrum which a loquacious quack-vender may persuade them to buy. There are prevalent a great many notions which have the aspect of truth, and yet which are very misleading, and in many cases create quite unnecessary alarm. The fault rests largely with popular writers on sanitary matters who have been quick to place before the public conclusions not thoroughly tested by scientific men, and who have not followed with equal zest the more conservative and less sensational results now held by scholars. The effect is, that many a householder is led astray, foolishly alarmed, or even panic-stricken, so that she loses all sense of proportion as to what is necessary and what is futile in the sanitary administration of her household. It is the purpose of the following brief articles to show what some of these fallacies are, what the grain of truth is that lies in them, and what is the error.

First: Milk from one cow.

There is a widespread belief that if a specially uniform and high grade of milk is needed, it must be obtained every time from the same cow. In many households, countless pains are taken to obtain such milk for a sickly child or

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delicate invalid. A messenger is sent to a neighbor's night and morning, with a milk-can, for the precious food, while the family is satisfied with the supply from a dairy a hundred miles away. And yet, in spite of all the trouble taken, the family may prove to be better off than the child.

It is a well-known fact that milk from different cows varies; but it is not so well known that the milk from one cow varies not only from day to day, but from night to morning. These variations may offset each other in the mixed milk of a herd, which is not infrequently of more uniform composition than the milk from a single individual.

In the second place, the sanitary conditions under which one cow is kept are frequently far below those which the large dairy farmer can maintain. In the one case, the quarters may be crowded, the care unskilful and irregular, the food of poor quality, the utensils unclean; while in the other case, these conditions may be wholly reversed.

The householder, then, may be sure that the milk supply which is brought in glass jars from a large dairy, carried on in accordance with modern scientific principles, is more wholesome than that which comes in the unsterilized tin can, from a neighbor's barn or pantry.

It is evident from these considerations wherein the grain of truth lies. If the general milk supply cannot be obtained from a modern dairy, and a single cow is known to be cared for according to the best sanitary practice, then the "milk from one cow" should be had not only for the child, but for the entire family as well. It is needless to say that these conditions seldom exist; but that they have existed has given rise to the prevailing notion.

Housekeepers and Pure-Food Laws

THERE is a growing demand for laws which shall control the quality of the food supply of the country, and the number of states and cities which have such laws is steadily increasing. Legislation affecting foods is of three kinds, according to the end in view: it may place restrictions on the use of substances dangerous to health, such as preservatives; it may provide against fraud, as in the watering of milk; and with one of both of the ends as an excuse, it may look to the protection of one industry as against another, as in the oleomargarine laws.

Any householder or woman's club would find it both interesting and profitable to examine the local restrictions as to foods, and learn how many are actually in force and how many have become dead letters upon the statute-books.

In Indiana, Maryland, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, and New York, the state board of health has charge of the adulterations and substitutions: while in Colorado, Connecticut, Illinois, Michigan, Minnesota, New Jersey, Ohio, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Washington, and Wisconsin, the control over these subjects is vested in a dairy or food commissioner. In addition, many towns and cities have food inspectors, working under the direction of the health authorities.

All this machinery leads housekeepers to think that they have no responsibility; but the more legislation there is, the more important becomes the co-operation of the citizen.

Every purchaser of food supplies should know the provisions of the law in her locality, and aid the proper officers by making known cases of violation and neglect. The tendency is generally to shift responsibility, and to berate the authorities if there is failure on their part. All progressive householders have a duty in extending the public knowledge of what pure, wholesome, good food is, and in establishing a popular sentiment which shall be equal at least to the provision of the law, and serve as a support to those who are working in behalf of the public health.

If the members of any woman's club should co-operate in studying this matter in a practical way, if only by testing how far labels conform to the requirements

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of the law, they would undoubtedly be greatly comforted by finding that, great as is the evil of impure food, it is not so general or so harmful as some sensational reports and news articles would make out, and is largely within the control of buyers of food.

Flatland

BY ETHEL GLOVER HALFIELD, PH.D.

AT a recent meeting of the architects of Chicago a paper was read which caused widespread comment. Flats were denounced as unæsthetic and unsanitary, and as demoralizers of the women of the community, leading them into idleness and frivolity. Some of the statements in this paper remind me of the man who declares that the evils of society will never be remedied till housewives return to knitting stockings and making their own soap, the force of whose academic utterances is somewhat weakened by the fact that he seriously objects if one of the three servants is temporarily missing from the household machinery. No amount of invective will serve to abolish flats if they are cheaper or more comfortable than houses; and after all, the expense may be reduced to terms of comfort, any saving in one direction meaning the possibility of added comforts in other directions, or increased peace of mind due to better provision for a rainy day.

If the family is a new one, the original outlay for starting housekeeping is an important item of expense which often drives the young married couple into the dreary waste of boarding-house life. Now the modern flat comes to the rescue by minimizing the cost of furnishing. With screens, shades, and awnings for the windows, gas or electric-light fixtures, complete heating apparatus, a gas-stove for cooking, hard-wood floors, so that little carpeting is needed, a refrigerator, stationary tubs, a sideboard, closets with drawers, mirrors, a medicine-chest, window-seats, hat-rack, and bookcases, a good many items of expense in fitting up a house are eliminated, especially as the rooms of a flat are usually small, so that a little furniture makes them look cozy and habitable. Some of these things are found in a modern rented house, and doubtless more and more will be supplied; but keen competition, and the fact that tenants of flats are an especially migratory population, have so far caused flats to provide far more furnishings and conveniences than houses.

In these days of coal trusts, the fuel required for heating a house is a large item of expense, while it is a luxury to waken at five o'clock on a zero morning, and hearing the gentle murmur of oncoming steam, realize that to have a warm house one need not go below in the cold and "fix" the furnace, but merely turn over and take another nap. The fuel required for that other luxury, a constant supply of hot water the year round for laundry, kitchen, and bathroom, is another item to be considered in comparing the rent of flats and houses. The water tax and the cost of street sprinkling, usually paid by the tenant of a house, are two small charges met by the flat-owner.

There are many services rendered by the janitor of a flat which the average American woman is not strong enough to perform for herself, which the American servant girl will not perform, and which the business man, away from home all day, and tired at night, finds burdensome if not impossible—taking care of the furnace, cleaning off snow, sweeping sidewalks, cutting and watering grass, scrubbing steps and porches, putting in and taking out screens and storm windows, making trifling repairs, emptying receptacles for garbage, ashes, and other trash, in some cases washing windows. Hiring a man to come from time to time to do all these little things would mean considerable expense and much inconvenience.

But the saving in the cost of service does not stop here. The convenient arrangement of the flat, with all the rooms on one floor, the small amount of

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space to clean, the easily managed gas-stove, and the abundant hot water, enables many a woman to get along with one servant instead of two, or with a laundress merely instead of a maid of all work. The servant problem is such a serious one, that any way of living which helps to solve it is heartily welcome; while dispensing with a servant, where that is possible, means not only a saving in wages, but also a saving of what a servant eats and wastes. It is the writer's experience that the coming of the average servant into the family of two doubles the cost of raw food, light, and fuel gas, in addition to the wages paid.

In cities where flats are new and scarce, the tenant may pay fully or even overpay in rent for all these advantages; but in communities where flats prevail, the natural economies, in land and cost of building, in a common heating plant, laundry, and janitor service, and in convenience of arrangement minimizing household service, accrue largely to the benefit of the tenant. In some cities the rent of a modern steam-heated flat, such as has been described, is little if any greater than that of an unheated and less well-equipped house with no service.

Nor need the dweller in flats bid farewell to light and air. Many wise modern landlords and architects are abandoning the close, shut-in style of buildings, with only tiny air-shafts for the light and ventilation of the middle rooms, in favor of some form of building about a large open court, an arrangement giving far more light and air than a city house usually has. Some brilliant architects, instead of railing at the inevitable flat, are trying to show its æsthetic possibilities even in that usually hideous but useful feature, back stairs and porches. There is still much room for improvement. The average flat building is tawdry in design and poor in construction, but so is the modern cheap house, so is modern cheap furniture. There seems to be a large public which demands this sort of thing, but surely there is a large class which merely tolerates it; a class which might be educated by the thoughtful architect to appreciate and welcome simple, honest work; a class which would be willing, for the sake of better things, to give up stone fronts and showy entrances, frescoes, and even consoles.

The flat undoubtedly has limitations. No one can claim that flats are an ideal place for active, growing children; no city life is ideal for children. But grassy courts and large porches may furnish a safe and decent place for outdoor play, while the saving in cost of living may mean more wholesome food, greater leisure on the part of the mother for caring for her children, better education, more books, more outings to the park or country, advantages which may more than make up for the disadvantages of flat life. Living is at too close quarters for a very large family, or one containing heterogeneous elements; but for the small homogeneous family of adults, or adults plus a baby or two, the flat offers great possibilities in the way of simple, inexpensive, and comfortable living. It is not a form of living which appeals to the advocate of a return to domestic manufacture, but rather to the believer in the economy of expense and labor through co-operation. The assumption of the pessimistic architect that such economy of labor serves only to make the American woman idle and frivolous is rather an arraignment of the American woman than an attack on flats.

The limits of this paper will permit only a hint at some of the social possibilities of flat life. It is probably safe to say that the majority of dwellers in flats, afraid of being sucked into the whirlpool of too great intimacy with their neighbors, are wrecked on the rock of lonely isolation; even on that rock the siren voice of the parrot and ragtime music at midnight may be heard, even to that spot may the odors of onions and cabbage be wafted. But if the writer has known these sorrows, she remembers, too, the lemon pie sent in by a neighbor for her first dinner, and

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the motherly old soul who came to the rescue with experience and a medicine-chest when the baby had an attack of croup. But best of all is the memory of beginning housekeeping with a college friend in the flat across the hall, with whom she explored the mysteries of butchers' and grocers' bills, and with whom she compared notes on Mrs. Rorer's Cook-Book, Dr. Crozier-Griffith's "The Care of the Baby," and other classics not studied at college. It was good on stormy winter days to just step across the hall with one's sewing and discuss weighty problems or read aloud by turns, or on spring days to visit on the back porch while the dinners were in the ovens. Great experiments in co-operation would have been made the next year if the fates had not transported the friend a thousand miles to a village house where new problems awaited her.

Experiments in Cooking for Children at Home. II

BY MRS. ALICE PELOUBET NORTON

Experiment 5.—To find out what there is in wheat flour that holds the gas bubbles, and so makes the bread light.

Put one-half cup of flour into a bowl, and add to it very slowly two tablespoonfuls of water, stirring it with a fork. If this is not enough to moisten all the flour add a very little more water. When a stiff dough is made take it in the hands and work it till it is very smooth. Then in a bowl of water wash it, working it with the fingers. Change the water from time to time, but save a little from the first bowlful. Keep on washing till fresh water is not clouded or made milky by the dough. The gray, elastic substance you hold is gluten. Stretch it and see how tough and elastic it is. Put part of the gluten into a small dish and bake it in a hot oven for about fifteen minutes. Now can you see why flour makes light bread?

Experiment 6.—Take the milky water saved from the first washing of the dough and boil it. Does it look like anything else you know? Could you starch cloth with it?

If the children have been interested in this work they will like to know more about bread-making, and about the materials from which it is made. "Stories of Industry," Vol. I., pp. 82–100, Longman's "Household Science Reader," Vol. I., pp. 4–35, are easy reading. The mother could retell to the children many interesting facts about wheat and other cereals if she would herself read Sargent's "Corn Plants." Chapter X. in Mrs. Wilson's "Handbook of Domestic Science" would give her all needed information in regard to bread.

If the child who has done this work be allowed to repeat his bread-making, using after a time larger quantities, he will do the work with a new interest. Bread will mean to him thereafter not merely something to eat, but a product of skill, involving many interesting problems, and leading into new fields of knowledge. Indeed, if one had the time and skill one might teach geography, beginning with the homes, or the present areas of production, of the different grains; history, for bread has been known from earliest times, and its use in some form is almost universal; botany, for the grains would furnish typical plants with which to compare others. Out-of-door work could be given by allowing the children to plant wheat both in the fall and the spring, and to experiment with different soils.

THE School of Housekeeping which was organized and for five years has been carried on by the Woman's Educational and Industrial Union of Boston is to become a part of Simmons College. The Woman's Union did pioneer work in opening this school, and the results of the managers' courageous efforts, made in a community largely conservative or apathetic, should give heart to those working under more favorable conditions.

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CONDUCTED BY ELLEN JUDITH GOULD

How to Buy and Care for Glassware

A housekeeper whose domestic arrangements are so simple as to make some kind of compromise between perfection and necessity inevitable will do well to choose, not mediocre housekeeping in all departments, but perfection in three or four respects, and a kind of patient acceptance of shortcomings where they are of the least importance. A cleanly, dainty table goes far toward compensating for the absence of sauces and condiments, while a well kept and furnished bath-room makes a far from luxurious bedchamber quite endurable. The housekeeper should emphasize cleanliness and common sense rather than a show of elegance.

PLAIN GLASS

Nothing but immaculate linen so conduces to a charming dining-room as the crystal clearness of its glass appointments, and well-chosen glassware is always in better taste than cheap decorated china, wherever its comparative frailness makes its use possible. A dainty dish for serving butter, one for nuts or bonbons, a graceful vase for flowers, will give quite an air to the simplest luncheon, and may often be picked up on the glass counters for a mere song. Fashion in drinking-glasses now favors the use of goblets rather than of tumblers, though for daily service, especially in consideration of possible accidents with children or servants, the latter are more serviceable. Many varieties are offered in the shops, from plain, clear glasses, or those with simple ground-in decoration, to the heavy but very dignified and shapely tumblers known as the colonial style. This last is also purchasable in the goblet shape. Very thin, clear drinking-glasses are now far from costly, and these, delicately clean, may be used for even a company luncheon or dinner, as they are, if wholly unpretentious, at least in correct taste. Tall tumblers for iced tea or coffee glacé, slender, almost vaselike shapes for claret, lemonade, or the Catawba unfermented wine now so popular at generous but abstemious tables, cost from ninety cents to a dollar and a half a dozen, and as they are light in the hand and respond to the tint of the beverages for which they are used, are dainty and effective. Cheap colored glass is, of course, to be avoided, as it is unrefined even when not actually ugly.

DECORATIONS FOR DINNERS

Many a hostess whose means make elaborate vases possible prefers the clear glass bowl, showing that much neglected portion of a flower's beauty, its stem, to the costlier productions of the kiln which show no capacity for the flower's comfort; for your genuine flower-lover will treat her pets with an almost human consideration. She will no more cramp their stems in a receptacle too narrow than she would needlessly bind the young limbs of children; nor will she crowd them in such masses that their beauty is marred or obscured. A charming round dinner-table showed a cloth of exquisite fineness, ironed to perfection, a centerpiece not more than eighteen inches in diameter of plain linen, daintily embroidered, with a comparatively simple border, and the plainest of glass bowls in the center. Long-stemmed branches of white columbine, with its fuchsia-like starry blossoms, filled the bowl, yet not too full, the stems seen through the clear glass being an essential part of the decorative effect. Clear glass water-goblets and delicate green ones for Rhine wine were placed side by side just above the napkin, which, folded to show the initial, was just at the right of the dinner-plate. On the left were three different sorts of forks ranged parallel, each projecting a little beyond its neighbor. The spoons were placed in front and above the plate, the tiny individual salt and pepper servers to the left of the spoons, and still farther to their left the individual bread and butter plates which some dinner servers prefer to retain for rolls or bread and butter. Even with custom to the contrary, the taste of bread and butter is an undeniable addition to many dinners. Four glass dishes, two containing bonbons and two salted nuts, completed a service whose simplicity was the keynote of its success, and whose scheme might be carried out in the simplest of glassware.

A different decoration, yet no less charming,

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was effected by the use of cut glass and silver, their sparkle striking an entirely different decorative note. A low-cut glass dish in the center held curving branches of bridal-wreath, whose white abundance needed nothing to supplement its chaste beauty. Silver candlesticks, with silver shades, silver bonbon and nut dishes, produced a refreshingly beautiful table quite free from the heavily luxurious effect so often seen and so much to be avoided. The use of any but a flat table decoration of flowers needs care in the selection of the vases, since they should either be low enough not to interfere with the sight of one's neighbor across the table, or so slender and high as to produce the same effect by the opposite means. Dinner guests should be either good to look at or interesting to hear, and in either case any obstruction is irritating. Where a broad, low vase is used it is often difficult to support the flowers in such a way that they will not fall away from the center. A way of obviating this difficulty is to have a wire netting, rather wide-meshed, fitted into the top of the dish. This should not be so heavy as to show through the network of leaves or vines, and could easily be made at home by deft fingers with picture wire of medium size. A bend here and there would make one such frame adaptable to different receptacles, and secure a shapely and steady arrangement of the slenderest flowers.

CUT GLASS

The use of cut glass in intricate patterns is of course largely a matter of taste, and there are fastidious housekeepers who will have none of it, but choose rather the delicately engraved crystal often elaborated with gold decoration. This is fully as costly as the more showy cutting, the latter being manufactured in this country now, and showing all too frequently designs quite meaningless and ugly. There are standard patterns, such as the rose or star cutting, and a good square-cut design is known as the "hobnail" pattern. This choice in tumblers has an economical advantage, since if the upper part is broken, the glass may be cut down to be used as tiny tubs for holding olives, radishes, or small pickles, and when still further reduced in size, may yet serve as an individual salt dish. Buy also a large glass dish for salad if you wish an effective bit of color display in your salad course, and the same bowl may be used at other repasts for fruits and certain desserts. If ordinary pressed glass must be chosen, perfectly plain, clear glass is in good taste both for serving and dishing fruit, since cheap pressed glass is uncompromisingly ordinary and responds but little in brilliancy even to the best of care.

CARE OF GLASS

In washing glassware all contrasts of temperature are to be avoided. A pitcher or water-bottle which has just held ice-water should not be put at once into hot suds, and many advise the use of wooden dish-tubs with warm water only, while others recommend hot water with no soap. This rather complicates matters in the modern butler's pantry, however, and the reasonable course is to use in an ordinary pantry sink water not too hot for the hand, to which soap and a few drops of ammonia have been added, and in which nothing has been previously washed. Each piece should be rinsed in clear water of about the same temperature, drained in a wire dish-drainer, and carefully wiped and polished with glass-toweling, which should not be used for the other dishes. Rubbing polishes the glass, and care must be taken that no lint or finger-marks remain upon it. Soft brushes may be bought for the crevices in cut glass which an ordinary dish-mop passes over, and the inside of water-bottles may best be cleaned by the use of raw potato cut into small dice and shaken about on the inside with water and a bit of soap. For the removal of an accumulation of sediment, rice beans and bits of paper are preferable to shot, as the latter is likely to scratch the glass. The inside should always be carefully wiped by using the covered wire utensils made for the inside of lamp chimneys, or the more primitive but effective fork around which a corner of the towel is wound. Glassware, especially that with gold decoration, should be kept in a dry covered place, as the least dampness tends to tarnish the gold ornamentation.

Advice to Campers

An experienced camper, a woman who at first endured, then pitied, then embraced the perennial camping trip, assured me that her home in camp was as orderly, as dainty, as comfortable, as in town; that no crumbs were swept upon the grass to form the center of attraction for colonies of ants; that meals were served with unfailing exactness as to time; and that absolute order and cleanliness prevailed in every department, from the well-aired bedding even to the vase of flowers for the center of the table. This is a three-months camp, with the book-shelf, as much a necessity as the kerosene stove, and the excellent cooking utensils which, though few in number, are always the best of their kind. No masculine makeshift of an ex-vegetable can doing duty in a pan of water as a double boiler for her! All this care has not made camping more arduous, but in the end less so, and the family of workers who go to camp tired in brain and body return bright-eyed and vigorous; the children rosy and fresh; all in excellent condition for that more complicated winter life of responsibility, both in work and social life, which the simple peace of their summer's outing has made possible.

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ODDS & ENDS

The Chinese are not slow about all things. From knowing little about kerosene in 1880 they came to buying a hundred million gallons in 1890.

King Leopold of Belgium is, perhaps, the most skilful of royal gardeners, and is said to be prouder of the lovely gardens and greenhouses of Laeken, which are the product of his skill and care, than of any other of his many possessions.

Quite the most splendid bedroom on record in modern times is that recently fitted up for a Paris woman. The bed is a four-poster of carved ivory and its hangings are yellow silk veiled with old lace. On each post is a bunch of nodding, white ostrich plumes. A large rosary of rock crystal beads hangs at the head of the bed. The dressing table also is of ivory, the legs being four huge tusks. It stands on an ermine rug. The toilet table is of alabaster and the washstand set of pale green glass. The bath room is tiled in rose and green and the tub is of malachite.

Celluloid is so much used now that it might be well to remember that it is a highly combustible, not to say explosive, substance. Not long ago, according to *Fire and Water*, a party of insurance officials were dining in honor of one of their number, and in the course of the after-dinner oratory, one of the speakers, to make room for the utterance of his eloquent periods, took his cigar out of his mouth and laid it on the table. The lighted end of the cigar happened to come in contact with the celluloid handle of a dessert-knife, and in a moment there was a bright flash, and the celluloid covering of the handle began to blaze. The fire was extinguished by plunging the handle of the knife into a finger-bowl, but the insurance men present added a mental memorandum of the properties of celluloid as a fire-hazard to their stores of professional knowledge.

Pure Country Air in the Home

Although the details of the invention of Professor Willis Moore, chief of the United States Weather Bureau, for the reduction of house temperatures in hot weather, have not yet come under notice, it seems probable that the device involves the principle of the use of liquid air. The statement that the apparatus is portable and may be moved from one room to another suggests such a probability. If this be so, Professor Moore's invention is simply the application of the experience of workers in pathological laboratories where liquid air is used for freezing tissues for the microtome. Dr. Stoddart, writing to *The Lancet*, London, says: "I have had an opportunity of inspecting the impurities removed from the atmosphere in the process of manufacture of liquid air, and have observed that the stench from these is worse than that from the worst London fog. I regard this supply of pure air as most important; it makes pathological work much more pleasant and healthy. When working with liquid air the best method of ventilation for the laboratory is to shut all the windows and ventilators and to be satisfied with the pure air issuing from the microtome. It is no exaggeration to say that after a morning's work in the laboratory with liquid air, I have felt as if I had been for a blow in the country."

As a gallon of liquid air is furnished in London for about four cents, and lasts, in ordinary constant use in the laboratory a little longer than a fortnight, the device may well be, as Professor Moore asserts, "so inexpensive as to be within the reach of every one." It should have a wide field of usefulness, not only as a means of combating summer heat, but for furnishing pure air at night in bedrooms—and especially in the sick-room—at all seasons. The beneficial effects of such air to invalids, incipient consumptives, and valetudinarians generally cannot be overestimated. Stuffy office-rooms and other foul-air places in which brain-workers spend much of their waking lives, should shortly be things of the past. The sterile atmosphere of Mont Blanc, the germ-free air of mid-ocean, may yet be one of the indispensable accessories of the House Beautiful.

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THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL

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OF HOUSEHOLD ART

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Published the Fifteenth of each Month

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RECIPES

THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL *will publish from month to month recipes for special dishes. They are the result of a wide experience on the part of an excellent housekeeper, and can be followed with perfect confidence.*

Soft Gingerbread

Two cups of butter, two cups of brown sugar, three cups of molasses, one cup of cream, six cups of flour, five eggs, one teaspoonful each of saleratus, ginger, cinnamon, allspice, and cloves.

Sherbet

Mash one quart of fruit to a pulp, add one pint of sugar, one pint of water, the well-beaten whites of three eggs, a little lemon juice. Freeze in a freezer.

Stuffed Tomato Salad

Chop the yolks of hard boiled eggs; also a little ham and anchovies. Mix with French dressing and stuff the tomatoes. Serve with lettuce and mayonnaise.

MAYONNAISE DRESSING

The yolk of one egg beaten with a Dover beater. Add oil gradually, beating always. When seasoned with pepper, salt, and vinegar, add two tablespoons of whipped cream.

Lobster Chops

'Two tablespoons of butter; two tablespoons of flour; one cup cream; the meat of two boiled lobsters; salt; cayenne pepper. After lobster (which is cut in small pieces) is mixed with sauce, spread it on a dish to cool. Then mold into the form of chops, dip in egg and roll in bread crumbs. After frying put a small clove in each one. Serve with or without sauce.

Chocolate Mousse

One ounce of chocolate grated; one cup of sugar; one tablespoon of gelatine soaked in a little milk; three cups of cream whipped light; one teaspoon vanilla. Put the sugar and chocolate in a little water on the stove to melt. When smooth add the gelatine; let it cool; then mix with the whipped cream. Put into a mold, pack in salt and ice, and let stand four hours.

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So he waited: *Stylish lady visitor* (to small boy, while waiting for hostess to come down) —"What is the matter with Fido, that you are watching him so closely?" *Small boy*— "Mamma said that your hat was enough to make a dog laugh, and I wanted to see him do it."—*Tit-Bits.*

This is the man for whom it was planned,
And this is the scamp who put it in hand,
And filled in the footings with stones and sand,
With no cement, and said, "It's grand!"
When building the house that Jerry built.

These are the bricks, as soft as cheese,
That broke in two if you chanced to sneeze;
Said Jerry: "The man what don't like these,
Lor', blow me! he *will* be 'ard to please;
They'll last for months—unless there's a breeze,"
In the beautiful house that Jerry built.

These are the windows of packing-case wood.
Said Jerry: "Of course it's understood
It'll be extra for windows of real wood;
These 'ere are special, and much too good"
To go in the house that Jerry built.

This is the rubbish that blocked up the drain.
Said Jerry: "Now don't you labor in vain;
Fill it in—it'll never be seen again,
It's ten to one he won't complain;
The cellar is meant to collect the rain"
That falls on the house that Jerry built.

This is the elegant paneled door,
With the natural finish left by the saw,
Which warped till its panels fell out on the floor.
He bought it for six shillings—but, "Lor'!"
Said Jerry, "it looks worth ten bob more"—
Too good for the house that Jerry built.

These are the slates—some small, some great,
Most were crooked, but a few were straight,
Each kept in place by the next one's weight.
Said Jerry, instructively, to his mate:
"I saves my nails and I trusts to Fate,"
When building the house that Jerry built.

These are the locks he bought for a song,
They work three times and then go wrong.
He said: "It's lucky they ain't too strong;
There'll be some repairs a-coming along"
To be done to the house that Jerry built.

This is the price the purchaser paid
(He'd made some cash in the grocery trade);
"Dirt cheap," said the man of trowel and spade,
As the check in his horny hand was laid:
"And a better house has never been made"
For the price of the house that Jerry built.

This is the band that came up the road;
The drummer drummed and the cornet blowed,
And as it passed, the house like a flash
Fell suddenly down with a fearful crash,
And all that remained was a heap of smash;
And the owner said words like "blow" and "dash,"
And he stared in amaze at the heap of dust,
While the more he stared the more he cussed
At the vanished house that Jerry built.
—A. E. F., in *Property.*

On his hands: "I noticed that you were hoeing your garden yesterday. What are you raising?" "Blisters, mostly."—*Philadelphia Press.*

'Tis strange how fashion makes us change the objects we admire;
We used to sing the tireless steed, but now the steedless tire
So Otto bought an auto, so as not to be antique,
But the thing was autocratic,
As well as automatic,
And the auto wouldn't auto as it ought to, so to speak.

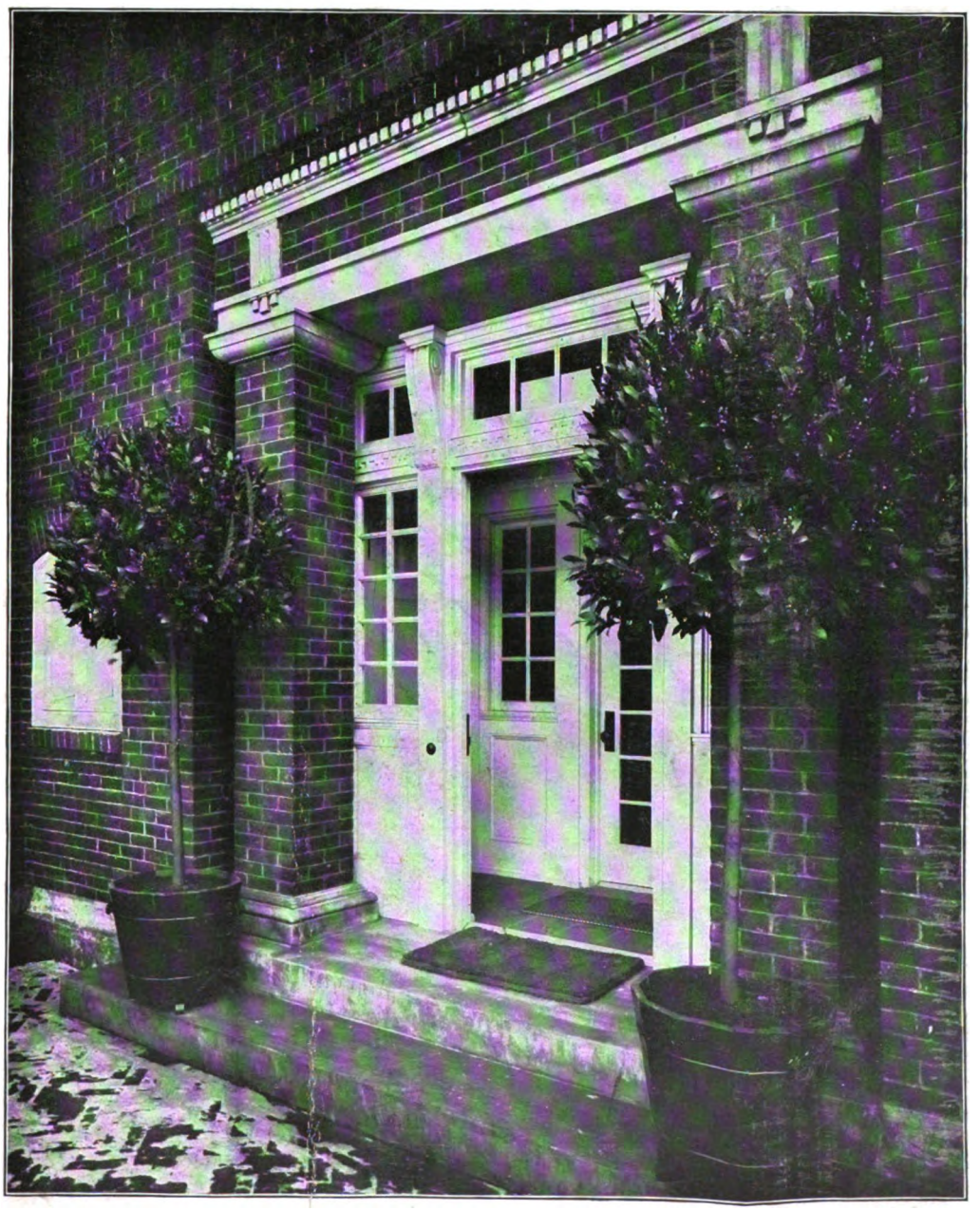
He thought to get an auto-operator for the work,
And first he tried a circus man, and then he tried a Turk,
For he knew a circus man drove fifty horses with success,
And if a man be shifty
Enough to manage fifty,
It's palpable enough he ought to manage one horse-less.

As for the Turk, 'tis also plain, deny it if you can,
He ought to run an auto, since a Turk's an Otto-man.
'Twas all no use, so Otto moved to Alabama, purely
That he might say: "I'm Otto,
From Mobile, and my motto:
'A Mobile Otto ought to run an auto-mobile, surely.'"

Then Otto sought to auto on the auto as he ought to,
But the auto sought to auto as Otto never thought to,
So Otto, he got hot, oh, very hot; as he ought not to,
And Otto said: "This auto ought to auto, and it's got to."
Till the auto also got too hot to auto as it ought to,
And then, great Scott! the auto shot to heaven—so did Otto—
Where Otto's auto autos now as Otto's auto ought to.
E. V. Cooke, in *Smart Set.*

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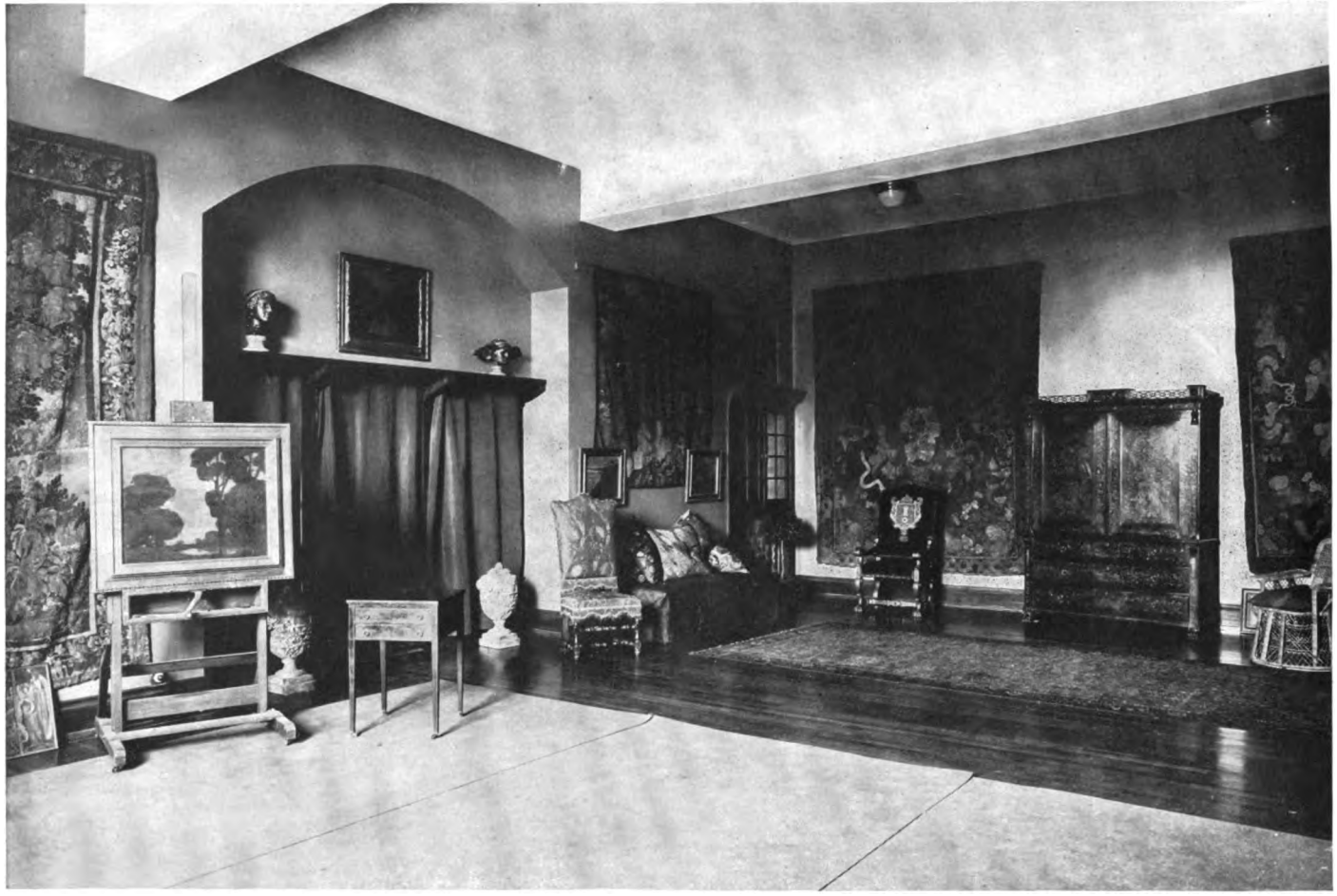
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STUDIO, DORFRED HOUSE

Fine old French walnut press; Louis XIII. fauteuil

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THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL

VOLUME TWELVE SEPTEMBER, 1902 NUMBER FOUR

AN ARTIST'S HOUSE

By ISABEL McDOUGALL

SHOULD one call it an artist's or a collector's house?

For he says: "I am a collector. It is a habit—a disease with me. I cannot help buying curios, antiquities, and works of art, even when I have no place to put them. Do? Why, I store some, I weed out about half in favor of better pieces, I exchange, I sift, I sell, and then—well, then I go to work and collect more."

No one who had not been collecting for years could have such a house as Mr. F. C. Bartlett's, and in a sense, what he had to put in it dictated the outward shell; therefore, let us talk more of the contents than of the case.

The outward case is a large, gabled brick house with many square casement windows that have white sashes; three white doors of a Georgian taste; and a pretty stone balcony with a carved stone rail supported on inconspicuous griffins. The main expression of the house is that of solid comfort and of determined privacy. It has a low wall and an iron railing about it—an unusual protective feature in an American house. You enter through a tall iron gate, set in brick piers topped with stone balls. You go up a paved brick walk to the front door, noticing how much effort has been made to obtain a setting of verdure. None of the recently sodded lawn has been cut up into flower beds. A lilac bush stands guard on either side of the iron gate, a privet hedge ranges itself parallel with the railing, and English ivies are ambitiously setting out to clothe the brick walls as if in their native place. It might be one of the comfortable, unpretentious mansions of old Kensington.

Inside are many doors, many passages, many staircases. You can get to various parts of the house without passing through other parts, and you can shut various parts off completely. There is a front entrance, a studio entrance, a back entrance. There is a front stair and a back stair, a short flight down to the studio, and a spacious flight leading from the dining-room to the handsome hall on the second floor. Any one accustomed to the open and, so to speak, public style of American-house architecture would feel the scrupulous care taken

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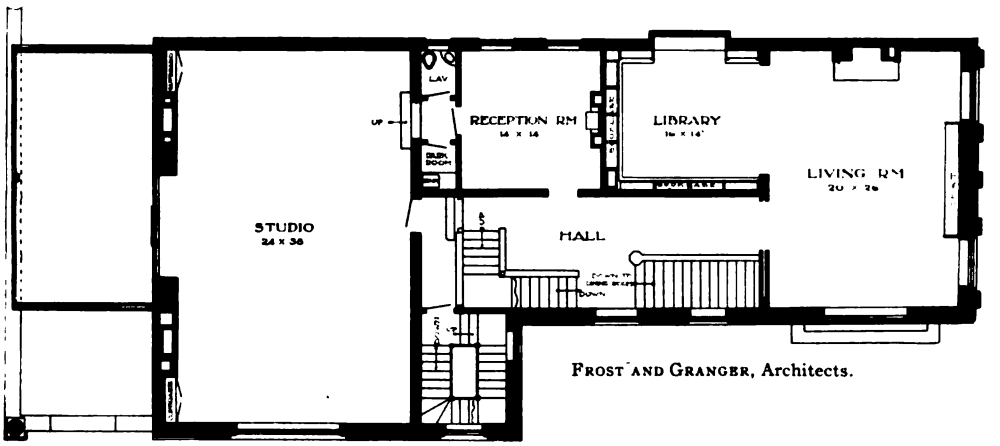


DORFRED HOUSE

to keep members or parts of the household entirely distinct. Another un-American feature is the absence of verandas. Besides the small balcony already mentioned, there is only a loggia—to be sure an enormous one — on the second story, which is characteristically equipped with bamboo curtains for shutting out the world. Still another peculiarity is the varying level of the ceilings. On the second floor, the *piano nobile*, scarcely two rooms are of the same height. The vast studio of the master of the house is, at a guess, 40 by 25 feet, with a ceiling about twenty feet high. For painting huge decorative canvases an unusually high pitch was required, and obtained partly by lowering the floor and partly by raising the ceiling. The music-room, an apartment of surpassing beauty, has a lavishly decorated beamed ceiling, the beams making it six or eight inches lower than it would be without them. Upstairs, what in any other house would be a commonplace, narrow passage, has been turned by a freak of the owner into the likeness of an arbor. It has a low, arched ceiling of white plaster, and the walls are papered in a large trellis pattern, with wistaria blossoms. In hundreds of old-fashioned gardens, we may have taken our way through just such a rustic tunnel, overgrown with grape or woodbine, but it is amusing to come upon one in the third floor of a city dwelling. Never did a house so proclaim that its owner had been having fun with every part of it.

To begin, as visitors should, at the front door, you enter a most agreeable hall or vestibule, flagged with square, red English quarries; the cement walls are decorated with conventionalized shrubbery reminiscent of the high clipped hedges of a formal garden, broken two or three times with plaster pedestals, surmounted by grotesque classic masks, like the hermes or terminal figures of the ancients. The solitary piece of furniture is a classic console, one of those Pompeian tables supported on dolphins, or grotesques, set against the wall. Somewhere above it a tablet bears the name, "Dorfred House,"

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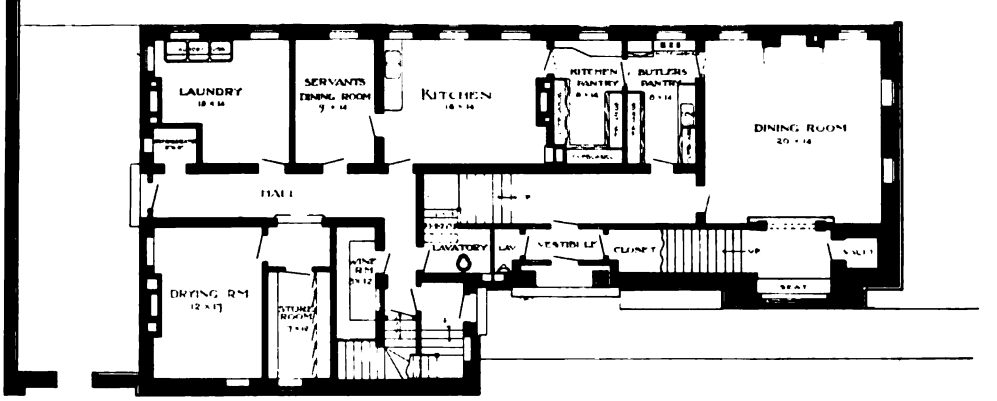


FIRST FLOOR PLAN

and the date of its building—also an uncommon feature.

Hence you are bidden to ascend the stairs. They wind between gray plastered walls, and are lighted by small casement windows, and they bring you to a fine, wide, upper hall. The rough drab walls are separated into panels by inserts of brown wood—that is not an architectural term, but may be all the more readily understood—making an effect like that of a wood and plaster Elizabethan country house. Red prints of Holbein's lovely drawings, simply framed, hang in all these spaces, and heighten the Tudor feeling. Anne Boleyn, Lady Jane Grey, Lord Seymour, Sir Christopher Hatton, and the rest of those searching bits of characterization, nearly the entire Windsor collection, is here installed.

Further than these, the hall contains some carved oaken chests, a stately old cushioned chair, a couple of sturdy decorative bay-trees, standing about in tubs, and numerous examples of wood-carvings, painted and gilded in the German taste. High along the wall they are principally escutcheons. From the center of the ceiling depends what in Rhenish castles is called a "Luster-Weibchen," a high-colored statuette, in the voluminous, angular drapery that Dürer loved, who supports



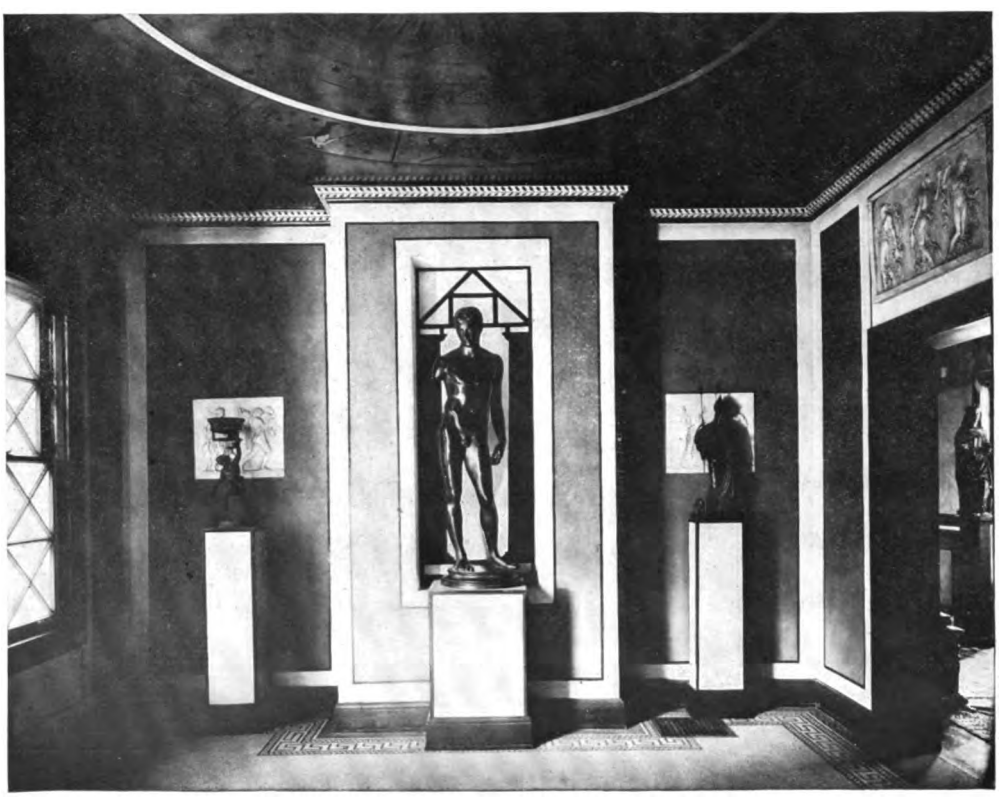
BASEMENT PLAN

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long antlers, whereon each tine is a candlestick. When they all light up they please you like the illumination of a Christmas tree. An austere taste, a Hellenic, or even a Latin taste, might despise these dear and quaint and childish fancies that are essentially Gothic, but in most races of the least Teutonic strain some answering chord responds to their appeal.

From this room the noble Italian Renaissance music-room is entered—a room of palatial proportions, whose principal features are a divan on a dais at least ten feet long, piled with cushions of crimson and gold, and a large fireplace, over which a life-size portrait of the poet Corneille fills the chimney-breast, set in plaster pilasters, modeled with delicate Renaissance reliefs. The divan really covers the steam coils with an imperial mask. Back of it a superb piece of Flemish tapestry stretches over the space between two long French windows, and on either side ornate gilt candelabra are fastened to the wall.

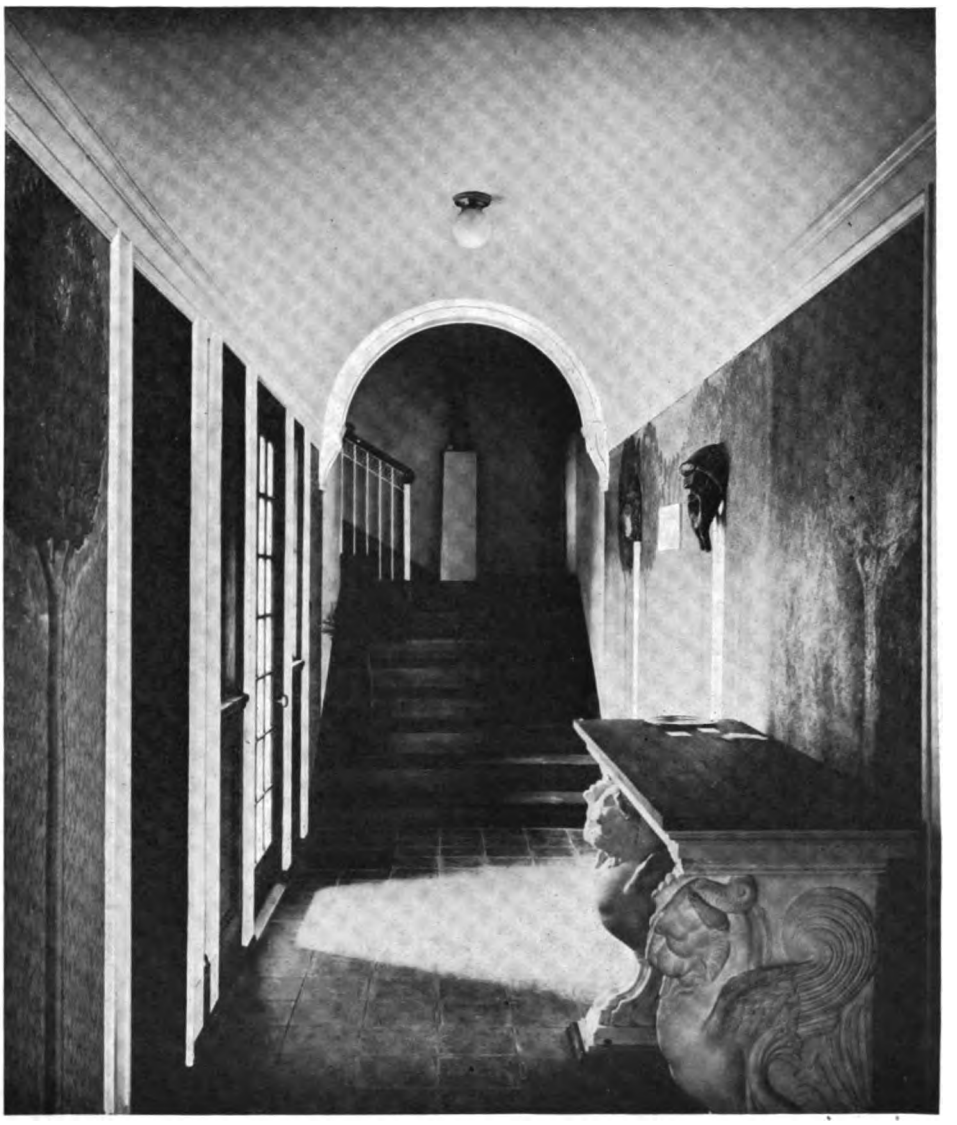
The woodwork is stained a dull olive-green. The beams of the ceiling are richly decorated with fantastic animals, mottoes, swags of fruit depending from gilded rams' heads, and the like freakish fancies of the Renaissance. The central cartouches bear the monogram of the owner, and two heavier beams that divide the room into thirds are inscribed, the one with the names of great artists, and the other with those of great musicians. On the doorposts are carvings, some of which are modern, and executed by American workmen, but all likewise following the Renaissance



POMPEIAN ROOM, DORFRED HOUSE

Mosaic floor; walls in deep yellow panels, outlined in black and white; blue varnished ceiling, painted with stars and signs of zodiac; pedestals supporting Naples bronzes

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ENTRANCE HALL, DORFRED HOUSE

Stairway to upper hall; floor in red English quarries; classic console; walls painted in conventionalized foliage

type of festoons, garlands, and swags of many-colored fruits, whereon perch such fantastic birds as never flew by sea or shore. The crimson moiré silk with which the room is hung is of the identical color and weave of that used on the walls of the Uffizi palace, and forms here as there an incomparable background for the mellow pigments of old portraits.

Corneille has been mentioned as occupy-

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HALL, DORFRED HOUSE

Door to studio at farther end; stair to dining-room on left; gray plaster, and brown oaken studding in walls; statuette of Virgin in painted wood on newel-post; "Luster Weibchen," old German chandelier of carved and painted wood; old portrait; old oaken chest; bits of pottery, carvings, etc., on upper shelf; Holbein's Windsor portraits

ing the place of honor over the mantel, sallowly triumphant, as in the days when even the all-powerful Richelieu failed to stay "Le Cid's" success.

En vain contre Le Cid un ministère se ligue
Tout Paris pour Chimène a les yeux de Rodrigue.

In one corner is a hook-nosed, bewigged gentleman whom one learns to be the great Condé, so that the French Renaissance blends easily here, as it did, in fact, with the Italian. Other pictures are faded beauties with bare shoulders and stiff attire, saints after Botticelli, and many paintings, with much charm of tone, enhanced by the picturesqueness of their dim gold frames. If any one were to describe this as a red-and-gold room he would convey a garish idea, as different as possible from its grave and splendid warmth. Yet those are its two principal colors, the red, deep and soft, the gold, that of the tarnished frames or of the ancient brass nails that hold the cushion on a gilded Louis Treize fauteuil. The heaped pillows of the divan are chiefly cloth of gold or dark red brocade, embroidered with armorial bearings. Crimson velvet curtains hang in straight folds beside the ample French windows, and between them are upright, decorous bay-trees. Each article of furniture is a perfect work of its period; each stands with dignity in its own place, and there are not too many of them. The oaken chairs, for instance, are duplicates of those in the

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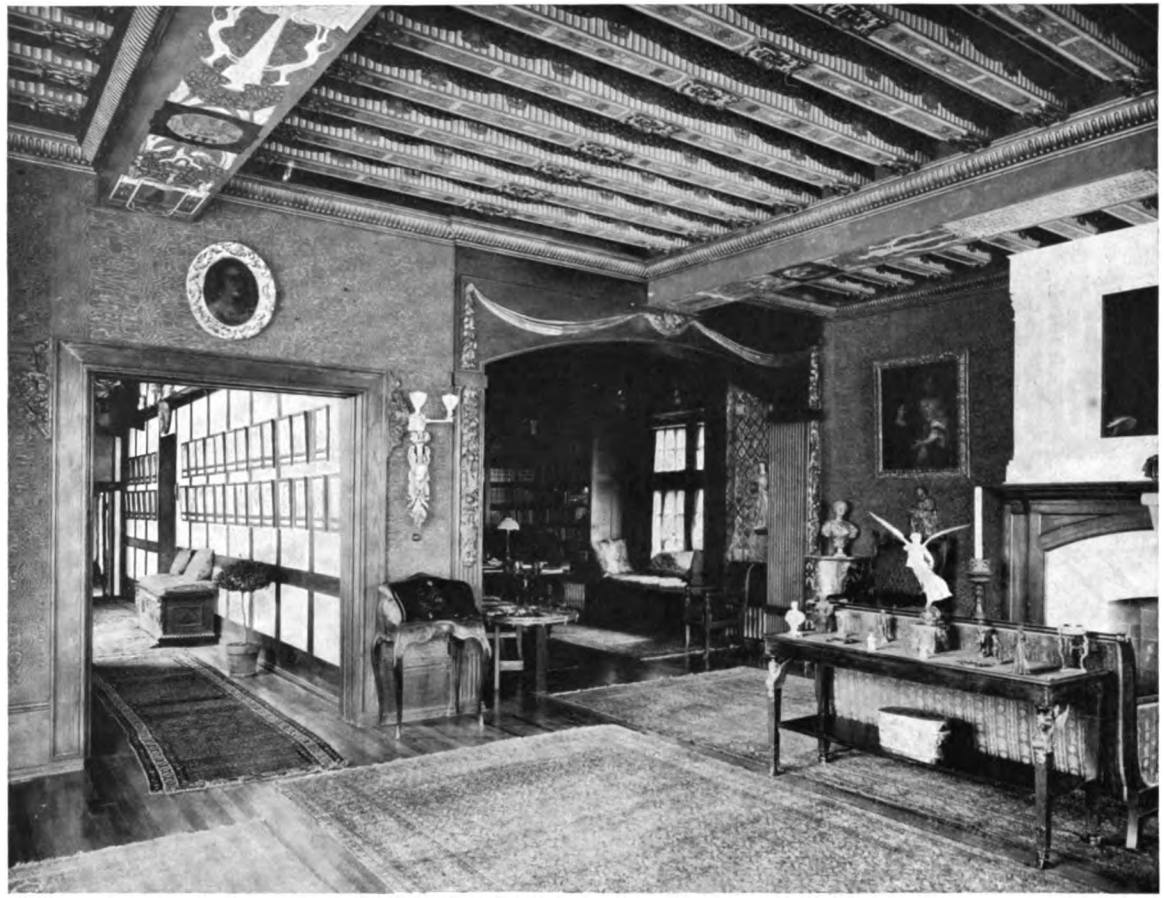




LOUIS XVI. DINING-ROOM, DORFRED HOUSE

Walls in white woodwork; medallions, wreaths, etc., from an old chateau; plaques under candelabra bearing owner's cipher; old-fashioned decorative paintings let in over doors

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ITALIAN MUSIC-ROOM, DORFRED HOUSE

Showing entrances to hall and book-room; walls hung with red moiré antique; beamed ceiling richly decorated in gold and colors, Renaissance designs; cross-beams bear tablets inscribed with names of musicians and painters; woodwork olive-green

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ITALIAN RENAISSANCE MUSIC-ROOM, DORFRED HOUSE

Large fireplace; plaster molded in pilasters, garlands, etc., forming portrait of Corneille; wooden mantel-shelf; small colored bust of Henri IV.; antique candlesticks on hearth; windows with red velvet curtains; large divan with many-colored cushions on dais between windows; gobelin tapestry filling wall space between windows

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BOOK-ROOM, DORFRED HOUSE

Arched entrance from Italian music-room, green wood decorated with festoons and swags of fruit, richly carved, colored, and gilded; tapestry hanging; window-seat

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Royal Museum of Munich, which were purchased from the famous collection of Kuppelmayr, one of Mr. Bartlett's first masters. The fine French console is a choice piece, as is every figurine, bit of metal work or bric-à-brac upon it; so is the capacious sofa facing the fireplace; so are the tall candlesticks standing on either side of the hearth; they once held tapers before a shrine, and now hold electric lights, shining through metal shades wrought wondrously into the shape of crowns carried by cherubs. It is a serene, high-bred, colorful place. You might be three thousand miles of space, three hundred years of time, away from any rushing American city. Yet this is not a museum, or a collector's room. There are few curios about, and they would commend themselves to any dilettante noble seigneur—a Roman empress on an inlaid table, a quaint colored bust of Henri Quatre, wearing a laurel wreath and a blue toga, on the mantel, and little beside.

At one side a low arch opens into the book-room, which is virtually a large alcove, paneled in wood of the prevailing brownish green. All the walls not taken up by the pleasant window and window-seat are to be lined with books to the ceiling. The largest side is already filled, but the others, though fitted with holes and pegs to support movable shelves, are now serving as backgrounds for some good prints and bits of sculpture, while one has a fine piece of tapestry, whose dull blues, greens, and browns make the keynote of the room. There is a huge, green arm-chair, a library table, covered with magazines and pamphlets, a couple of seats, a folding-stand on which an octagonal silver tray supports a crystal vase of unusual dimensions, and may well support a tea-service or a punchbowl. One of the wall panels, by the way, conceals a dumb-waiter by which light refreshments may be sent up from the kitchen.

Here let it be said that the doorways are usually low, and so arranged that no disturbing glimpse of contradictory styles may be had. At one end of the Tudor hall lies a little room which is entirely classic—Pompeian. The floor is mosaic, the ceiling is painted blue and covered with a map of the heavens as known to the ancients, with the signs of the zodiac, the Milky Way, and some sort of planetary system on it. An electric light under a frosted yellow bowl, with golden rays streaming from it, represents the sovereign sun in the center of the sky. The walls are in brownish yellow panels severely framed in a black-and-white Greek pattern. One or two replicas of the Pompeian bronzes, the oft-recurring bay-trees, with their long, slim trunks and bushy rounded heads, standing in the corners, a window-box full of plants behind a classic lattice, and a simulated marble bench or table add to the impression that one is in some sort of a garden room, or on the terrace of a Roman villa.

The dining-room is too delightful an apartment to leave out. It is downstairs, reached through the red-flagged vestibule already described; a white-paneled room of colonial, Georgian, or, more precisely, of Louis Seize taste. The mantel was formerly the door-cap of an eighteenth-century château. The garlands, festoons, medallions, and naive would-be classic bas-reliefs were brought from the same place, and the rest of the woodwork designed carefully in the same spirit. It forms a most appropriate setting for Sheraton sideboards, tables, and chairs of the purity of line and neatness of workmanship that stamped the golden age of furniture. With these go every concomitant of old glass and silver, in the slim, elegant shapes that General Washington and the Marquis de Lafayette both used. Small wine-coolers, spoon-cabinets, and such quaint pieces of cabinet-making that are grooved and curved and fluted to the queen's taste. Over the Sheraton sideboard a convex mirror looks quite at home. An enchanting recessed window has a long, low window-seat, whereon stand three of those innocent decorative bay-trees. Evidently the owner of the house has a mild mania for these dear vegetable sentinels—a mania which is contagious, for every visitor falls madly in love with the trim architectural bits of greenery.

The fact is, that the entire house ex-

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presses the owner's individuality; every detail, to closets, chimneys, and stairs, is as he wished it to be for some purpose of his own; and unlike the chimneys, closets, and stairs of a hundred other houses, to which each different occupant must adapt himself as to a Procrustes bed. A house built for a given person by an architect is to a house built by a contractor for any chance tenant as clothes fitted to the wearer are to clothes bought hap-hazard in a slop-shop. Mr. Bartlett's residence —Dorfred House—might not suit everybody. Its attraction lies precisely in that fact, and the fact, stamped all over it, that it does suit one family of decided tastes. It is unique, personal, enjoyable, from the private chambers upstairs to the more public rooms here described. This is as a home should be.

SUSPENSE

AT dawn I climbed the little hill;
The hours in slow processional
Came up to me, white winged and still;
The first one paused, half wond'ringly,
And turned her vague child's face to me.

She led her rosy sister-hours,
So shadowy-sweet and virginal,
Faint-smiling over half-shut flowers;
While each I questioned eagerly:
Dost thou bring my dear love to me?

Each asked the other, calling low,
In murmuring, sweet antiphonal;
"Art thou love's hour?" "Not yet"—"Ah, no,"—
And all passed by me dreamily,
Nor brought the perfect gift to me.

Now in the dark with trailing wings,
Gray figures, strange and mystical,
Creep down the hill where no bird sings;
But still I wait here silently
The hour that brings my joy to me.

BEATRICE C. WILCOX.

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THE DIFFICULTIES OF LIFE IN THE COUNTRY



THERE are many difficulties to be faced by those of the city who would embrace country life. The most easy of all to meet is the item of expense. The fact is, country life if rightly managed is inexpensive. Among the really serious difficulties are the loneliness for the women of the family, the problem of education for the children, and the question of transportation for the man who must work in the city. But all these difficulties can be satisfactorily overcome.

In the first place, the country home must be owned, not rented. There is great loss and waste in all renting operations. The renter does not care for the house; the furniture is ruined in a single season often; there are agents' fees, the danger of not getting a tenant, etc., etc. The house shown as No. 1 was bought for $550, and the addition of a kitchen, painting outside and in, papering, and furnishing cost $200 more. The renting value of the house is $150. It appears, therefore, that the rent for five years would wholly pay for the house. A loan of $500 could be made on the property, so that but $250 was actually required to secure this home. The taxes have been about $10 a year. Adding interest on the money at six per cent, we have but little over $50 a year as the cost of maintaining the home to the man who owns rather than rents. The rent of a flat in the city is not less than $20 a month, or $240 a year, for about half the accommodation furnished by the home—which is a real home. This house is thirty miles from the city, and railroad transportation costs $8.40 a month. From this should be deducted the five-cent street-car fare that would have to be paid in the city, say $2.50 a month, leaving the net extra cost of transportation at $6 a month, or about $75 a year. If it is deemed necessary to board in the city during the more severe winter months, the extra cost of that would no doubt more than counterbalance the saving in rent. At the same time, the miscellaneous expenses of the family in the country, including dress, are considerably less than in the city. With careful management, country life, even for the man who must work in the city all the year round, from early in the morning until late at night, is no more expensive than life in a crowded city flat; while the doctor's bills, the success of the children in after life, due to sound constitutions, and one's own personal pleasure and happiness, are items of clear gain.

When the city man begins to think of the country, he finds several alternatives offered him. He may take a small house in the suburbs (which is only half or quarter of real country), he may go to a summer resort fifty or a hundred miles away, or he may go into the country twenty-five or thirty miles from the city, along one of the great railroad lines, and planting his house within a mile of a railroad station where enough trains stop, he may go in and out every day all the year round, or all but three of the worst winter months in the northern states. Each one of these alternatives has its advantages and its disadvantages, and some must choose one, some another, according to circumstances.

For those whose hours of work are not strictly fixed, or begin not earlier than nine o'clock and close by four or five, the country within daily reach of the city may be preferred. If it is impossible for

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the man of the family to go such a distance every day, and there must be a separation, a greater distance may be chosen, though it should not be so great as not to be within easy reach for an over-Sunday holiday every week. Last of all, suburban life may be chosen; but that is only a compromise, for it involves sewers and city water and narrow lots and few trees often, and much of the smoke and tainted atmosphere of the city itself.

The first really serious obstacle to country life, and perhaps it is the crucial one in many if not most cases, is the loneliness for the women of the family. It is easy to laugh at it, and perhaps the women themselves will join in the laugh until the experiment is actually tried; but the obstacle is real, and exists in almost every possible case. It should be faced at once and the problem solved, or it will ultimately bring ruin to the best laid plans. The truth is, it is absolutely necessary for their mental health and the mental health of their children that women should have society of their own kind. The lack of it blights their souls, makes them narrow and mean in thought, stupid and dull, and often slovenly. It is useless to deny that loneliness is an evil that more than counterbalances all the other many advantages of a home in the country that is to be occupied a considerable part of the year.

There are two possible remedies. One may place his house at a summer resort, with all its crudity and hatefulness of surroundings. In that case, however, six months of the year is all that it will be possible to occupy your house; for as soon as the neighbors begin to go, the women of the family will insist on packing up to go also.

The ideal way of meeting this difficulty is by the formation of a small colony of friends. The number of one's intimate friends is not large as a rule. Five or six families form the real limit, and more often it is two or three. If you can get the two families you are most fond of to go with you, you may safely choose a home anywhere. Others will come to join you in time. Even if they do not come, the necessary social safety-valve has been provided for all. Life in so limited a community may be very intense, and a falling out may be a serious matter; but those who fall out under such circumstances will soon fall in again, or at any rate the variety offered by quarreling will serve the intellectual and moral purpose of pleasanter intercourse.

The second leading difficuty is to be found in the absence of first-class schools in the country, though in these days every country district is supplied with some sort of school.

In one way, however, there is an advantage in the distance from the school. Children under eight years of age ought never to be sent to school. The author has seen the matter tested again and again, and in nearly every case children whose schooling began at eight or nine years of age were further advanced at twelve or fourteen than those who began to go to school at five. In the cities the law requires attendance after the age of six, and most mothers find it desirable to send children to school early in order to get rid of them. In the country they have more time to look after their families; and in the country children may safely be turned out of doors anywhere and for any length of time to play. Children may easily be taught to read at home, and if a portion of the year is spent in the city, where the children are sent to school, their brains receive all the cramming they should ever be allowed to have.

The real school problem is to be faced when the age of nine is reached. From that age on, children must be kept steadily in school, and in a good school. One solution of the problem is to be found in connection with the district school. Usually in a small colony of intelligent and educated people there is a mother, sister, daughter, or friend of the family who would make an admirable teacher—indeed, one far superior to the average city schoolmistress. Her circumstances are such that under ordinary conditions she would not care for the drudgery of the school-room, but for the sake of her own children, or those she

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loves and finds a real interest in, she will undertake the duties without too close a regard for the salary that may be paid. The country school district will be able to pay something, and its efforts may be greatly stimulated for the benefit both of the city colony and of the country people themselves. This experiment has often been tried with complete success, and the element of personal affection that is introduced makes a whole world of difference with the real educational results. Here we discover the only true and effective education for children at the critical and formative periods of their lives. By this kind of teaching only can habits be developed or corrected, and the child be roused to do its best in its own best way. Five or six months of such school will give better results than nine or ten months of the ordinary mechanical city variety—practically the only variety that can exist where there are large numbers to be dealt with, and those far apart in social and intellectual standing. Of course the problem is an individual one for every such community.

When all these obstacles can be successfully overcome, the net result will bring a tenfold reward for all the trouble and worry and struggle which success involves. It is much, very much indeed, to have a home—a house of your own, furniture of your own, a spot that gradually becomes endeared to you by all its associations. If misfortune overtakes you, you have a place to go to. With no rent to pay, no social position to maintain, you can live and support your family in comfort for a long time on the narrowest possible income, until health returns or fortune smiles once more. The satisfaction of such a retreat at such a time can never be estimated except by those who have had the advantage of it, or who have suffered intensely because they did not have the advantage of it. And to see one's children growing up strong and rugged and full of vitality is one of the very greatest blessings of life. There is also much quiet comfort in having a wife who is not forever sick with a headache, or depressed and cross and unhappy. For all who value such things, let no difficulties or obstacles discourage the possession of a home in the country.

INTERIOR WALLS

By JUDITH CHAFFEE

HE is likely to be the most successful architect who carries his function farther than the mere construction of his house, invading at times the realm of the landscape-gardener, and more frequently still that of the decorator. For it is hard for the client, when employing the services of the decorator for his newly built house, to be met with a petition that this window be altered to produce a symmetrical wall, or that doorway lowered to admit a continuous frieze. This at least of harmony is established between the architect and the decorator, that the baseboard is a *sine qua non* in the palace as in the cottage. This baseboard, in reality, with the side wall and the cornice, is a lineal descendant of the pillar of the ancients, the baseboard corresponding to the base, the wall to the column, the cornice to the capital. Sometimes the dado takes the place of the baseboard, but this only changes the proportions, not the decorative value, of the column, unless the dado is carried too high.

The effect of a more detailed similarity between interior walls and the ancient column, often tried in large rooms like those of Italian palaces, is very restful,

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and in houses of moderate cost its use is suggested by some modern authorities as a desirable change from wall-papers. In northern countries, where wood is valuable as a defense from cold, and where vermin are not likely to infest it, a dado of hard or soft wood may be used successfully, and in spite of its initial cost, its permanence makes it finally economical in inexpensive homes. This dado should extend to a point upon the wall high enough so that the furniture placed against it will not break the continuity of line, yet not so high but that the wall above it may seem to be supported by it as by a pedestal. Above, the effect of paneling may be produced by inexpensive uprights of wood, even thin strips producing a desirable result. It is the eye which demands satisfaction in this arrangement, so that there is really no loss of integrity in simulating rather than constructing pillars.

It would be interesting to see such panels decorated with such light and graceful dancing figures as are seen on Pompeiian walls, with decorative floral designs or even landscapes, like those old papers so admired as we see them in veritable colonial homes. Surely, if some of our struggling painters would but devote themselves to this, we might have mural decorations which, even if their first cost should be greater than that of paper, would be cheaper by reason of their permanence, cleanliness, and educative value. Such an arrangement would of course mean fewer pictures on our walls—perhaps none; but in at least a few rooms of an average-sized house this would make for the simplicity of living which is so much discussed, but which few of us are really doing anything to bring about. With this suggested paneling the height of doors and windows should be uniform, and they might be joined by strips like those used for the paneling. The frieze thus left around the room would afford the decorative artist scope for the exercise of veritable talent.

Imagine such a library, its low bookcases constituting the dado, either projecting from the wall or sunk within it, the side walls plain, of any subdued harmonizing tint, the frieze embellished with a gorgeous procession of flatly decorative figures like M. Boutet de Monvel's Joan of Arc or Mr. Edwin Abbey's Holy Grail. Of course not all of us can be artists, nor can we employ them, but fresco-painters might be induced to follow good models; even some reproductive process similar to that used in printing Rivière's posters is surely not beyond the bounds of imagination. And what relief to the housekeeper! No weekly dusting of the backs of pictures, no monthly washing of picture glass—just clean, painted walls to be washed down twice a year. In bed and bath rooms, mirrors could be introduced wherever needed, in dining-rooms the china cupboards might be built so as to be of distinct decorative value in the wall space, and many an amateur painting or cheap process reproduction ceases to weary the backs of tired house-maids.

The use of chintz, burlap, and silk is not to be seriously recommended save in a rented house or apartment where an ugly wall beneath must be concealed. Even here its use means unavoidable care, and in bedrooms particularly poor sanitation. Could we in this country but hope for honest, skillful stucco-work, its permanence and plastic possibilities would make it nearly as desirable for beautiful decoration as wood-carving. Finally, to quote from an excellent modern book upon this subject:

"It was well for the future of house decoration when medical science declared itself against the use of wall-papers. These hangings have, in fact, little to recommend them. Besides being objectionable on sanitary grounds, they are inferior as a wall decoration to any form of treatment, however simple, that maintains instead of effacing the architectural lines of a room. Its merits are, that it is cheap, easy to put on, and easy to remove. On the other hand, it is readily damaged, soon fades, and cannot be cleaned; while from the decorative point of view there can be no comparison between the flat meanderings of wall-paper pattern and the strong architectural lines of any scheme of paneling, however simple."

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SOME ODD BITS OF OLD CHINA

By N. HUDSON MOORE

THOUGH all the world, or at least that portion of it which "collects," is bending all its energies to "Old Blue," there are many bits which may be found, not coming under this head. There are quaint vases and candlesticks, there are animals and figures which are strangely delightful to the collector's eye, and which have not yet soared out of sight in price. Our first illustration shows such a piece—a cow and calf, delightfully mysterious and puzzling, and presenting to the collector food for much speculation. From the picture you might think the cow a good specimen of the well-known Dutch black and white banded cattle. She is no such breed, being an example of the famous "old red cow," only in this case she is red and white, and so is her calf. Still, is it Dutch or is it English? English we say, taking into consideration the quality of the hard paste of which it is made, the style of work, and the tiny band of gold which circles the base.

It is the gayest group one can well imagine, the bright red cow standing on a very grassy, green meadow, with a blue brook running beneath her front feet. She belonged to a family in humble circumstances, and was seen by chance. What collector coming on such a find could soon forget it?

There were many visits to that small house, and many offers to tempt the owner, whose invariable reply was, "It belonged to my mother's mother. I cannot sell it."

What use was it to say to one's self, "I'll never go to that house again?"

Why would one's feet always turn in that direction for an afternoon stroll?

Dollar by dollar we rose in price, till at last the owner wavered, and was lost. We hurried away with the prize, lest she repent, and turning at the gate, beheld her standing at her door, in tears! We wish we did not think of those tears every time we look at the cow! Yet what collector could give back a treasure obtained at such cost?



COW AND CALF. ENGLISH WARE
MAKER UNKNOWN

To soothe our feelings we turn to No. 2, which was rescued from a home of infamy—the chicken-coop—cleaned, restored, and made an object of honor.

It is a soup-plate connected with the early history of New York City. We mark it "rare." It is called "Merchants' Exchange in Flames." There is a mate to it, no doubt by the same maker, called "Exchange in Ruins." These plates were

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III. OLD DELFT AFTER CHINESE DESIGN

II. MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE BURNING

IV. UNION LINE E. WOOD & SON

made after the great fire in New York in 1833, which destroyed so many buildings. Both plates have the "phœnix and engine" border, but quite different centers. In ours the people in curious-looking coats have come out to see the destruction, and in the immediate foreground is a fireman with speaking-trumpet, on his left a hand-worked engine.

This particular plate is printed in mulberry color, and was found in a small village in New York state. It is a triumph of the restorer's art. On its outer edge, when first we saw it, were eighteen nicks. You can hardly discover them to-day as you hold it in your hand. The mark on the back is a phœnix, with the words "Stoneware," and "Exchange, New York," printed below. Look at the fire-engines on the border, and consider the machines we have to-day to battle with flames.

No. 3 is blue, but not "Old Blue." It is interesting and valuable for several reasons. It is a large sixteen-inch plaque of nice old Delft ware, after a Chinese design. We usually give the latter nation credit for being the most painstaking and accurate copyists in the world, and it is quite a reversal of our ideas to see the Dutchman trying to outdo his oriental rival.

No doubt the piece from which this was copied was brought home from China in a Dutch lugger, and eagerly seized upon by the Delft potter as a good model to improve his style. The color is a fine, clear, pale blue, but the pottery is unmistakably Dutch, the clay showing in many places where the piece is chipped. This piece was brought from England many years ago, and only the pinch of poverty compelled its owner to part with it. It was said to have belonged to "Lord Cobham," a familiar name in English history, though many of its bearers have had unhappy fates. Amid all its wanderings this sturdy bit of Dutch ware has preserved a good appearance, and could well grace a museum to-day.

Our next two pieces are the "Historic Old Blue," and we have chosen them to show the vast strides we have made in locomotion on the water.

In another there is a steamboat of the "Union Line," which plied between New York and Albany. This plate was made by Enoch Wood & Sons, whose work is later than 1818. It bears the well-known shell border.

The boat shown was a side-wheel steamer, and is amusing as showing how the traveling public is always obliged to put up with something. You may see a group of people standing on the shore, and a row-boat carrying others to the steamer. A rope from this row-boat was carried over the wheel and wound over it, the jerking of the rope frequently overturning the row-boat. Accidents to passengers and luggage became so numerous that this method was finally abandoned, and

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passengers were landed and taken off piers.

It would seem to be a discouraging way to begin a journey. Another plate is even more primitive. It is called "The Fulton," and is supposed to show the first steamboat. How ridiculous that carefully traced, long stovepipe looks to-day, when pipes in boats and locomotives are clipped to their very smallest limits. Half a gale of wind would have been enough to wreck it, and we should have preferred to trust our lives to that less progressive ship in the background. The color of this piece is singularly fine, and the border a beautiful one of various kinds of flowers, very artistically applied. One of these plates, ten-inch size, sold recently in New York City at auction for fifteen dollars.



V. FULTON STEAMBOAT

A unique and interesting collection could be made of pieces relating only to methods of transportation. Say the B. & O. plates, going up hill and on a level, the Canal series, showing packet-boats, etc.

In another illustration is a favorite tea-set, each piece being in itself quite perfect and lovely. We call it a set, yet the coloring on each piece is different, but each one is so charming, the printing is so clear and beautiful, that Bohea from such a source is a true nectar. All the pieces come under the heading, "Makers unknown." In tea-sets, it is usually only the sugar-box which bears the stamp, and as yet we have found no piece worthy of a place in our set. The teapot, a pretty, squat shape, has on it a charming "Continental view." There is a church spire in the distance with some buildings on a hill, which can well be dignified by the name of castle, and a pretty foreground of greensward and trees.

The color-printed pieces are not as old as the blue, but come within the next few years. The workmanship is, however, decidedly finer. The cup and saucer are in brown, a deep, rich shade, and give some of Turner's sketches, presumably some of the Italian ones.

Our third piece, the pitcher, is decorated with a scene in illustration of Thomson's "Seasons." There is a hay-field, with loaded wain, a Maud Muller in the foreground, the whole scene breathing of that "ease and contentment" which the poet sings. We particularly fancy this pitcher



VI TEA-POT CONTINENTAL VIEW, RED AND GREEN. CUP AND SAUCER, TURNER'S SKETCHES BROWN CREAM JUG, THOMSON'S SEASONS RED MAKER UNKNOWN

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on account of its four stout little legs, which are rather unusual. It came to us from Virginia, and we have often wondered if the remaining pieces are still there in some cabin or manor house, though today the former place is almost as rich as the latter in "china spoils."

We always feel that those collectors who keep their china for ornament only lose half the pleasure of it. To touch, to use it, to learn by constant association each little irregularity and variation, is almost like learning the features of a dear friend. Familiarity only needs a greater affection and a more thorough knowledge.

There is, of course, the horrid mischance of breakage always to be feared; but why worry over that in advance? The choicest piece one owns, set high on a shelf and apparently well out of harm's way, may fall a victim to a too eager duster, and cause us vain regret that we had not enjoyed it more.

The patient collector who gathers his treasures bit by bit is likely to get more solid satisfaction from them than the one who is able to buy as the fancy seizes him.

That the china fever is one which clutches rich and poor and both sexes alike was brought forcibly to our notice the other day. We were invited to come and see a small but select all-round collection. It was small, but every example was a good specimen of the ware shown. The owner was a woman, whose business was that of cook in a restaurant. She had been years collecting, knew each piece by heart, and through her china had acquired quite a degree of education. Not a piece was for sale, nor could she be tempted to part with a certain choice cup-plate, though the offer made her exceeded the market value of the piece.

The value of a hobby to a hard-working person cannot be estimated in dollars and cents. The effect of the mind on the body is too well known to be entered on here. But that person who is able to cast aside daily cares and worries, and refresh the spirit by taking pleasure in some congenial subject, is just so much better able to battle with life. We are so sure of this that we would even encourage a collection of buttons or labels, though we do draw the line at birds' eggs.

INDOOR SUMMER RESORTS

By F. L. OSWALD, M. D.

IT has been predicted that the households of the future will be managed on the co-operative plan, at about one-fourth of the present expense, but it seems probable that long before the advent of that economic millennium our dwellings will be cooled in summer as effectually as we now warm them in winter.

The midsummer martyrdom of our large cities is, indeed, the chief reproach of our present civilization. With rare exceptions, our houses are cold-weather forts, ingeniously contrived to mitigate the rigors of winter and make summer heat more insupportable. All our architectural arrangements contribute to that result. Our streets admit the full glare of the noonday sun, but exclude the air currents that sweep freely through the shady arcades of the forest. Slanting roofs deprive us of the housetop resorts of our Spanish-American neighbors. Not one out of fifty city buildings is sufficiently ventilated. Our sanitary prejudices, the dread of draughts and cool night air, add their aid to reverse the order of nature; and for millions of our fellow-men, the misery of existence reaches its maximum at the very season of the year when the children of the wilderness celebrate life as a festival.

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A time may come when the historians of civilization will almost refuse to credit the fact that an effective remedy of our dog-day afflictions was known and tested, and yet persistently neglected, for half a hundred years of an otherwise restlessly enterprising era of progress.

In the summer of 1852, the chief engineer of the great government arsenal of Toulon, France, first demonstrated the possibility of cooling the indoor atmosphere by means of ice-air tubes and force ventilators. A basement vault, filled with blocks of artificial ice and a network of pipes, solved the midsummer problem as completely as the best register furnace could have answered the exigencies of a northern winter. Sweltering workshops, counting-rooms, laboratories, and storage halls were thus successively made comfortable, so much so, indeed, that visitors exhausted the resources of ingenuity to make a pretext for loitering and enjoying the blessing of an atmosphere as cool as the breezes of the airiest highland resort, while in the neighboring streets the temperature rose almost to fever-heat.

The plan was adopted in the Mediterranean seaport towns, here and there; in Vienna, in progressive Buda-Pesth, in the West Indies (where a physician of Santiago de Cuba cured fever patients in artificially cooled dormitories); also in the Washington House of Representatives, and a few metropolitan pleasure resorts. But ninety-nine per cent of our fellow-citizens still have to face the dog-day ordeal with all its terrors, though it has been estimated that a municipal ice-air company could reduce indoor temperatures thirty degrees, at thirty cents a day per hall or fair-sized cottage.

It would be an insult to common sense and common humanity to doubt that refrigeration machines will yet be considered as indispensable as stoves, but even now private enterprise could do a great deal to mitigate the grievance of thermal discomfort.

Lessons for that purpose could be studied in the Mediterranean coast-lands. Miss Florence Nightingale, the "Guardian Angel of the Crimean field hospitals," assures us that no wealthy Mussulman would dream of leaving his residence in midsummer to suffer the restraints of a crowded fashion resort.

"They know a plan worth two of that kind," she says; "a sensible and after all by no means expensive combination of water-tanks and open colonnades makes the *Jejirnan*, or domestic fountain-hall, as pleasant as a cool mountain grotto. It is something more than a mere refuge from the peril of sunstrokes. The luxury of a siesta in a nook of that domestic summer resort makes life more worth living."

The basin of the cooling fountain is surrounded with pot-shrubs, and by substituting open ice-vats for water-tanks, the three main factors of refrigeration could be reproduced in any room with a conservatory and windows enough to create a through draught. The ornamental effort of leaf-plants would not be their only recommendation in that case. Chemistry has not yet wholly explained the heat mitigating influence of foliage. It is known that plants exhale oxygen, and it has been suggested that they may generate "ozone," but the result of their atmospheric ministrations can be practically verified in any greenhouse. It is a familiar fact that the air of large conservatories rivals the charm of woodland breezes, and few visitors would suspect that the sunlight of their glass-roof Eden is capable of raising the temperature from thirty to forty degrees above that of the outdoor atmosphere. And the power of plant perfume to more than counteract the discomforts of a solar bake-oven suggests the agency of some lung-balm altogether distinct from the advantage of leaf shade. Combined with cooling air currents, "ozone," as we might as well call the active principle of that plant magic, can make a city home pleasant enough to reconcile human nature to the prospect of an "indoor vacation," and resist the awakening of primitive instincts at the time of the year when

> "You hear the rivers calling,
> See corks a-going down."

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LOOKING EAST

ON MY FRIEND'S PORCH

By HAZEL WOOD WATERMAN

IT has been my privilege to spend pleasant hours with a dear friend. I am in the habit of coming in at the side gate, where trailing vines and nestling plants partially conceal the simple fence of wire netting. Nearest the gate is a chorizema with little flame-like blossoms and long, feathery twigs. On one side of the curving path, irregularly bordered by unobtrusive greenery and low-growing shrubs, is a group of choice roses. A trellis background, covered with a profusion of blossoms, is quite a part of their seemingly unstudied arrangement.

On the porch and now at the step is my friend, her face speaking of pleasure. The bright coreopsis beside the step smile up her greeting, their rich yellow more sunny, their brown center deeper, when she says, with her charming sincerity: "It is beautiful that you have come! You are going to spend the afternoon with me."

We do not go in. It is almost an ever-abiding joy of our Southern California life that we may be out of doors. Here one is most content on the deep-covered porch. It forms the southeast corner

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of the house. A large bow of plate-glass, with broad window-seat beneath it, incloses the southern side, and affords protection from the cool sea breezes without obstructing the view. On this side is pictured the near cañon slopes with their characteristic California covering, here relieved of monotony by ever-varying effects of light and shade, by gradual changes from brown to green and then to brown. There is a picturesque brick cottage with a grouping of trees, the herbarium of a well-known scientist; a road going down to the bay; craft of commerce and pleasure on the blue water; and quite in the distance, brighter colors mark the gay cottages, hotel, and tented city of Coronado Beach. The bay is bordered by slopes of wonderful color—green, orange, or violet, merging into serious bluffs of darker and deeper tone. Beyond it all is the Pacific Ocean, reaching out toward the world of other peoples. On this porch one feels most a sense of the great enlarging influences of the beautiful world in which it is set.

Yet here is secluded, restful home quiet. A hammock in the most protected corner, substantial wicker or bamboo furniture, are suggestive of leisurely tastes and habits, and give a most satisfying living-room quality. Fashion, though not ignored, is no dictator here; nor is artistic arrangement distinct from all essential comfort and a degree of elegance. A potted plant or two, appropriate to its setting on the broad rail, a Japanese vase with delightfully characteristic arrangement of flowers or branches, are among the little things that make this porch attractive. They leave room for children's playthings, and offer enough of freedom to tempt loungers—not the chance passer-by, but the circle of friends who make this an objective point and love to come and linger here.

I have been made cozy in the bamboo reclining chair, the one with the extension foot-piece. My friend has a trick of setting the adjustable back at the most restful angle, and of using about me in the most comfortable way pillows whose desire to be used is proclaimed in material and design. Near there is a table with books and magazines—The Other Wise Man by Van. Dyke, Maeterlinck's Wisdom and Destiny, a volume of Phillips Brooks's sermons, The Outlook, or other favorites, and some new work of present interest. Sometimes she reads aloud to me, or we "take turns," as the children say.

I am offered tea—tea in a Japanese cup of blue and white. To be served where there has been artistic perception in the selection of inexpensive and dainty china is peculiarly gratifying. It is even a satisfaction to note the exquisite laundering of the doily, whose simple pattern but heightens the effect of the teak-wood tray with its unique carving. In addition to this, the charm of a gracious hospitality pervades my friend's tea-table.

I hear her say, "You have brought your mending. How you inspire me to do mine!" Still half absorbed in the blue of my teacup, and dreamily quoting, "Blue as the skies after rain," I take up my work; boys' stockings whose holes in the knee suggest severe reproof, but usually obtain loving leniency toward marbles and tops. We accomplish very little. Both being mothers of small children, we feel that we have no time "to waste." "Mending" is a salve to my conscience when I mean to spend several hours chatting or dreaming. Of course we talk about the children, then perhaps drift into domestic economics. But there is a certain subtle something here, which makes remote the striving workaday life, and elevates commonplace thoughts and things.

The porch is but a part of the surrounding shrubbery. The bougainvillea, whose luxuriant foliage, beautiful at all seasons, screens one side, gives of its terra-cotta bloom with a joyous generosity. Though controlled and wisely trained, it vigorously strives to cover walls and roof. Climbing roses with trailing twigs are allowed to stray in the most natural way. The vines frame the view, the refreshing bit of bay with its varied life and color, the great inspiring ocean beyond, then the broad expanse of sky. On the eastern side there is an irregular boundary of shrubbery, whose tops, differing in height, open

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THE SOUTHEAST CORNER

to a background of rolling mesa and purple hills. A clump of acacias, some of them unusual specimens, give a pleasing effect in harmonious shades of green. The seasons through, they seem to aim at a perfection worthy of an environment where standards are high. The wild one which sprung up on the outer edge has as tender care as any, although it is my friend's special thought for it that it shall be untrimmed and untrained, and allowed to grow in its own natural way.

In this corner of the garden there is no lawn, but the soil has a quality such as only frequent hoeing, pulverizing, and raking can impart. The very shadows seem to have a feeling of affection for it; though changing from hour to hour, they express appreciation of its generous giving by decorations of contrasting and ever-deeper tones of color.

Little flowering plants, a few among the shrubs, have their place—asters, daffodils, carnations, eschscholtzias, some beauty for each season. Other low-growing, creeping things cover whole plots with an ecstasy of spontaneous expression. Nasturtiums, marigolds, and wild strawberries are seemingly allowed to run riot; here they, too, have consideration and courtesy, never taking possession where they are not welcome, as they are apt to do in other Southern California gardens.

It is not a large garden, but there is no sense of crowding. In the partially hidden recesses there is calm, in the grouping of the shrubs there is symmetry of outline. One feels that this corner is in harmony with the great whole of which it is part. Unconsciously one responds to the spell of the environment, and the "spirit of God's out-of-doors."

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AN OASIS IN THE DESERT

AN INEXPENSIVE CITY HOUSE

By OLIVER COLEMAN

A HOUSE in its best aspect is not merely a place in which to obtain shelter from the inclemencies of the weather, to sleep, to eat, and finally to die in. It is also a place to live in, to live joyously, and with a full meed of appreciation of the luxury of life itself. There come days every year to even the most unhappy, despondent, or phlegmatic, when the very act of living is in itself a pure joy, a solace for all the evils and trials both of the spirit and the flesh—days when the balm of the air, the glory of the sun, and the scent of growing things, all combine to remind one of Longfellow's verse:

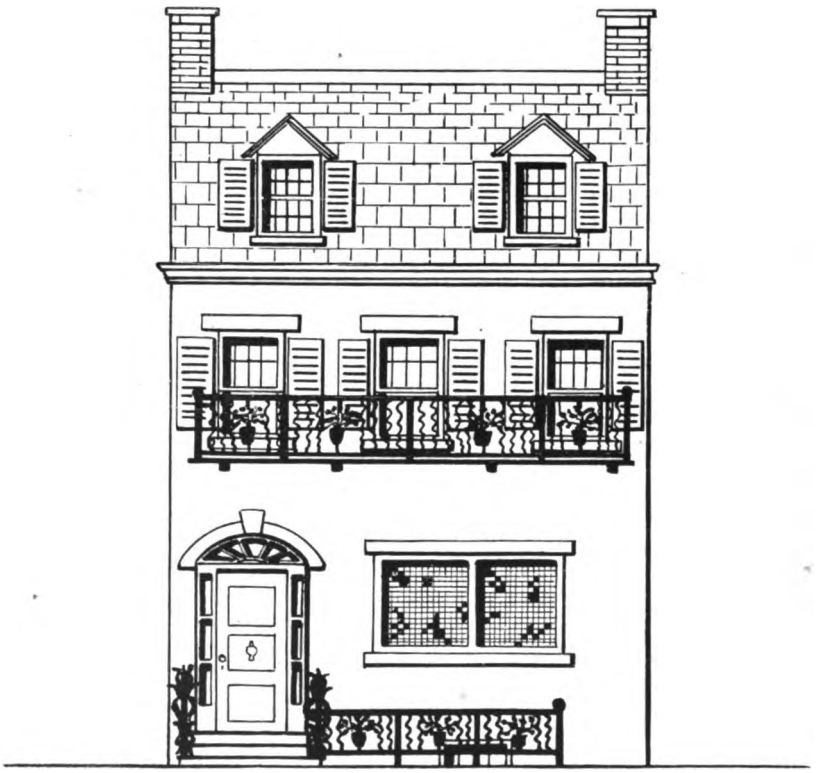
"O gift of God! O perfect day;
Whereon shall no man work, but play;
Whereon it is enough for me
Not to be doing, but to be!"

This feeling of true contentment and happiness is much enhanced and oftenest induced when the habitations of our corporeal bodies are such as perfectly to attune our souls to pleasure. For surely our æsthetic sense must be an integral part of our souls themselves. On those rare and perfect days it matters little what our surroundings may be. The tramp asleep on the haymow, the beggar on the park seat, the tired laborer on the roof of a tenement house, and the wealthy man as he drives up the avenue in his open landau, all feel the same joy of life. It is the mission of good architecture, as applied to domestic habitations, so to proportion and ornament the houses wherein we live as best and oftenest to reproduce these pleasant sensations.

Any house which acts simply as a shelter, or as a stimulus to curiosity, or an advertisement of wealth is a failure. Any house which by its cheerfulness, its pleasing outlook, its restful lines, or by means of any other quality, forces upon us a feeling of pleasure and of agreeable satisfaction is a success, be its style or finish what it may. I believe in striving after this indefinable quality with heart and mind, for it is the very essence of contentment; nor do I for one minute acknowledge this comparison of the effect of a good house and a perfect day as far-fetched. I have felt the same grateful sensations creeping over me in a completely satisfactory room so many times, when the weather without was dreary in the extreme, that, to me at least, it was a very real experience. There are such rooms in which one may be content to sit and watch the glint of the firelight upon the mantel-shelf, or the flicker of the candles upon the flowers of the wallpaper; to sit and dream and ponder, or mildly to gossip with the dearest friend, and feel no need of a game of solitaire or the latest historical novel to help through the long evening.

We all feel this to a greater or less degree, and it is to this reaching out for the ideal, this longing for the fairyland of adolescence, that I ascribe in a great measure the love of the country house. Almost every successful house one hears of is a country house, for here variations and ingenuity have their fullest play, and the designer is least hampered by restrictions of physical facts with which no arguments avail. Yet, as each census shows a larger proportion of the population to be living in the cities, and many of us, though possessing these longings in a violent form,

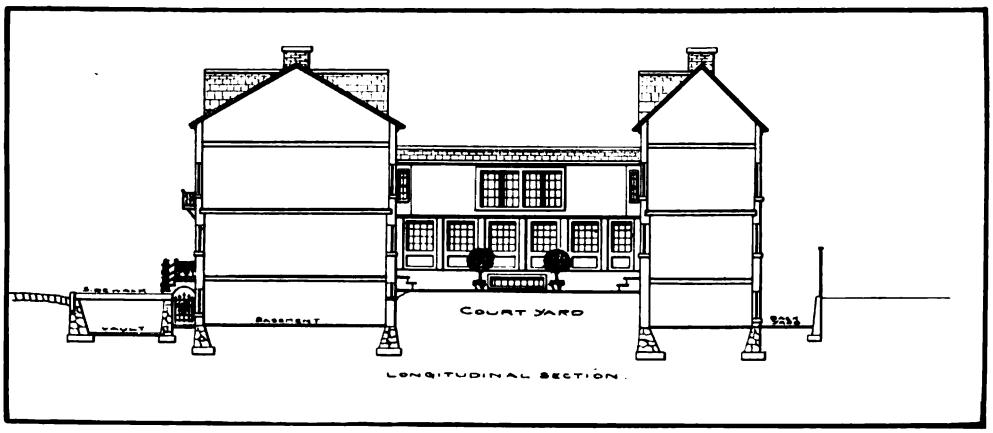
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HOUSE FRONT

are still forced to pass the major part of our years within the city lines, the question rises in one's mind, Is there no help, no way out at all, no compromise? Must one always live at No. 65, in no wise different from 63 or 67, save for the second digit of the street number? The same high stoops to right and left, the same brown-stone façades to east and west! No help? And then receiving no cheering answer, one is apt to rush forth and secure local time-tables, and the illustrated pamphlets describing the charms of Vista Park or Haciendaville. In desperation one studies upon all these dreary questions, spends precious Saturday afternoons and Sundays visiting to north and south in the suburbs. Here there surely is variety enough—cobblestone houses, shingled houses, clapboarded houses, brick houses, or all four

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combined. Perhaps one is enchanted, or perhaps one is depressed beyond the measure of brownstone depression. Perhaps one will straightway move out to Vista Park; for such a one the problem is solved. We dismiss him with our blessing. But another will "try it during the summer." He will rise with the sun, in itself no hardship during the warm weather; the time before seven o'clock is the cream of the day; that skimmed off, there remains only bluish milk behind. All day long the city man will be planning for the 5:13 train. He will lunch to this plan, work to this plan, make his appointments to this plan, from the time he clicks up his roll-top desk until he rushes from his office, forgetting to close it in his haste, for the station. If he is of this kind and a busy man, his digestion will fail, and when the fall comes near he will be appalled at the prospect of the winter months. Probably he will balk in September. Sundays and Saturdays during the summer make it worth while; but after that is over the game is hardly worth the candle, so despairingly he accepts the choice of two evils and goes back to No. 65.

I am the last to decry country life; but country life, and the earning of one's daily bread at a place where rigid hours must be kept, are not harmonious conditions. The question is still unanswered, Is there no way out?

The city houses are improving; that at least is one encouragement. No builder now dreams of erecting twenty houses side by side, each a duplicate of its neighbor. The new houses have some distinguishing marks other than the number, and a man can pick out his own house from the long row without having to count from one end or examine the numbers. Yet, though different enough for purposes of identification, their plans and their spirit—for surely houses have a spirit—are the same. No one can conjure up dreams or romances about a modern three-room-deep city house.

One of the great difficulties is, that so many of the smaller houses are built to rent, and so few people build and own their city residences unless very wealthy. Many of the great new mansions have afforded ample scope for variations in plan and façade, and in some cases the architects have been particularly happy in catching and conveying a sense of pleasant home feeling even to very ambitious houses. But for one of moderate means, wishing to build a house which will represent, in interest, taxes, and repairs, a rent, according to New York values, which are shockingly high, of from ten to fourteen hundred dollars a year, what suggestions are available which will be entirely practicable, and yet afford some scope for a more satisfying and æsthetic home-making?

I know of two houses, either of which contains a clue to the answer of the question still open. These answers are not

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conclusive for every one; for many they may appear to be no answers at all, but for some I think the solutions will be very alluring, as they certainly seem to me. One of these houses I am bound some day to know more about; up to the present I have only caught a fleeting glimpse of it one morning when passing through Eleventh Street. I had frequently noticed it before, for in place of the usual entrance was a double-carriage door, and a smaller postern in one of the large doors. On the morning in question this carriage entrance was wide open and the man was sweeping out. A most fascinating court there was. It was paved with stone, and the real front door of the house opened about midway from the street upon this paved passageway, which led back to a garden full of flowers. On either side of the house door in the passageway were plaster casts of good statuary, and the whole "inlook" was so foreign, so alluring, that I scarcely could refrain from pushing by the butler and demanding to see more.

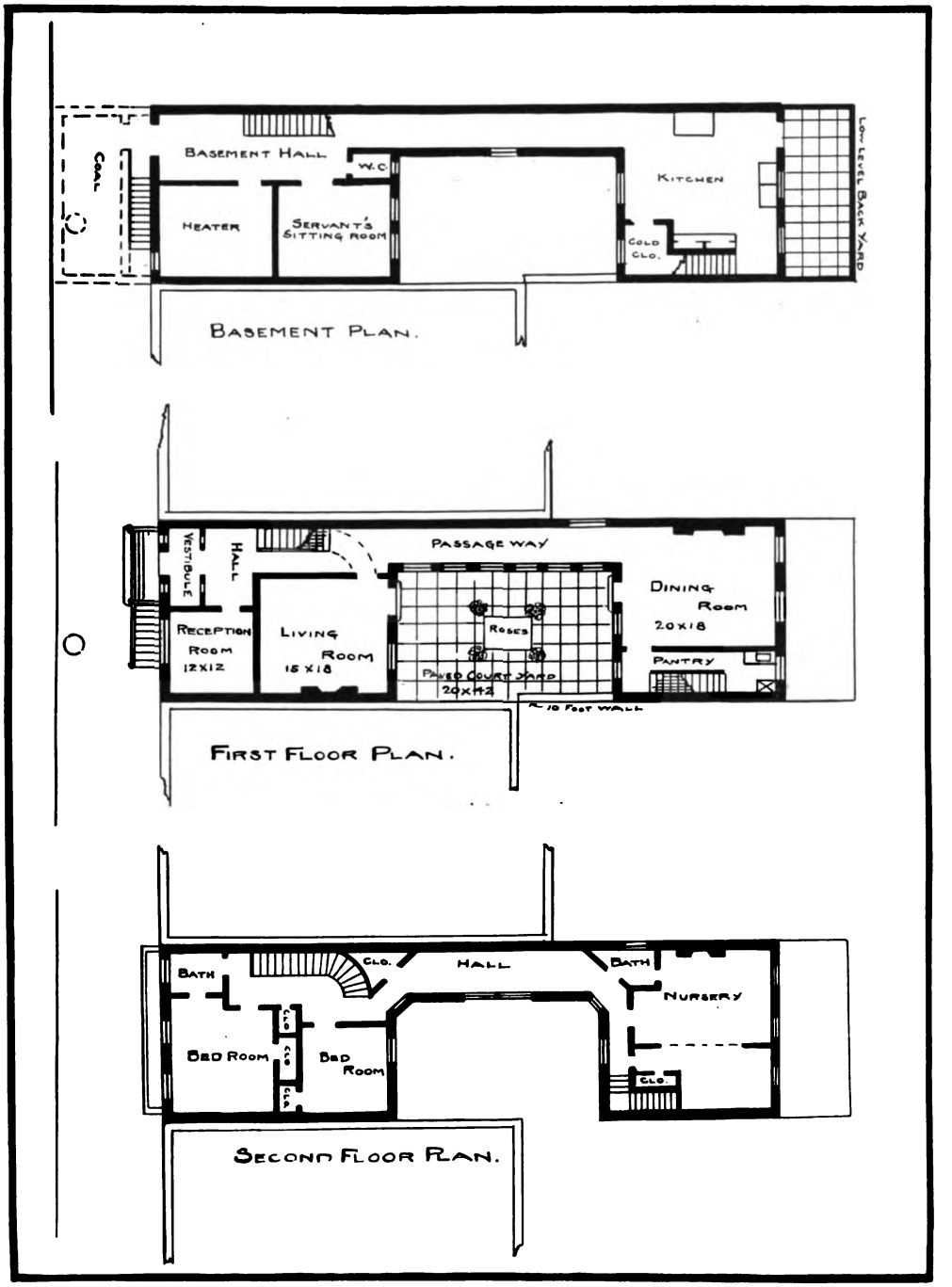
The other house I have seen very plainly. I am able to give some drawings, inadequate as they are, but no photographs are available. One approaches the house feeling at the first glance that it is different from the ordinary kind of city house. It reminds me strongly, in façade, of a house, No. 54 West Tenth Street, owned by Mr. Maitland Armstrong, the artist and stained-glass manufacturer. Only the entrance is lower, and I suppose it would be classified as an English basement house. I presume a purist would cavil at this façade, for the style is undeniably mixed; but so are our affections—badly mixed. All one may say in response is, that one may not love in an academic way, nor may one, liking many styles of doors and windows, succeed in chastening the spirit sufficiently to meet always the rigid requirements of a pure style. Is this façade not dignified, is it not restrained, is it not inviting, does it not stir the imagination, and make one eager to go within and see what lies beyond? If it does all these, and I think it does, what matters prating of style and period? It is then of the romantic style, and we will go within presently, leaving discussions to those who thrive thereon.

The outer door is of dark green, but the door setting and all the window casements are of white. The brickwork is the common brick of the eastern states, pinkish in color, and the joints are laid wide with very white mortar. The ironwork of the railings and balconies is painted green of verdigris. When the front door opens, one enters the vestibule, shut off from the small hallway by an exact duplication of the front door, except that now all is white enamel. The vestibule is paved with dull red tiles, and the walls are rough cast in chrome yellow.

The hall is very small, a mere connecting link, and no false, pretending sham like the sitting-room hall so common nowadays. It is papered with a small-figured, yellow paper, the figure in white, the paper varnished. On the left there stands a weathered oak settle, with seat and back upholstered in golden brown leather. An umbrella-stand of Spanish faience, with curious distorted flowers in yellow and red, stands to the left, and over the settle is a wide-framed mirror of weathered oak with copper hooks. The woodwork or trim, as an architect would say, is of white, as is the stair balustrade, all save the rail itself, which is of weathered oak. Between the hall and the small reception-room, on the right as one enters, hangs a portière of yellow brocade.

The first sensation upon entering this reception-room is one of surprise—surprise at the peace. There is here no riot of color, no contest of pink and green for the mastery, no battling of red against blue. All is subdued yet warm, quiet yet cheerful. To begin with, as the plans and front elevation will show, there is a splendid window taking up more than one-half of the south wall of the room, for the house fronts south. This insures the sun an easy entrance, and upon my visit he was not slow in availing himself of the opportunity thus offered. The woodwork is walnut; dull, smooth, and waxed—no touch of varnish or shellac upon it. The walls are covered with a golden brown grass-cloth, an excellent material, having

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a hard, sanitary surface, yet the unevenness of texture necessary to give varying reflections of light and shade. One might think any brown wall, however sunny, might become dull and dead; but there are so many points of the grass-cloth which catch the high lights, that from certain positions one loses the color almost entirely, and sees only a "glisten." This grass-cloth goes to within three feet of the ceiling, where it finishes against a gold picture-rail. The wall from here up, and the ceiling, are a rich, full yellow. There is a white marble mantelpiece, simple in outline, but well carved with a decorative design of fruit and flowers. It was purchased for a song from the wrecker, who was pulling down an old mansion far down town,—a house once the center of a gay and fashionable life, but now demolished to make room for a "sky-scraper." On either side of the mantel stands a cabinet of mahogany, filled with fine old china and a few pieces of silver. There are a settee and two graceful yet strong chairs of old French walnut, with gilded cane seats and backs. There is a sofa of carved mahogany upholstered in yellow brocade, and a small French arm-chair, the wood of which is enameled white, relieved with gold, and upholstered in brown brocade, through which run lines of gold thread. There are two tables, one of waxed walnut of medium size. This stands near one corner of the room, and holds a fine old cut-glass lamp, rose and white in color, some handsomely bound leather books, and two or three small silver photograph-frames. The other is a small turn-up table of mahogany, the pedestal and three feet of which are beautifully carved. This stands at the head of the sofa, and holds a candelabrum and some small volumes bound in gay leather. The heavy curtains are like the portières of yellow brocade, simply looped back over rosettes of ormolu, and hanging from a cornice of gilt, which also supports a narrow valance. Against the window hang sash curtains of golden yellow silk. Over the mantel is a gilt-frame mirror, and the few ornaments are a pair of gold-plated candelabra with pendant prisms, an ormolu clock, and some more silver photograph-frames. There are only four pictures in the room; they are all in broad gilded oak frames, and fastened flat against the brown wall. The owner of this house is a connoisseur; his judgment on pictures carries great weight. Knowing pictures thoroughly, it is not fair to himself to be satisfied with inferior productions. He is not a wealthy man, and his annual income would not suffice to buy a really great picture, one that he could enjoy absolutely. So being wise and being sensible, he has eschewed all originals from his home, and contented himself with the best photographic reproductions to be obtained of his favorite works.

"If I cannot buy and own a Botticelli, which in truth would be sadly out of place in this little home of mine, I may at least secure somewhat of the inspiration of the young Tobias by this fine photograph. I may at least see him tripping over flowery meads, even if color is lacking," says this sage. So there trips young Tobias in the richest, deepest brown, which, taking on gold from the frame directly surrounding it, seems to come out from the yellow-brown wall encompassed only by a halo of golden light. The other three pictures are also large Braun photographs; one of Corot's "Dance of the Nymphs" impressed me especially, for its decorative value.

On the floor, which is of waxed walnut, are two or three small but vivid Turkish rugs. Emerald green, azure blue, and crimson vie with each other, yet clash not at all. It sometimes seems to me that as the supremely great do not quarrel among themselves, each admiring the other, and leaving unseemly bickerings to lesser folk, so the truly grand colors do not fight and brawl, but leave this to their common, low-bred imitators. At any rate, these colors of the rugs, indelible reflections as it were of a brilliant eastern sky, light up and harmonize the whole room. Finally, there hangs in the center of the little room a comparatively large crystal chandelier, with prisms which answer the colors of the rugs in dazzling splendor.

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There is no door from the reception-room into the living-room, just beyond the north wall. It was thought best to sacrifice the vista effect for the greater advantages seclusion has to offer. A guest upon arriving is ushered into the reception-room with no consciousness of an unnatural hush in the adjoining apartment, or of any sounds of discreetly rustling skirts or squeaking shoes.

The living-room is papered with a dark blue paper, carrying vertical bands of roses, peonies, and cornflowers. The pinks and reds of the first-named flowers seem to dominate the wall, and as the dark blue fades away in dim lights, the flowers are left hanging almost like strings of natural blossoms. The woodwork is ivory white enamel, and the ceiling is white also. The furniture in this room is even less strictly conformed to style than in the drawing-room. The owner, having traveled much, is of too catholic a taste to tie himself down to any one convention. So there is a high-top desk of mahogany, some easy-chairs of weathered oak, and a sofa of mahogany, made some time near 1820, with broad bands of wood uncarved. This is covered with a deep rose velvet. There is a strong, heavy table of mahogany, carrying a reading-lamp and a great assortment of magazines and current literature, while low bookcases almost line the walls. The hangings are of rose-colored silk rep. Over the mantel is a long, gilt mirror, and elsewhere on the walls a pair of round mirrors with gilt frames and candle-sconces attached. That is all: not a single picture. "I am tired and sick," said my host, "of all these little nondescript pictures; they mean nothing at all as art, and not only fail to decorate, but cut a wall up into foolish little blotches. Away with them! So I relegated all those I had fallen heir to up into the servants' quarters: they like them I know; and bought this paper. See how it not only does not require pictures: it absolutely forbids them. No one could hang a picture on this wall: one might as well hang one against that rosebush itself," sweeping his hand out towards the garden. On the floor is a good mixed rug of a deep crimson, around which there is a lighter border of roses and buds.

To go back a sentence to that word "garden," surely that needs an explanation; this was all about a city house. Truly, here is a garden, not over large, I grant you, but yet bearing roses enough to fill all the vases on a June morning.

"Will you dine out of doors?" asks the maid.

"No, I think not this evening; it is rather damp to-night."

For it had rained that day. So when dinner was announced, instead of going through the long passageway by which we will return anon, we went down two steps into the paved courtyard, paved with squares of red cement. In the center was a small bed about ten feet by twelve, but heaped up with the blackest of loam, and in it a tangle of roses, red, white, yellow, and pink. On each corner of this flower-bed stood a large clay jar, and in it a stout bay-tree, the dark green of whose foliage made pleasant contrast with the more vivid green of the rose-leaves. So across the courtyard and up a few steps into the dining-room beyond.

There are windows on the north and south of this room, but those to the south, just catching the sun in the morning and always looking out upon the alluring garden and court, were lower, and one could readily see out even when seated at the table. The doors and windows were wide open, and the fragrance of the rose blossoms came gently through on the light south breeze, which prevails at sundown in this climate.

The dining-room is the one consistent room in style. It is all mahogany.

"Those old fellows knew how to live as far as the table was concerned," said my host. "We can scarcely improve upon their table arrangements, and I for one shall not try." The walls are wainscoted six feet six inches high, in white enamel. Not paneled, mind you; for paneling is mighty expensive, and nothing has been done lavishly here except the crystal chandelier in the drawing-room. That took six months of economy to pay for, as

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I was confidentially told. But this wainscoting is simply well-prepared pine—"shiplap," twelve inches wide, and set vertically, so as to leave a half-inch crack open. It probably costs more than paper, but very little more than the paper and the plaster, which it saves. The ceiling is white, and between it and the wainscoting, a distance of two and a half feet, there is the gayest of papers, peacocks half as large as life, and red poppies with green leaves. This frieze is varnished, which not only brings out the brilliancy of the colors, but preserves the paper by making a smooth surface from which dust and soot may be wiped with a damp cloth. The rug is a peacock blue, and all the hangings are of the same color. The only pictures are a few old portraits of ancestors. The host is one of those fortunate ones who have ancestors. Some of us have none, or none at least with whose pictures of we would care to decorate a room. But these were "pretty ladies," as Samuel Pepys would say—pretty ladies with a patch here and there, and powdered hair, and the men had on red coats when they sat for their portraits, some hundred and fifty years ago—a fact to which they may owe their present proud position on the dining-room wall. For, said their descendant, "I have quite a number more of those dear old boys upstairs; but these are the best-looking, and the red coats gave me a note of color I was after. I presume these were the rakes and black sheep of the family. The homely ones upstairs, I fancy, were the staid members of society, the D.D.'s, and that kind. It's a good thing that virtue is its own reward, don't you think?"

Then after it was all over, and the coffee and the cigars were gone too, we strolled back through the long gallery. Here, too, the walls were flowery, and no pictures were thought to be necessary. There were some comfortable benches and settles here and there, and one window looked out into a neighbor's back yard. The other side was practically all glass, a kind of storm-window, a good part of which was to come out the following day for the summer season. I looked out into the dark court into which the moon was just stealing, and across to the hanging iron lantern which a maid had only then lighted.

My room upstairs, the guest-room, looked out upon the court; the furniture was an ordinary oak set, absolutely plain and unadorned by carvings. It had been selected at one of the great department stores, and the payment of a few dollars extra had secured, by special order, a set from the factory without shellac or varnish. A painter from around the corner had then been requisitioned, who, having first stained it all a silver gray, using a shingle stain for the purpose, had then carefully waxed it. The room was papered on the ceiling with a large, pink-rose design, and on the walls was a stout vine bearing a profusion of green rose-leaves. Just before this vine reached the ceiling it spread out into a frieze of pink roses about fifteen inches deep. I confess that by standing on the bed I was able to discover that the upper part came in a separate roll, and was neatly joined to the vine-and-leaf part. The curtains were of a leaf-green cretonne, and so were the cushions on the chairs.

The next morning I went through the nursery, one feature of which I think worthy of attention. Though the nurse sleeps in the same room with the child, which is of course necessary, she is able, by drawing the curtains shown on the plan, to shut off her end of the room, which then temporarily becomes a separate chamber. This seems to me very desirable from the standpoint both of the child and the nurse.

When I descended, the hostess was clipping roses for the breakfast-table, which stood in one corner of the court. I could write several pages about that breakfast; but as this magazine treats of more spiritual subjects, I must refrain, especially as I fear the air, the sun, and the smell of the near-by rose garden somewhat warped my judgment. And so, eating quietly under the blue canopy of heaven, where it is good to eat on all fair days, I pondered on the busy city roaring so close on every hand, and not dreaming of this little oasis in the desert of dreary streets.

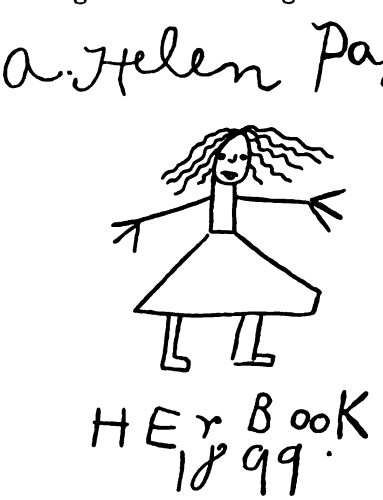
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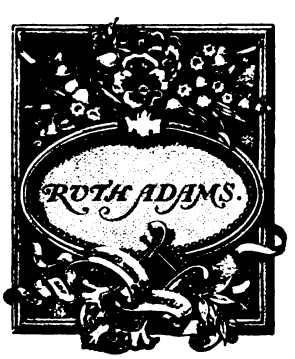
Is this no answer to the hopeless? This house in itself costs no more than any other very small city house. In New York it certainly would cost more than in Baltimore, but not as much as an ugly, conventional, high-stoop abomination. And will it not give back more in return for the investment? Will it not oftener solace a man, after a hard day in the strenuous affairs of the world, to come back weary and lounge a bit in his little garden? Will not the sun, streaming into his dining-room, put light and laughter into his soul? Will his dreams not take freer wing and bear finer fancy? Will not life be more agreeable?

THE CHILD'S BOOK-PLATE

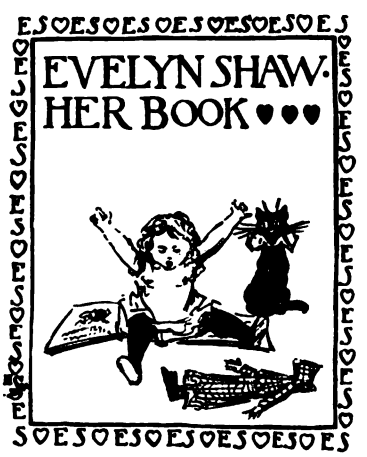
By GARDNER C. TEALL

THAT sense of ownership in which all children seem to delight so often finds its expression in the child's name as written by him again and again in the treasured volumes of his little library. Too often these inscriptions are unsightly, particularly as one finds them in school-books, wherefore the child's book-plate is a thing to be welcomed, and its use a thing to be encouraged, both because the child will delight in this accessory to nursery book-ishness, and because its adoption will foster its owner's neatness, and care of books.

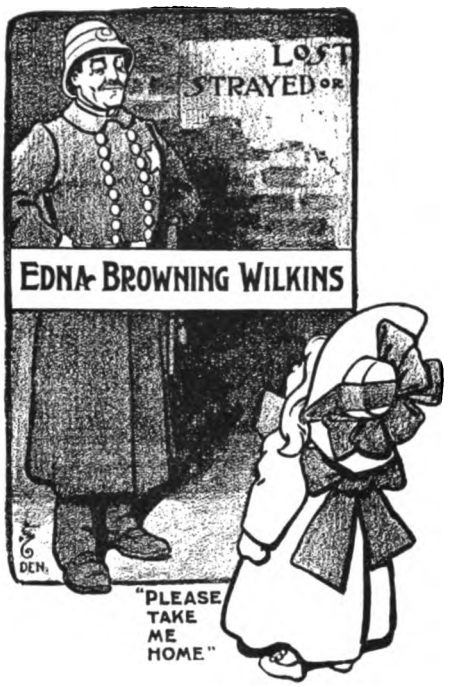




Just what should be the requisites of a child's book-plate are points which one cannot determine by a single suggestion, since so much must depend upon the tastes and the temperament of the little owner; and a design which would endear itself to a little boy who was fond of dogs might not please at all a little girl who feared them, and who loved cats. But the Fairy godmother may always feel assured that a pictorial book-plate will be more welcome in the nursery than one of another sort, although even here there are exceptions, such as the plates for Paul Bartlett Brown by Mr. F. C. Brown, his brother, and Marjorie Ludington Newton, by W. M. Stone. The exquisite plate for Ruth Adams by E. D. French is greatly treasured



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by its youthful owner, whose love for her favorite flowers and interest in music are therein suggested.

Mr. Gordon Craig designed this interesting book-plate for his little daughter, Rosemary Craig, Miss Ellen Terry's granddaughter.

Indeed, Mr. Craig's designs for children's book-plates possess the most fascinating qualities, and are admirably suited to their intentions.

A good drawing is always a thing to be sought for in any book-plate, and particularly in one which is to be held in a child's association. That is why the plates for Marjory and Percival Mitchell, Dorothy Robinson, and Harold Chandler Kimball, Jr., are so pleasing, and why some other plates are less successful.



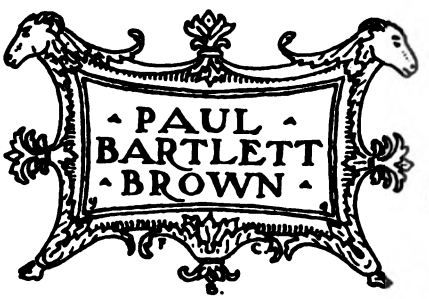


Of course there are times when the owner designs his own book-plate with an obliviousness toward art conventions which is refreshing and to the point. Such an occasion produced this naïve plate from the hand of little Helen Page, which is quite more interesting than the Brownie stamp used by a certain little boy in Washington.

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One must protest against the excessively large book-plates often designed for excessively small owners. Such labels are difficult for children to paste in their books neatly, and they are quite useless for such coveted volumes as those in the Banbury Cross series. Again, large book-plates cover too much of the designs of the end-papers, which are always as important to be preserved as the illustrations proper.





The book-plate for Evelyn Shaw embodies in its design the sort of vine popular with nursery folk; and the pathetic huldyann doll and the shocked cat are very jolly.

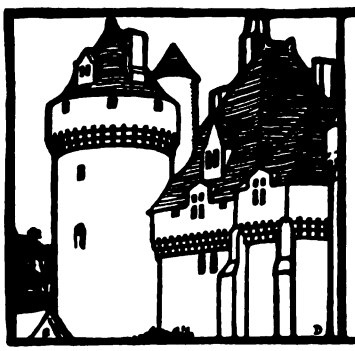
The choice of such a book-plate for a child as the one for Edna Wilkins does not seem a wise one, since, although it has an entertaining quality, it is lacking in the sort of refinement with which the bookish things of the nursery should be surrounded.

On the other hand, a book-plate for Ward Cameron, by Mr. Jay Chambers, is an ideal conception. It is designed in colors, as are nearly all of Mr. Craig's designs, and a bit of color well chosen will enchance the child's delight in his book-plate.

As to the process most suited to reproduce the design for a child's book-plate, a wood block or a zinc etching seems the most pleasing, although copper-plate engravings are best for the label sort. However, a child invariably prefers a plate from a wood block or from a zinc cut, and few very young children would appreciate at all Ruth Adams's book-plate from the copper, although the elegance of this process is unquestioned.



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Castle Craneycrow

George Barr McCutcheon

A STORY OF ADVENTURE

By the author of GRAUSTARK

CHAPTER I

THE TAKING OF TURK

IT was characteristic of Mr. Philip Quentin that he first lectured his servant on the superiority of mind over matter and then took him cheerfully by the throat and threw him into a far corner of the room. As the servant was not more than half the size of the master, his opposition was merely vocal, but it was nevertheless unmistakable. His early career had increased his vocabulary, and his language was more picturesque than pretty. Yet of his loyalty and faithfulness there could be no doubt. During the seven years of his service he had been obliged to forget that he possessed such a name as Turkington, or even James. He had been Turk from the beginning, and Turk he remained, and in spite of occasional outbreaks, he had proved his devotion to the young gentleman whose goods and chattels he guarded with more assiduity than he did his own soul, or—what meant more to him—his personal comfort. His employment came about in an unusual way. Mr. Quentin had an apartment in a smart building uptown. One night he was awakened by a noise in his room. In the darkness he saw a man fumbling among his things, and in an instant he had seized his revolver from the stand at his bedside and covered the intruder. Then he calmly demanded: "Now, what are you doing here?"

"I'm lookin' for a boardin' house," replied the other, sullenly.

"You're just a plain thief—that's all."

"Well, it won't do me no good to say I'm a sleepwalker, will it?—er a missionary, er a dream? But, on d' dead, sport, I'm hungry, an' I wuz tryin' to git enough to buy a meal an' a bed. On d' dead, I wuz."

"And a suit of clothes, and an overcoat, and a house and lot, I suppose, and please don't call me 'sport' again. Sit down—not on the floor; on that chair over there. I'm going to search you. Maybe you've got something I need." Mr. Quentin turned on the light and proceeded to disarm the man, piling his miserable effects on a chair. "Take off that mask. Lord, put it on again; you look much better. So, you're hungry, are you?"

"As a bear."

Quentin never tried to explain his subsequent actions; perhaps he had had a stupid evening. He merely yawned and addressed the burglar with all possible respect. "Do you imagine I'll permit any guest of mine to go away hungry? If you'll wait till I dress, we'll stroll over to a restaurant in the next street and get some supper.

"Police station, you mean."

"Now, don't be unkind, Mr. Burglar. I mean supper for two. I'm hungry myself, but not a bit sleepy. Will you wait?"

"Oh, I'm in no particular hurry."

Quentin dressed calmly. The burglar began whistling softly.

"Are you ready?" asked Philip, putting on his overcoat and hat.

"I haven't got me overcoat on yet,"

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replied the burglar suggestively. Quentin saw he was dressed in the chilliest of rags. He opened a closet door and threw him a long coat.

"Ah, here is your coat. I must have taken it from the club by mistake. Pardon me."

"T'anks; I never expected to git it back," coolly replied the burglar, donning the best coat that had ever touched his person. "You didn't see anything of my gloves and hat in there, did you?" A hat and a pair of gloves were produced, not perfect in fit, but quite respectable.

Soberly they walked out into the street and off through the two-o'clock stillness. The mystified burglar was losing his equanimity. He could not understand the captor's motive, nor could he much longer curb his curiosity. In his mind he was fully satisfied that he was walking straight to the portals of the nearest station. In all his career as a housebreaker, he had never before been caught, and now to be captured in such a way and treated in such a way was far past comprehension. Ten minutes before he was looking at a stalwart figure with a leveled revolver, confidently expecting to drop with the bullet in his body from an agitated weapon. Indeed, he encountered conditions so strange that he felt a doubt of their reality. He had, for some peculiar and amazing reason, no desire to escape. There was something in the oddness of the proceeding that made him wish to see it to an end. Besides, he was quite sure the strapping young fellow would shoot if he attempted to bolt.

"This is a fairly good eating-house," observed the would-be victim as they came to an "all-nighter." They entered and deliberately removed their coats, the thief watching his host with shifty, even twinkling eyes. "What shall it be, Mr. Robber? You are hungry, and you may order the entire bill, from soup to the date line, if you like. Pitch in."

"Say, boss, what's your game?" demanded the crook, suddenly. His sharp, pinched face, with its week's growth of beard, wore a new expression—that of admiration. "I ain't such a rube that I don't like a good t'ing even w'en it ain't comin' my way. You'se a dandy, dat's right, an' I t'ink we'd do well in de business togedder. Put me nex' to yer game."

"Game? The bill of fare tells you all about that. Here's quail, squab, duck—see? That's the only game I'm interested in. Go on, and order."

"S' 'elp me Gawd if you ain't a peach!"

For half an hour Mr. Burglar ate ravenously, Quentin watching him through half-closed, amused eyes. He had had a dull, monotonous week, and this was the novelty that lifted life out of the torpidity into which it had fallen.

The host at this queer feast was at that time little more than twenty-five years of age, a year out of Yale, and just back from a second tour of South America. He was an orphan, coming into a big fortune with his majority, and he had satiated an old desire to travel in lands not visited by all the world. Now he was back in New York to look after the investments his guardian had made, and he found them so ridiculously satisfactory that they cast a shadow of dullness across his mind, always hungry for activity.

"Have you a place to sleep?" he asked, at length.

"I live in Jersey City, but I suppose I can find a cheap lodgin' house down by d'river. Trouble is, I ain't got d'price."

"Then come back home with me. You may sleep in Jackson's room. Jackson was my man till yesterday, when I dismissed him for stealing my cigars and drinking my drinks. I won't have anybody about me who steals. Come along."

Then they walked swiftly back to Quentin's flat. The owner of the apartment directed his puzzled guest to a small room off his own, and told him to go to bed.

"By the way, what's your name?" he asked, before he closed the door.

"Turkington—James Turkington, sir," answered the now respectful robber. And he wanted to say more, but the other interrupted.

"Well, Turk, when you get up in the morning polish those shoes of mine over there. We'll talk it over after I've had my breakfast. Good-night."

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And that is how Turk, most faithful and loyal of servants, began his apparently endless employment with Mr. Philip Quentin, dabbler in stocks, bonds, and hearts. Whatever his ugly past may have been, whatever his future may have promised, he was honest to a painful degree in these days with Quentin. Quick-witted, fiery, wilful and as ugly as a little demon, Turk knew no law, no integrity, except that which benefited his employer. Beyond a doubt, if Quentin had instructed him to butcher a score of men, Turk would have proceeded to do so and without argument. But Quentin instructed him to be honest, law-abiding, and cautious. It would be perfectly safe to guess his age between forty and sixty, but it would not be wise to measure his strength by the size of his body. The little ex-burglar was like a piece of steel.

CHAPTER II

SOME RAIN AND ITS CONSEQUENCES

NEW YORK had never been so nasty and cold and disagreeable. For three weeks it had rained—a steady, chilling drizzle. Quentin stood it as long as he could, but the weather is a large factor in the life of a gentleman of leisure. He couldn't play Squash the entire time, and Bridge he always maintained was more of a profession than a pastime. So it was that one morning, as he looked out at the sheets of water blowing across the city, his mind was made up.

"We'll get out of this, Turk. I've had enough of it."

"Where do we go, sir?" calmly asked the servant.

"Heaven knows! But be ready to start to-morrow. We'll go somewhere and dodge this blessed downpour. Call me a cab."

As he drove to the club, he mentally tossed coppers as to his destination. People were already coming back from Aiken and Palm Beach, and those who had gone to the country were cooped up indoors and shivering about the fireplaces. Where could he go? As he entered the club a man hailed him from the front room.

"Quentin, you're just the man I'm looking for. Come in here."

It was the Earl of Saxondale—familiarly "Lord Bob"—an old chum of Quentin's. "My missus sent me with an invitation for you, and I've come for your acceptance," said the Englishman, when Quentin had joined him.

"Come home with us. We're sailing on the Lucania to-morrow, and there are going to be some doings in England this month which you mustn't miss. Dickey Savage is coming, and we want you."

Quentin looked at him and laughed. Saxondale was perfectly serious. "We're going to have some people up for Goodwood, and later we shall have a houseboat for Henley. So you'd better come. It won't be bad sport."

Quentin started to thank his friend and decline. Then he remembered that he wanted to get away—there was absolutely nothing to keep him at home, and besides, he liked Lord Bob and his American wife.

Fashionable New York recalls the marriage of the Earl of Saxondale to Frances Thornow when the '90s were young, and everybody said it was a love match. To be sure she was wealthy, but so was he. She had declined offers of a half-dozen other noblemen, therefore it was not ambition on her part. He could have married any number of wealthier American girls, therefore it was not avarice on his part. He was a good-looking, stalwart chap with a very fetching drawl, infinite gentility, and a man despite his monocle, while she was beautiful, witty, and womanly; therefore it is reasonable to suspect that it must have been love that made her Lady Saxondale.

Lord Bob and Lady Frances were frequent visitors to New York. He liked New York, and New Yorkers liked him. His wife was enough of a true American to love the home of her forefathers. "What my wife likes I seem to have a fondness for," said he, complacently. He once remarked that were she to fall in love with

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another man he would feel in duty bound to like him.

Saxondale had money invested in American copper mines and his wife had railroad stocks. When they came to New York, once or twice a year, they took a furnished apartment, entertained and were entertained for a month or so, rushed their luggage back to the steamer and sailed for home, perfectly satisfied with themselves and—the markets.

Quentin looked upon Lord Bob's invitation as a sporting proposition. This would not be the first time he had taken a steamer on twenty-four hours' notice. The one question was accommodation, and a long acquaintance with the agent helped him to get passage where others would have failed.

So it happened that the next morning Turk was unpacking things in Mr. Quentin's cabin and establishing relations with the bath steward.

CHAPTER III

PRINCE UGO

SEVERAL days out from New York found the weather fine and Lord Saxondale's party enjoying life thoroughly. Dickey and the capricious Lady Jane were bright or squally, with charming uncertainty. Lady Jane, Lord Bob's sister, certainly was not in love with Mr. Savage, and he was too indolent to give his side of the case continuous thought. Dimly he realized, and once lugubriously admitted, that he was not quite heartwhole, but he had not reached a positive understanding with himself.

"How do they steer the ship at night when it is so cloudy they can't see the north star?" she asked, as they leaned over the rail one afternoon. Her pretty face was very serious, and there was a philosophical pucker on her brow.

"With a rudder," he answered, laconically.

"How very odd," she said, with a malicious gleam in her eyes. "You are as wonderfully well-informed concerning the sea as you are on all other subjects. How good it must seem to be so awfully intelligent."

"It isn't often that I find any one who asks really intelligent questions, you know, Lady Jane. Your profound quest for knowledge forced my dormant intellect into action, and I remembered that a ship invariably has a rudder or something like that."

"I see it requires the weightiest of questions to arouse your intellect." The wind was blowing the stray hairs ruthlessly across her face and she looked very, very pretty.

"Intellects are so very common nowadays that 'most anything will arouse them. Quentin says his man Turk has a brain, and if Turk has a brain I don't see how the rest of us can escape. I'd like to be a porpoise."

"What an ambition! Why not a whale or a shark?"

"If I were a shark you'd be afraid of me, and if I were a whale I could not begin to get into your heart."

"That's the best thing you've said since you were seasick," she said, sweetly.

"I'm glad you didn't hear what I said when I was seasick."

"Oh! I've heard brother Bob say things," loftily.

"But nobody can say things quite so impressively as an American."

"Pooh! You boasting Americans think you can do everything better than others. Now you claim that you can swear better. I won't listen to you," and off she went toward the companionway. Dickey looked mildly surprised, but did not follow. Instead he joined Lady Saxondale and Quentin in a stroll.

Four days later they were comfortably established with Saxondale in London. That night Quentin met, for the first time, the reigning society sensation, Prince Ugo Ravorelli, and his countrymen, Count Sallaconi and the Duke of Laselli. All London had gone mad over the prince.

There was something oddly familiar in the face and voice of the Italian. Quentin sat with him for an hour, listening with puzzled ears to the conversation that went on between him and Saxondale. On sev-

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eral occasions he detected a curious, searching look in the Italian's dark eyes, and was convinced that the prince also had the impression that they had met before. At last Quentin, unable to curb his curiosity, expressed his doubt. Ravorelli's gaze was penetrating as he replied, but it was perfectly frank.

"I have the feeling that your face is not strange to me, yet I cannot recall when or where I have seen you. Have you been in Paris of late?" he asked, his English almost perfect. It seemed to Quentin that there was a look of relief in his dark eyes and there was a trace of satisfaction in the long breath that followed the question.

"No," he replied; "I seem in some way to associate you with Brazil and the South American cities. Were you ever in Rio Janeiro?"

"I have never visited either of the Americas. We are doubtless misled by a strange resemblance to persons we know quite well, but who do not come to mind."

"But isn't it rather odd that we should have the same feeling? And you have not been in New York?" persisted Phil.

"I have not been in America at all, you must remember," replied the prince, oldly.

"I'd stake my soul on it," thought Quentin to himself, more fully convinced than ever. "I've seen him before, and more than once, too. He remembers me, even though I can't place him. It's devilish aggravating, but his face is as familiar as if I saw him yesterday."

When they parted for the night Ravorelli's glance again impressed the American with a certainty that he, at least, was not in doubt as to where and when they had met.

"You are trying to recall where we have seen one another," said the prince, smiling easily, his white teeth showing clearly between smooth lips. "My cousin visited America some years ago, and there is a strong family resemblance. Possibly you have our faces confused."

"That may be the solution," admitted Phil, but he was by no means satisfied by the hypothesis.

In the cab, later on, Lord Bob was startled from a bit of doze by hearing his thoughtful, abstracted companion exclaim:

"By thunder!"

"What's up? Forgot your hat, or left something at the club?" he demanded, sleepily.

"No; I remember something, that's all. Bob, I know where I've seen that Italian prince. He was in Rio Janeiro with a big Italian opera company just before I left there for New York."

"What! But he said he'd never been in America!" exclaimed Saxondale, wide awake.

"Well, he lied, that's all. I am positive he's the man, and the best proof in the world is the certainty that he remembers me. Of course he denies it, but you know what he said when I first asked him if we had met. He was the tenor in Pagani's Opera Company, and he sung in several of the big South American cities. They were in Rio Janeiro for weeks, and we lived in the same hotel. There's no mistake about it, old man. This howling swell of to-day was Pagani's tenor, and he was a good one, too. Gad, what a Romeo he was! Imagine him in the part, Bob. Lord, how the women raved about him!"

"I say, Phil, don't be ass enough to tell anybody else about this, even if you're cocksure he's the man. He was doubtless driven to the stage for financial reasons, you know, and it wouldn't be quite right to bring it up now if he has a desire to suppress the truth. Since he has come into the title and estates it might be deuced awkward to have that sort of a past raked up."

"I should say it would be awkward if that part of his past were raked up. He wasn't a Puritan, Bob."

"They are a bit scarce at best."

"He was known in those days as Giovanni Pavesi, and he wasn't in such dire financial straits, either. It was his money that backed the enterprise, and it was common property, undenied by him or any one else, that the chief object in the speculation was the love of the prima donna, Carmenita Malban. And, Bob, she was the most beautiful woman I ever

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saw. The story was that she was a countess or something of the sort. Poverty forced her to make use of a glorious voice, and the devil sent Pagani to young Pavesi, who was then a student with some ripping big master, in the hope that he would interest the young man in a scheme to tour South America. It seems that Signorita Malban's beauty set his heart on fire, and he promptly produced the coin to back the enterprise, the only condition being that he was to sing the tenor rôles. All this came out in the trial, you know."

"The trial! What trial?"

"Giovanni's. Let me think a minute. She was killed on the 29th of March, and he was not arrested until they had virtually convicted one of the chorus men of the murder. Pagani and Pavesi quarrelled, and the former openly accused his 'angel' of the crime. This led to an arrest just as the tenor was getting away on a ship bound for Spain."

"Arrested him for the murder of the woman? On my life, Quentin, you make a serious blunder unless you can prove all this. When did it all happen?"

"Two years ago. Oh, I'm not mistaken about it; it is as clear as sunlight to me now. They took him back and tried him. Members of the troupe swore he had threatened on numerous occasions to kill her if she continued to repulse him. On the night of the murder—it was after the opera—he was heard to threaten her. She defied him, and one of the women in the company testified that he sought to intimidate Malban by placing the point of his stiletto against her white neck. But, in spite of all this, he was acquitted. I was in New York when the trial ended, but I read of the verdict in the press dispatches. Some one killed her, that is certain, and the nasty job was done in her room at the hotel. I heard some of the evidence, and I'll say that I believed he was the guilty man, but I considered him insane when he committed the crime. He loved her to the point of madness, and she would not yield to his passion. It was shown that sh e loved the chorus singer who was first charged with her murder."

"Ravorelli doesn't look like a murderer," said Lord Bob, stoutly.

"But he remembers seeing me in that courtroom, Bob."

(To be Continued.)

A HOUSE IN AN OLD DUTCH TOWN IN NEW YORK

By ELIZABETH E. GOLDSMITH

HOW completely, save for the favored few who are permitted to cross its portals, the brick walls of a city house on a narrow city street hide the character of the dwellers therein. It stands one in a long row of others, built on precisely the same plan, and equally unattractive; giving out to the stranger that is walking by no hint of the life that is going on within. This seems to be particularly true on some of the old streets in the older cities of the East. There is an air of reserve and withdrawal from the world about these old houses that is quite lacking in the modern ones in the smaller cities and towns, where the different styles of architecture, the well or ill kept grounds, the arrangement of the porches in summer, the color of paint even that is used, all betray much to the most casual eye.

The house of which we write has no outward manifestations of beauty to distinguish it from its neighbors on either side; the same red brick walls and quiet, uninteresting exterior; so upon entering,

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its charming individuality is a delightful surprise. The dignity, harmony of coloring, and exquisite arrangement first appeal to us, only to be followed by an abiding sense of peace and contentment, as the eye dwells approvingly—I will not say covetously—upon the fine old mahogany, rare books, old family portraits, lovely pieces of porcelain and old china, bits of old Sheffield plate, etc., heirlooms which in themselves go far toward giving a place an air of distinction and refinement, and under the critically artistic eye, and arrangement of the "presiding genius of the household," make this a home which is the joy of its possessors and their friends as well.

There were many things to consider and to overcome before it was brought to its present state of livableness. The house was old and built in the old conventional way of three stories and a basement kitchen. It was out of repair, faced the north, and was badly lighted. On the other hand, the location was very desirable and the landlord lenient—a *rara avis* among landlords; and what better foundations could be desired in the making of a home. He allowed the lessees to choose and superintend all the interior decorations, no small factor in the making of a successful home. After much thought and careful consideration, a strong, deep, yet soft green cartridge paper was chosen for the hall, which, as it is long and narrow, admits only of the most formal treatment. A chair or two, and a fine old Chippendale table, are the principal features. The customary hall-tree, placed as near the door as possible, for the easy convenience of the noble sneak-thief, is conspicuous by its absence.

Opening from the hall on the left is the parlor, with its windows facing north. Its walls are hung with a pale yellow paper that has a conventionalized design in the same tone embossed upon it. The heavy curtains are a light olive, "that shade which seems to have lived near a yellow, and so to have absorbed just enough of its quality" to give a restful blending of tones. The carpet, which is partly covered with rugs, is a darker shade, and the whole makes an harmonious background for the beautiful old mahogany.

For the dining-room, opening out of the parlor, with windows looking to the south, a red paper with a bold design in a little darker red was selected; not without some slight misgivings was this chosen, and surely one of timid faith would not have dared; but the faith of the one who dared has been fully justified. It is simply stunning. The sideboard and corner cupboard in this room are exceptionally beautiful pieces of old mahogany.

On the second and third floors the same careful treatment of the walls has been observed. The boys' room on the third floor is very attractive with its color scheme in dull blue and white. Yellow was again selected for the second-floor room facing the north, one of those satin-striped papers that are always so unobtrusively effective; and the rear room makes a charming guest-room, with its flowered wall-paper, carved mahogany bedstead, invitingly easy chairs, and quaint old mahogany bureaus. Indeed, mahogany bureaus are very much in evidence, and the bedroom that has not two at least must feel itself badly slighted.

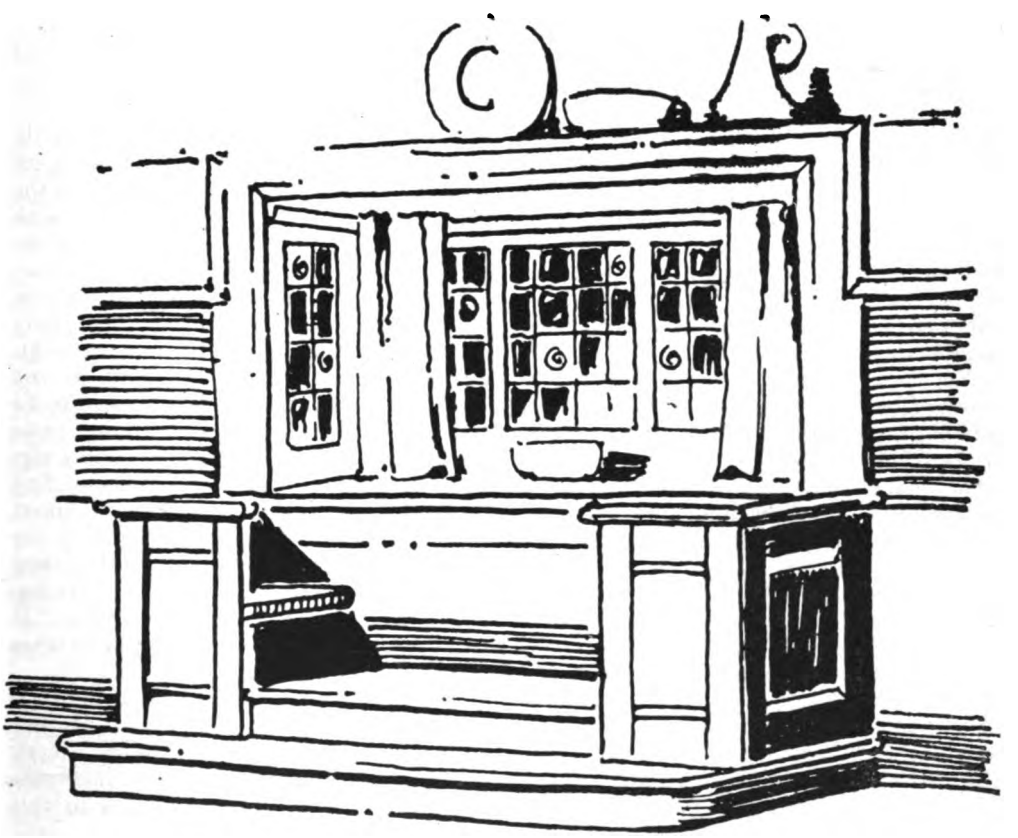
The "presiding genius of the household" is not only the fortunate possessor of all these heirlooms, but a born collector as well, and after intimate acquaintance with one, we are convinced that, like the poet, the true collector is born, not made. We might see an antique shop in Charleston and pass by, if we were not accompanying our collector, to whom an antique shop in any place means treasures untold, delightful possibilities at least, and *always* an opportunity not to be lost. Once inside, an instinct that is positively unerring seems to lead her to the most desirable thing there, be it china, Sheffield plate, or old mahogany. Having that fine, discriminating taste and keen appreciation of the real, as well as good judgment as to values and the seeing eye, she is never misled by specious imitations, as sometimes happens to the ordinary collector. So that the antiques which she has picked up here and there, though

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comparatively few in number, are treasures indeed, and the admiration and envy of her friends.

Although choice antiques and valuable heirlooms go far indeed in making an attractive home, still, houses filled with rarest possessions are often incongruous and disturbing as a whole. There are modern drawing-rooms, too, that we can all call to mind, furnished with every possible and impossible luxury, yet we leave with a sense of suffocation, discomfort—an irritation that seems absurd, yet impossible to subdue. We feel, half savagely, that utter, uncompromising ugliness has its redeeming feature after all, for in its presence the torturing, maddening thought of what might have been never assails us. Beautiful things, misplaced and without proper background, arouse feelings and emotions that can only be dispelled by an evening once again, and soon again, we hope, in a home such as we have here described; again finding peace under its glamour and charm—that charm which is so indefinable, so priceless, and whose most potent factor is good taste.

DESIGN FOR A NURSERY WINDOW-SEAT



Two seats facing each other on a raised platform, sufficiently high to allow a child to play with its toys or pictures on the window-sill (or a board added for the purpose), forms an ideal place of vantage on a wet day.

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NOTES AND COMMENTS

By OLIVER COLEMAN

TASTE

"SHE has excellent taste," we hear it said, and we all know what is meant, though none can define it. What is good taste? It is hard to say. There can be no arbitrary rule or inflexible standard by comparison to which all things may be judged. *Chacun à son goût*, is a French proverb, which gives the whole question up in despair, and would indicate that every man's taste is a law unto himself. I suppose there is no one attribute about which people are so sensitive, or upon which they are more self-satisfied, than upon the question of their taste, and yet perhaps bad taste is a very general failing. It is possibly due to this selfsame complacency, which, like all contentment, leads not to progress, and to the great difficulty of bringing forth the necessary authority to correct and demonstrate bad taste.

Yet there are general laws of taste, like those of beauty, which are equally illusive and hard to codify. A thing really beautiful or really in good taste is as good to-day as in mediæval days, or in those of Greece, or Babylon. A thing may be Chinese or German, Norwegian or from the South Seas, and still be recognized by good judges as beautiful or ugly. There is far less diversity of opinion between different nations than one is led to believe, far less than is found in fact in people of the same nation, or even in the members of the same family. An American with a keen sense of beauty is able to appreciate the artist c p oduct of the whole world. There is no geography in art. The form, line, and color may be different, as influenced by climate, race, and customs; but the thing itself is ugly or beautiful, and can be so classified with absolute certainty. A Japanese, a Frenchman, and an American would all classify one hundred different objects from twenty different nations in the same way. There would be no appreciable difference in their grouping. Of course if the task set one were to arrange fifty beautiful objects in the order of their beauty, then the variation would be far greater, then indeed it would be *chacun à son goût*. But on the bare question of ugly or beautiful, good or bad taste, the judgment of all would then be identical.

Taste is of threefold origin. It is partly acquired at birth, for we often see it inherited to a remarkable degree; yet on the other hand we notice one brother with excellent taste and another with a shocking lack of it. It is partly by education; yet we often find it entirely lacking in artists who have been most thoroughly educated. It is partly by environment, by living, breathing, and moving among beautiful objects; and this I believe to be the most important element in taste formation. Taste is judgment, and judgment is thought. So it is seldom we find those who think about taste and about beauty very much, who care greatly for them, who worry when anything they make is not beautiful, who try to improve their work, instead of saying, "It will do," who have not some glimmerings of taste.

If there is any one definition one can apply to this illusive subject, it is that taste is the eternal fitness of things. Very many if not all objects which are inherently bad or in poor taste will yield to this definition.

Taste is not a matter of money. I would emphasize this a hundred times. I would

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print it in capitals and rubricate the entire sentence. Money has nothing to do with it. It is thought and judgment. Some day when I have leisure to collect my pictures I shall write an essay "On the Dreadful Houses of the Rich." It is a rare subject. The best taste is seldom found among them. They have neither time for thought nor the restraining influence of having to consult the cost. So they buy recklessly whatever strikes their fancy, without any consideration as to where it is to go or what do. It is by such means that a Russian sled, a magnificent tiger-skin, and rare palms happen to be in close proximity.

A peasant cottage in Brittany has more beauty and exhibits more true taste than many a mansion on Fifth Avenue. I know no realm of household art to which this test of "fitness" cannot be applied with almost sure results. One of the crying abuses of all modern rooms is the use of ornaments. Our opportunities are so great, our horizon so broad, that the products of the entire world are at our hands; but we must remember that everything that comes in our way need not, must not, be crowded upon the parlor mantel in order to beautify the room. Rich and poor alike, we overdo the matter: if rich there is no limit to our extravagant over-ornamentation; if poor, we have not the courage of our poverty, but must perforce overcrowd our mantel with imitation, flimsy knickknacks of no earthly use to any one, and which even we ourselves will realize are not beautiful, if we will only soberly and earnestly think about it.

There are a great many who doubt their own taste, and who habitually do what they see others do. If they are in doubt, they consult their sisters-in-law or the nice young clerk at the furniture store. In most cases I am inclined to think a half-hour of calm reflection would be a far better resource—a half-hour, not spent in agonizing wonder as to which would be best, and which "they" are using—the mythical "they"—who seem to set our fashions; but a half-hour in calm consideration of which is the more fit, the more useful. There are only a few of us who are ever called upon to pick and choose cabinet-pieces and works of art; but we all, from the poorest laborer's wife up, must buy china, carpets, furniture, and draperies at one time or another. For the first, the choosing of works of art, study and expert knowledge is necessary; for the latter, only common-sense, a discrimination as to propriety, and some thought; in short, good taste.

If this sense of the fitness of things is best inculcated by environment, as I believe it is, it appears to be very important that the young should be surrounded by such influences, so as early to form their taste. There is a very decided acknowledgment of this fact in the work of various societies throughout the country towards beautifying the school-rooms. The old-fashioned school-house of a decade ago was an abomination, a prison, but with the growth of new ideas, the surroundings of our public schools have greatly improved. In New York the new school-houses are a monument to the city. Built in the shape of a letter H, with light on all sides, and architecturally very impressive and simple, they are destined to play an important part in raising the standards of civic taste among the pupils who here form their first ideas of beauty.

The peculiar things about true household beauty, the one thing of all others which confirms its truth, is the insensible effect it has upon the uninitiated. An ignorant and tasteless person will yet feel the subtle influence of harmonizing colors, of properly placed furniture, of useful and fit ornaments; and will acknowledge and praise the "homelikeness" and "comfort" of the place, even if denying its beauty. This is the supreme test of a room: is it livable, homelike, and comfortable?

There is an ethical side of the question still to be considered, the influence of home upon the young. We all know that the great difficulty in fighting the saloon problem is, that the saloons are made attractive—the poor man's club, indeed. Here the boy and man can find warmth when his house is cold and cheerless; light when his home is in gloom; com-

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panions when there is no suitable place at home to see them. To beat the saloon we must fight it with its own weapons—light, heat, and rational comfort.

The woman who uses her one sitting-room as a museum of imitation bric-à-brac, whose carpet is such that her husband and sons are afraid to tread upon it, whose chairs are so flimsy and the covering so perishable as to be forbidden, is morally responsible for driving her men to the saloon. A man is seldom an analytical animal; he does not understand why he is so uncomfortable at home, or he would wreck the place in a few short minutes of righteous wrath; but he feels a restraint of some kind about his home against which he rebels in a perfectly masculine manner: he goes away. He cannot bother to argue about it, but good-naturedly assumes that the "best" room belongs to his wife, and he will just slip around the corner.

The opposite should be true. The best, biggest, brightest, and warmest room in the house belongs to the family. It should have a fireplace, it should have easy-chairs, it should have plenty of light and cheer, and there should be nothing about that could be easily injured or readily knocked over. Coming back to our first definition, it should be suitable and fit for family life; and when it is so, it will surely not be lacking in some elements of beauty and good taste.

THE GARDENING CRAZE

THE whole world seems to have gone mad in the past year or two over landscape-gardening. Until recently no one bothered his head over the subject unless he was actually engaged in creating a garden of his own, when, I must confess, for the time being he became to most of his guests unspeakably tiresome. Lately we have had a succession of books, "Gardens, Old and New," "The Formal Gardens," "Old English Gardens," "Italian Gardens," and so on to whole libraries. Of course the books have not created the revival of interest: that would be to confuse cause and effect; but the books have done much to spread the knowledge and to create competition. Few are so insensate as to look at some of these fascinating—yes, I dare say ravishing—pictures, and not feel a thrill of envy, a strong desire to have some such beauty for their own. It is really the revival of the formal garden; that is the secret of the business, to my mind. There is undeniable beauty in the gardens of ten years ago; all nature is beautiful, and flowers, no matter how arranged, are enticing; but the admiration called forth by the heterogeneous plantings of the last decade was mild and complacent: it was like the courtships of late middle life. The formal or old-fashioned gardens are equally comparable to the violent passions of adolescence. We feel we must have one, come what may.

This pleasant, and to me admirable, craze has seized upon the denizens of Newport with a fast hold, and according to reports there is no end to the changes it involves.

On Narragansett Avenue is the Kane house, now occupied by Mr. De Lancy Kane. There are six and a half acres of land, making it one of the largest estates in Newport, where, very unfortunately and foolishly, most of the places have scarcely any grounds at all. Mr. Kane's place has the general look of an English park, with great stretches of lawn, planted at intervals with fine old trees. It is surrounded by a wall, and is entered through fine wrought-iron gates. There is a coach-house, vegetable gardens, and lately there have been added a rose garden and a formal garden of the English manor-house type.

Next to this place is that of the Berwinds, which has a purely Italian garden, without, however, the wonderful outlook of the gardens of Italy, which usually give upon the sea or across great plains to the blue mountains in the distance.

Mrs. Gambril has recently built a huge structure, very German in appearance. The roof towers up nearly forty feet, and with its many chimneys, dominates the whole house. In this gray roof are two stories with dormer-windows, which crowd

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down upon the white walls below. There is not much ground here, but what there is is walled off with red brick, capped with a tile coping, and made into a very formal Italian garden. As the house is a reproduction of the burgomaster's house in some German or Dutch city, it should of course have a Dutch garden as a setting, and no one understands gardening of the formal order better than these Dutchmen; but such a thing as consistency is not yet in our philosophy. Perhaps the landscape-gardener was a Beaux-Arts man, and the architect not. Perhaps Mrs. Gambril wanted an Italian garden; at any rate after one is able to swallow the incongruity, the whole is quite charming, and that is the main thing in the end.

SOME AUCTION TREASURES

I RECENTLY saw some pieces bought at auction in London for silver cups, with inscriptions, which again filled me with astonishment. Auctions are so uncertain, and usually such levelers—up and down—poor trash bringing its full value, and fine pieces no value at all. I quote from my clipping: "A loving-cup brought only $180, although it had once belonged to Oliver Goldsmith and bore the inscription, 'Edmund Burke, to Samuel Johnson, LL.D., in honour of his stay and visit at Beaconsfield, 1774.' The sum of $140 was paid for one given by Samuel Dyer on his election to the Turk's Head Club, inscribed: 'In the hope that Dr. Samuel Johnson's unwillingness to go to bed, as to leave it when there, might not be a habit with members.' A silver cup with the hall-mark 1784 brought only $85, although it was inscribed, 'Robert Burns to Mary.' As much as $350 was obtained for a silver wine flagon bearing this inscription, 'Admiral Bency, the bravest and best of soldiers,' and on the reverse side this legend, 'Nelson to Emma, in commemoration of the victory of the Nile, Vanguard, September 29th, 1798, my 40th birthday.'" Truly commemorating the victory of the Nile, but also to you, unsuspectingly commemorative of his sad infatuation for Emma, Lady Hamilton.

It seems to me that there could have been no Americans present at this sale, or the prices for such wine cups and flagons would have gone soaring higher up, more likely into four figures.

INEXPENSIVE CHINA

SOME time since I had occasion to mention the phenomenal prices brought at auction for old blue-and-white printed plates. I am reminded of the humorous advertisement of a dealer in old furniture, who advised his readers to "become your own ancestor; here is a chance to buy heirlooms furniture at reasonable prices." The famous old pottery-house of Wedgwood & Sons, of Staffordshire, England, evidently has the same idea in view, since they have undertaken to produce historic blue-and-white plates for the American market at the very low price of six dollars per dozen. These plates are printed in a fine, strong blue, with flowery borders of good design, and bearing landscape views and historical scenes in the center, which make them look very much like those for which collectors pay such outrageous prices. It is more than possible that should the manufacture of these be discontinued, they too would become rare. The subjects range from "Old North Church," the "Signing of the Declaration," and other Revolutionary incidents, down to "Grant's Tomb, Riverside Drive," and "McKinley Home, Canton." There are fifty-six subjects in all, and a careful selection of a dozen favorite scenes would not fail to make an ornamental as well as useful collection.

Being on the subject of cheap china, I saw a set recently that appealed to me strongly, a conventionalized poppy, red with green leaves; the design well proportioned, and the colors very gay and decorative. It is made in Dresden, comes in all shapes and sizes, and is very reasonable—the dinner-plate, for example, costs twenty cents, if I remember correctly; I should like a breakfast set of it, or for the country it would be suitable for every-day use, and for those who make much of their kitchens, a few racks filled with this gay ware upon chrome-yellow walls

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should go far to solve the servant question. That is, if cheerful quarters have any bearing on the case, as I am assured they have.

A SUGGESTION IN GRAY

GRAY is a much neglected color in our houses, but is really very satisfactory to use in a light drawing-room or bedroom. A shop-window suggested, most expensively, what could be well done with less money. The wall-paper was a broad gray stripe on white, crossed by a charming green vine which gave a good note of color. The furniture was the Louis XV. shape, made in ash wood and painted a soft, French gray, in dull or "mat" finish. The cane seats and backs, the carvings, and lines were painted white, likewise, in the dull finish. This furniture was very beautiful, though far from cheap, but gray and white paint does not cost more than green or red, and in the rightly lighted room is good to live with. The woodwork must be painted white, the window hangings made of a gray and shimmering material, then add a touch or two of yellow or green in curtain linings and cushions, and the room is finished.

TABLE GLASSWARE

A WHITE glass, in a beautiful shape, is perhaps the most satisfactory on a table, and although one is often tempted with iridescent glass and fascinated with colors, it is to the white glass that we eventually turn. Those of us who have inherited the old heavy cut-glass of our grandmothers are fortunate indeed, and for those of us who have not, and are covetous of it, we can buy the good reproductions called "old colonial glass," which can be found at many of the best glass and china shops. Then there is the "feather" glass, perhaps most beautiful and rare of all. The shapes are blown with thoughtful carelessness, so that there is a slight and delightful irregularity in form and edge, which gives the abandon and lack of precision so necessary to all things in the true sense artistic. The "feather" is not a decided pattern feather, but a suggestion which gives the name. At the end of a dinner, when the cordials appear, we are ready for color, and in the Tiffany glass we can have it glowing in yellows and flashing in splendid greens and reds. The bottle and funny squat little glasses are irregular in shape, opaque, and gleam in colors which defy the gay liqueur within. Unlike many of the Tiffany productions, these are not exorbitant in cost.

CANE FURNITURE

IF all the furniture for the summer piazza has not yet been bought, there is a very delightful "new kind," made of cane, plaited. The seats and backs of sofa and chairs have been left the natural color, but the border has been stained a bright green or red. The square table has an extra shelf underneath, where the books or work-bag can be slipped away at five o'clock to make room on top for the tea-tray. This furniture is rather expensive, but perhaps a welcome change from the ordinary rattan forms, and is worth remembering for next summer.

CANDLE SHADES

THE lighting with candles is most difficult in summer, when the breeze through the open window sends the flame a-flickering and the wax a-dripping. For a straight glass or silver candlestick, there can be had a tall, narrow glass shade, perhaps eight inches high, spreading a little towards the top. It improves the appearance of the candlestick, and so thoroughly protects the flame that the candle-light may be used on the lawn or piazza of a summer night.

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THE FLOWER BEAUTIFUL

Conducted by

CLARENCE MOORES WEED

UTILIZING ASTERS

ON the whole I think there is no flower commonly grown in our gardens that has such wide possibilities for use in decoration as the China aster. The flowers are large, or at least of good size in nearly all the varieties; they are borne in great profusion, and they embody some of the best forms and colors for decorative use. The plants are so easily grown that any one with a few feet of garden soil at his disposal can readily have a plentiful supply of blossoms.

The leading types of asters were discussed in these pages in the April issue, so that I wish now merely to suggest some of the more effective ways in which the blossoms may be utilized indoors. In such use a better effect of unity will be obtained if the different types of blossoms are not mixed together. The incurving petals of the Jewell asters make a very different sort of a flower from that made by the flat recurving rays of the Comet asters, and the two together spoil each other. The same is true of almost any other type of the aster blossom.

Of course the simplest way to use these flowers is to place them in vases and jars of suitable size and shape. There are many such receptacles now available in American as well as in Japanese pottery; some of these are shown in the accompanying pictures. The only requirements as to these should be a good outward form, a good coloring, and where there is any decoration that it be simple and appropriate. A rather loose arrangement of the flowers is to be preferred to class massing. There is also more satisfaction in selecting special colors than in the indiscriminate mixing of many tints.

One great value of the asters lies in their long-keeping quality. Place a stem in water when its blossoms first open, and it will remain in a cool room in excellent condition for a fortnight.

For temporary decorations the asters serve admirably, strewn singly or in small loose bunches upon tables and stands. They hold their shape for this purpose better than most flowers. Such loose blossoms may well be combined with those in vases to make very delightful effects.

These China asters are also particularly good for use in the bamboo wall-sticks and the other forms of wall receptacles discussed in THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL last February. It is a pleasure to arrange the lovely blossoms with their long stems and rich colors against a simple, harmonious background.

But on the whole, I have most satisfaction from those of my asters that I transplant, just as they come into bloom, into artistic jardinières — a process already described in these pages. Select a small or medium-sized plant of symmetrical shape that is just coming into blossom; water the soil above the roots thoroughly; wait a few hours for the plant to absorb the moisture; then dig it up bodily with the trowel, keeping the mass of earth about the roots, and reset it in an attractive flower-jar—not a flower-pot—preferably one without a drainage vent if you wish to keep the plant on the dining-room table or in any other place where dripping moisture is not desirable. Now keep the plant out of direct sunshine, with the soil about the roots moderately moist, and you will gain a new knowledge of the beauty of these flowers. A few of the later flowering plants thus brought inside just before the killing frosts will be very attractive for weeks after those outside are brown and dead.

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THE WILD ASTERS

SEPTEMBER and October are the show months of the wild as well as the cultivated asters. Their violet-blue tints make a perfect complementary color harmony with the yellow hues of the goldenrods. One would think that nature is bent on attaining the most delightful results as she brings her season's pageant to an end. Many of the early asters may be found blossoming in August, but the most typical and attractive species make their chief display in September, and linger through the greater part of October. The sort called the New England aster—though it has a much wider



MIGNON ASTERS IN A JAPANESE VASE



RED AND PINK JEWELL ASTERS IN A JAPANESE VASE

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range than this name would indicate—is perhaps as general a favorite as any. It bears in great profusion thick masses of purple blossoms that light up the fields and roadsides most charmingly. This species is extensively planted for ornament by landscape-gardeners.

Several of the asters are named according to the shape of their leaves. The heart-leafed aster has rather small flowers, with the rays of a blue-lavender tint; its stems are branching, each branch bearing a cluster of blossoms. The wavy-leafed aster is so called because of the irregular margins of the leaves. It grows in pastures and along the borders of woods, and bears lavender-purple flowers. The leaves of the long-leafed aster are very slender; it bears violet blossoms in profusion, and is found especially in wet places. There are many other sorts of asters, some bearing white and others purple blossoms.

These wild asters are useful for autumn decorations when displayed in the free, open manner in which they grow out of doors, though some of them will bear closer massing in simple jars against a plain background, which will bring out their beauty.

FOR SEPTEMBER PLANTING

SEPTEMBER is the most favorable month of all the year for sowing pansy-seed. Select a small piece of rich, mellow soil, and sow plenty of seed in shallow drills. When the plants have three or four leaves, transplant into the permanent bed in some partially sheltered place, having the soil here also mellow and rich. During the cool days of early autumn the plants will make a good growth, so that if you cover them for the winter with loose litter, held in place by evergreen boughs, they will reward you in early spring with a mass of beautiful bloom.

It is by no means necessary, however, that the pansies grow in the shade. They should receive direct sunshine at least part of the day; but some of the finest blooms I have ever seen were grown in an open garden spot. Of course in hot summer weather pansies will not do very well in such a place, but these are essentially flowers for a spring or autumn blooming.

There are many sorts of pansies. In buying seed, get some mixed packets, but get also some special-named sorts, so that you may learn them by name and thus enjoy their beauty more.

If you wish a display of the beautiful Madonna or Annunciation lily in your garden next year, the bulbs should be planted in August, or at least early in September. This species makes a growth in the fall, and so must be set earlier than the other lilies. Of this species, as grown in England, Gertrude Jekyll writes: "If one might have only one lily in the garden, it would have to be the beautiful old white lily that has been with us since the end of the sixteenth century. Although we may take it to be the oldest of its kind in cultivation, we do not by any means know all about its wants and ways. For of all lilies known in gardens it is what is called the most capricious. When we say a plant is capricious, it is of course a veiled confession of ignorance, for whereas we may well believe that the laws that govern the well-being of any plant are more or less fixed, and with most plants we can make sure of the right way of culture, in the case of this lily we cannot find out what those laws are; and though it has been more than three hundred years in our gardens, we can only give general advice as to where and how it will do well. A plant so lovely should be tried in every garden. It may be assumed, as a general rule, that where the soil is of loam, or of anything rich and holding, whether of a clayey or a calcareous nature, there it is likely to do well."

THE CARDINAL FLOWER

NO blossom in our autumn fields can compare in brilliance of color with the Cardinal flower, which holds its flaming spikes on the tall, erect stems, in marshes and along the margins of brooks and ditches. It is a water-lover, and is to be found only where its roots can reach an abundance of moisture. Even then it is seldom

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THE POET'S NARCISSUS



COMET ASTERS IN A COMMODORE HAMPSHIRE VASE



DIAMOND ASTERS IN A BLUE-AND-WHITE VASE



WHITE COMET ASTERS



COMET ASTERS IN A CAIRO HAMPSHIRE VASE

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very abundant; we more often see a dozen or two plants together than a greater number, and these are likely to disappear altogether in regions where people can easily gather them. With his usual felicity, the poet Whittier described the Cardinal flower in these lines:

"Along the roadside, like the flowers of gold
That tawny Incas for their gardens wrought,
Heavy with sunshine droops the golden-rod,
And the red pennons of the Cardinal flower
Hang motionless upon their upright staves."

THE POET'S NARCISSUS

NOW is the time to be studying the autumn catalogues for the bulbs to be planted this fall. And it is well to remember that the most expensive sorts are not necessarily the best. The well-known but beautiful Poet's narcissus has not received from most amateurs the attention it deserves. Its usefulness is well indicated in these lines by C. L. Allen, whose writings on bulbs are authoritative:

"Under fences and beside hedges, or in any out-of-the-way place, large quantities of the more free-growing sorts of narcissus, especially *N. Poeticus*, should be planted for a supply of early cut flowers, and a portion should be in sunny and a portion in shaded places, to prolong the season of flowering. Their graceful appearance renders them peculiarly valuable for this purpose, and if cut when partially opened they will develop in water and last for many days. In planting, be guided by the size of the bulb, allowing four or five inches between small sorts, and from six to eight inches between the large varieties. At this distance apart the bulbs will soon completely fill the spaces, forming a compact mass, and it is then their flowers are produced the most freely. In fact, they do not make an effective mass of bloom until the bulbs are crowded. This is one of the good features in growing the narcissus, that when a planting is once made, no further attention is necessary as they will protect themselves against all encroachment. Quack-grass even has to give way to them, and in spite of it there will be an annual improvement in the quantity and quality of bloom."

THE FRINGED GENTIAN

AS the dainty Mayflower is the most prized of the early blossoms, full promise for the coming days, so the fringed gentian is the most precious of the late flowers, full of the glory of the perfected season. In structure this plant is very similar to the nearly related closed gentian, but in the latter the fringed petals that give so much beauty when unfolded are crowded together to close the mouth of the blossom. Many who have never seen the flower growing in its native haunts have learned to love it through those exquisite lines by Bryant:

"Thou waitest late and com'st alone,
When the woods are bare and birds are flown,
And frost and shortening days portend
The aged year is near his end.

"Then doth thy sweet and quiet eye
Look through its fringes to the sky,
Blue, blue—as if that sky let fall
A flower from its cerulean wall."

Blue is a favorite color with all the bees, so one might easily guess that these blossoms are visited by bumblebees. The anthers shed their pollen before the stigmas mature, so that cross-pollenation is easily brought about. And the delicate fringes which add so much beauty to the blossoms seem also to be of decided service to the plant in keeping out ants and other unwelcome crawling insects, thus preventing the robbery of nectar.

When we realize that the fringed gentian is an annual, growing from seed every season, we can easily see how it happens that the plant is so often exterminated near villages. The flowers are so beautiful that people feel they must gather them, and so there is no chance for the seed to develop to start the next year's plants. If we are to enjoy the flowers year after year, we must leave enough of them on their stalks to insure a crop of seed each season.

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DOMESTIC SCIENCE DEPARTMENT

Conducted by MARION TALBOT

Dean of Women and Associate Professor of Sanitary Science at the University of Chicago

THE HOUSEHOLD MILK SUPPLY

By PROFESSOR EDWIN O. JORDAN

Of the University of Chicago

IT must be admitted that the most effective and rational method of attacking the general problem of milk supply consists in devoting more care and skill to the collection and transportation of the milk. The existing conditions on many dairy-farms in the United States assuredly leave much to be desired. The milk-maid in dainty raiment, tripping to her task, is a type all but extinct, if indeed she was ever other than an interesting bucolic myth. A recent writer portrays, all too realistically, it is to be feared, the actual modern American practice: "Some old fellow stumbles out of the house and to the barn, with the stump of a clay pipe in his mouth, and wearing overalls and boots saturated and covered with the filth acquired by a winter's use. When he reaches the barn he selects some recumbent cow, kicks her until she starts up, dripping and slimy; and as he is a little late, and the milk will have hardly time to cool before the man who carries it to the city will come along, he does not stop to clean up behind the cow, but sitting down on a stool, proceeds to gather the milk and whatever else may fall into a pail which is perhaps clean, and perhaps not."

Milk collected in this way, if not actually dangerous, is disgustingly unclean, and would be instinctively avoided by most persons if they could picture to themselves vividly enough the circumstances surrounding the milking process. When to the prevalent uncleanliness during collection is added the unreasonably long time often elapsing between the drawing of the milk and its delivery to the consumer, and too frequently, the further possibilities of infection with disease germs during the processes of drawing and mixing, it is not surprising that many sanitarians should regard the use of raw milk by city dwellers as an unwholesome and reckless custom. Efforts to reform both the methods of collection and those of the transportation of milk are now being made in many places, but owing partly to the inertia of municipal authorities, partly to the amazing indifference of the public, it will probably be a long time before any far-reaching improvement is brought about. It is possible now in most large cities to obtain milk gathered under proper bacteriological precautions and delivered to the consumer with reasonable promptitude; but the supply of such milk is limited and the price is high.

The average householder, then, has to deal with a milk supply collected under uncertain conditions and possessed of varying degrees of staleness. Two courses are possible: either the milk may be placed on the table in the condition in which it is delivered, and the risk of infection openly faced, or some attempt can be made to lessen the danger from this source. Just how great the danger from infection is cannot perhaps be accurately determined. It must be said, however, that evidence is accumulating that a variety of diseases can be spread by milk. Milk is an admirable food substance, not

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only for man, but also for the germs of disease; and when certain of these harmful microscopic organisms get into milk they are able to take advantage of its nutritive qualities, and grow and multiply extensively. Unsound or infected milk is largely responsible not only for cholera infantum, infantile diarrhœa, and other disorders of infancy, but for outbreaks of specific diseases like typhoid fever and diphtheria, and probably also for some cases of scarlet fever and tuberculosis. Some conservative authorities believe that under existing conditions the use of raw milk is the most serious sanitary indiscretion committed by the average city dweller. It is indeed altogether probable that the amount of disease caused by the distribution of impure milk is much greater than used to be supposed.

It will be naturally asked, What is the best and most practical way of meeting this unfortunate situation? One measure that immediately suggests itself is the use of heat for purifying the milk. The application of heat is a well-known and efficient method of destroying microbes of various kinds. It is used on a large scale as a protection against the microbes of putrefaction in the process of canning, and is employed by health officials, wherever practicable, for the assured destruction of materials known to harbor the germs of disease. It might well be thought that the simplest and surest method of treating milk entering the household from an uncontrolled source would be to heat the milk to the boiling-point, and thus put beyond the power of doing mischief any disease germs that it might contain. In many cases, indeed, this simple procedure is all that is needed to protect the household against milk infection. If the practice of heating milk of unknown quality were to become general, there can be no question that much illness would be prevented and many lives saved. Unfortunately two difficulties are still encountered when milk is treated in this way.

First, it may sometimes happen that milk is already so stale when delivered at the house, and the germs of putrefaction have multiplied in it to such an extent that considerable amounts of harmful substances have been produced, and although the germs that have produced these substances may themselves be killed by heat, their poisonous products remain, and are capable of causing trouble, particularly when taken into the system of a young child or delicate invalid. The only remedy for this is a determined effort on the part of the family purveyor to secure milk in as clean and fresh a condition as possible. In this respect, personal inquiry by each housekeeper into the source and condition of the family milk supply will accomplish much good, and will aid in bringing about the larger reform mentioned at the beginning of this paper. It would be found on investigation, for example, that most of the milk delivered in the early morning hours, say between six and seven o'clock, in most large American cities reached the city about ten or eleven o'clock on the morning of the preceding day, and might have been delivered at least fifteen hours earlier than was actually done.

In the second place, while it is true that the danger of infection from typhoid fever, from tuberculosis, and other bacterial diseases is avoided by heating the milk, a serious drawback to this practice lies in the change produced in the milk itself by the heating process. Both the palatability, and to some extent the digestibility, of the milk are impaired, and the food value of the milk often materially lessened. The objections on the score of taste are the most readily overcome. The unpleasant flavor can be easily disguised, and with a little persistence even fastidious persons will become habituated to the new sensation. The other difficulties arising from the use of boiled milk are particularly apparent in the case of young infants. The Scylla and Charybdis of infant nutrition is often met just at this point. Raw milk produces intestinal disorders; boiled milk is not assimilated. Not all children experience difficulty in assimilating boiled milk; a certain proportion of fortunate individuals thrive excellently well on this food, and for them, as for most adults, the milk question is an

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eminently simple one. The ability properly to assimilate boiled milk appears to be one of personal idiosyncrasy, and its possession can be determined only by trial in each case.

As regards the considerable number of young children who exhibit symptoms of serious malnutrition when fed chiefly on boiled milk, a means of largely overcoming even this obstacle has been found. Milk when exposed for twenty minutes to a temperature much lower than that of boiling water—68° Centigrade=155° Fahrenheit*—does not acquire a permanently cooked or scalded taste, is much more easily assimilated by the majority of children than boiled milk, and is furthermore just as surely freed from all the ordinary disease germs. This method of pasteurization, as it is called, leaves the milk in quite as safe, in a more palatable, and in a more digestible condition than the method of boiling. Various devices for pasteurizing milk in the household have been placed on the market by commercial firms, and many of them are inexpensive and efficient. Any one possessed of a bottle, a thermometer, a tin pail, and a little patience. however, can master the simple details of the method. Milk that has been either boiled or pasteurized should always be chilled as speedily as practicable after the process. and kept on ice until used.

In conclusion, it may be said that the relation of the household to the milk supply can be summarized under two heads: 1. If possible, strict attention to cleanliness should be insisted upon in all the details of collection and transportation; should full control not be possible, and for most dwellers in large cities it is not, much can yet be done in most cases to improve the conditions actually existing, and to obtain the family supply of milk in a cleaner and fresher state; 2. The risk that the milk may contain disease germs when it is finally placed on the table may be avoided by the simple although somewhat troublesome process of pasteurization.

*Or for thirty minutes at 65° Centigrade=149° Fahrenheit.

SCIENCE, SYSTEM, AND COMMON SENSE IN THE HOUSEHOLD

By MRS. ANNIE HOOKER MORSE

THE interest and adaptibility of American women to new ideas are an oft-repeated and fully deserved compliment. She has had, however, very little of modern invention and research brought into her sphere, and so has shown a natural conservatism which must be reckoned with. But to-day she is on the alert, and ready to work out her full development, and to do her full duty with all the wisdom she can gather. It is admitted that the special task of her sex is home-making. More convincing evidence of this, as also of her interest, there cannot be than the vast amount of literature that newspapers and publications are offering, much of it good, but far too large a proportion from untrained and ill-informed writers. Still the best women are intelligent, and can surely be trusted to select gradually that which is of permanent value.

The Dietary Computer, designed by Mrs. Ellen H. Richards of the Institute of Technology, is the latest invention offered for the help of this most willing-to-be-taught but far from trained individual, the home-maker of to-day. At her invitation you play a game with spaces and slips, and when you have ended, you find that you have been in league with scientists and doctors; and while lightly handling the terms "proteids," "carbohydrates," "calories," have evolved therefrom the ideal meals to set before your family. The nine-tenths drudgery which goes to make up any success is with this aid performed most agreeably. Much more intelligent becomes the task not only of catering, but of upbuilding and maintaining a healthful body and a clear, active mind.

The Dietary Computer with its explanatory book has further been supplemented by Miss Louise H. Williams, a co-worker of Mrs. Richards. A very simple method of approximately reckoning measures used in recipes in terms of food value is given, and also various suggestions for

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household system and management, thus delightfully bringing the results of modern research—that has to do so immediately with the welfare of human beings—within the comprehension of the anxious and interested mother or provider.

With the help of the book accompanying the Dietary Computer the steps are made very simple. In it there are a hundred or more recipes for dishes taken from different cook-books, whose food values have been estimated as a whole. The Computer is a card with twelve open spaces. On little slips, provided to be inserted in the Computer, may be written the food values of four of the principal dishes or courses at each meal. The total food value necessary per day for an average family of six is given at the bottom of the spaces, and one has the entertaining experiment of combining together the viands for the day necessary to supply the proper nutriment for the given family.

There are many surprises and overturnings of preconceived notions. Many a dainty pudding with an abundance of eggs will refuse to combine with the meat course already containing the necessary portion of certain food values, and oblige one to substitute a dessert largely of cream, milk, or fruits. Often the necessary proteid will be supplied by a vegetable like peas or beans, and meat may almost be dispensed with in that day's bill of fare.

For the eager experimenter, anxious to use her own favorite recipes, three hundred recipe cards are provided which are as available to the cook as the mistress, for in the outfit are two adjustable frames—all glass—in which the cards can be inclosed, and so taken to the kitchen without danger to their black and white neatness.

It is understood that the recipes given in the book are merely illustrative and have not been tested, being simply specimens from different cook-books. It is the hope that before many months there can be gathered together a selection of tested recipes from all those using the outfit. At this point will come in the cleverness of the future practical provider. From her own experience, supplemented by her study of scientific writings, she may find that the man of her house and her rampageous boy in their outdoor life need a larger number of calories. That does not mean, as too often heretofore, that fatty meats in larger quantities must supply the need. The simplest of rice puddings judiciously enriched with eggs or cheese, may equally well do the work. Just as important to a hard brain-worker will be the foreseeing knowledge of a well-informed wife, whose plain, easily digested dishes and limited menu will prevent an overloaded stomach from fighting for its share of energy with an overworked brain.

One other part of the outfit will be most welcome to the young or inexperienced home-maker, and this along the line of management in the household. Nearly twenty large-sized cards are provided, giving the seasons and variations in price of the principal kinds of vegetables and fish, meats and groceries; also an arrangement by months for provisioning in households with several servants.

The reward of using science, system, and common sense will come in observing the increased average of health, and the more effective working of the mind and body in the individuals of a household.

Surely orderliness and knowledge in eating—our daily source for renewal of energy—are the best foundation for happiness for all as for each.

THE HOUSE AS A UNIT OF HEALTH. II

By MARION TALBOT

THE second consideration in regard to the house as a unit of health, which is of interest from an historical and sociological point of view, consists in the way in which the relation of the householder to his house and to the community has changed.

Nearly four hundred years ago, the English jurist, Sir Edward Coke, used the phrase, "A man's house is his castle." The phrase expressed a notion which was widely prevalent, both in those days and in succeeding generations, as is proved by the fact that it passed from the text of a law treatise to popular usage and became an

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adage. The word "castle" involved the idea of exclusive ownership, and of defence against the outside world; the lord of the castle tolerated no interference with his ownership and his independence. But gradually the conditions of society have changed. One householder is no longer arrayed against another, each eager to assert his own rights as against his neighbor's. Society is no longer an aggregation of isolated units. Each member is realizing more and more as the years pass how closely interdependent all are, and how the activities of each react for the weal or woe of all. This, in fact, is the spirit of our age, of the ideal democracy. And so, just as we are recognizing the real significance and meaning in the idea of the obligation of the individual to the community, we are giving a new meaning to the dwelling in which he abides.

Law does not often or quite generally take a form very different from the views which prevail in the public mind as a whole. But it must be said that the statutes and ordinances now on the books relating to the householder and his rights do lead the popular view of a man's rights to his own house.

Law is based on the principle that every citizen is entitled to protection in regard to his liberty or life and his property. Modern sanitary law is based on the principle that he is entitled to his health, which is synonymous with his life, and is the basis of his property. The law goes even further than this. Much of it is based, not on the certainty that harm will follow from given conditions, but on a possibility which is sometimes very remote. Many laws, for example, in regard to the construction of plumbing presuppose, not that harm will surely follow, but that harm may follow if they are not enforced. Much of the legislation concerning the construction and care of houses illustrates the same point. The rights of householders to carry out their own views are greatly abridged. A man's castle is not now a defense against his neighbors, but a possession which involves obligations to them. There can be no question but that in the conception of this finer and higher ideal lies much comfort and inspiration, so that the sacrifice of the seeming liberty becomes a mere trifle in comparison with the larger opportunity.

POPULAR FALLACIES ABOUT FOOD AND SANITATION. II

CANNED AND PRESERVED FOODS

WHEN the study of bacteria first attracted popular notice, scientists were giving special attention to the relation between bacteria and disease. The phrase, "the germ theory of disease," was very glibly used, and was ordinarily supposed to include all that was meant by the new science of bacteriology. But the students kept on with their experiments, following up some of the early work done by Tyndall, Pasteur, and others in the regard to the decay or fermentation of different substances. The result of these studies has been the establishment of enormous commercial enterprises for the preservation of food according to known scientific principles. All the old methods, such as salting, cooking with sugar, smoking, drying, exclusion of air, which have been known from time immemorial, have been put on a sure basis; and though the unskilled housekeeper, who still uses "judgment" rather than knowledge, has her failures, the progressive manufacturer never fails to produce what he sets out to make. Before the mechanical details of these processes were perfected, failures did occur, and it is to them that much of the current prejudice against preserved foods may be traced. But failures are fatal to such a business. Success comes only with the assurance that the goods are of uniformly standard grade, and this success has surely been won by many manufacturers. Perfect sterilization, or the destruction of all germs that would spoil the food in the can is an absolute essential. If this process is not complete and decay begins, then taste and smell may be used as safe guides to warn against the use of such food.

It may then be seen that, rather than fail to make use of the constantly increas-

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ing variety of low-priced, wholesome preserved food, care should be taken to buy only standard brands.

Moreover, the housekeeper should always be on her guard against another point, for just here lies the explanation of most of the cases of so-called poisoning which come from preserved foods. She should know that in the process of preserving, the food is softened, so that it is very easy for germs which gain access to the food to go on and do their work of destruction. She should remember that when canned food is once opened it is much more liable to decay than fresh food is, and it should be used without delay.

Standard brand and immediate use are watchwords which will do away with many erroneous notions in regard to preserved foods.

These principles, that disease may be controlled if not prevented, and that the householder is under obligations to use his house so that it will not be a source of danger to the community, show how important it is that the householder should be intelligent as to the ways and means of making his house a unit of health.

The essentials for a healthful house, as laid down by B. W. Richardson, are as follows:

1. It must present no facilities for holding dust or the poisonous particles of disease; if it retain one, it is likely to retain the other.

2. It must possess every facility for the removal of its impurities as fast as they are produced.

3. It must be free from damp.

4. It must be well filled with daylight from all points that can be charged with light from the sun without glare.

5. It must be charged with perfectly pure air, in steadily changing current.

6. It must be maintained at an even temperature, and must be free from draughts.

7. It must be charged with an efficient supply of pure and perfectly filtered water.

Disease will never be generated in such a house; and if generated, will remain for the briefest possible time.

It sometimes happens, by force either of convenience or of necessity, that an entirely satisfactory location for a house may not be possible. In this case, measures may frequently be taken which will improve the sanitary conditions. The following are safe rules to follow:

1. Provide thorough surface and subsoil drainage.

2. Secure free access of light and air.

3. Keep the soil free from the penetration of impurities of all kinds.

4. Pave or cover with short grass all ground near buildings in malarious districts.

5. Regulate the vegetation by removing or planting trees and plants according to the varying circumstances of soil, climate, etc.

6. Allow no trees or shrubs so close to the house as to shut out sunlight from it, or so close to each other as to prevent natural growth.

Cleanliness in air, water, and soil are the fundamental principles of house sanitation.

THE School of Domestic Arts and Science of Chicago is preparing hopefully for its second year's work, which begins on October 1st. The question of demand for such an institution has been answered by its first year's work, when over seven hundred pupils were registered and many lectures delivered in other schools and women's clubs.

Many cities have their schools of Domestic Science, each shaped for the peculiar conditions of its city. Boston has the Boston Cooking School and School of Housekeeping, now being merged into a larger institution. Brooklyn has Pratt Institute; Philadelphia, Drexel Institute; Pittsburgh its Domestic Arts Association. Some of these schools maintain normal departments; some have directly attached the domestic service problem; others are carrying forward original investigation or maintaining departments of larger educational institutions. Much attractive work is being done in these fields, but it remains for associations of housekeepers to bring this fund of knowledge into prac-

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tical correlation with every-day housekeeping. The School of Domestic Arts seeks to be a medium of application rather than a field of investigation—to arouse the interest of the individual housekeeper, and to become a center of discussion and effort.

THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL, in its July number, clearly defined the opportunities of the householder on a high plane, saying: "Householders are beginning to recognize the training necessary for this calling, and are claiming and using opportunities for sounder education and broader culture."

Miss Bullard will return from the East with new material to give housekeepers and students. The generosity of several people has established scholarships which will open the privileges of the school to those unable to get them for themselves.

What class of women does this work reach? The records answer, housekeepers, young girls, household workers, business women; all their various needs are carefully considered in the courses given. Through this work they learn that there is scope for their highest powers in the management of a home. What may we not hope when the full force of American womanhood is turned upon these problems, instead of turning from them, as unworthy of its highest effort?

ODDS AND ENDS

WHAT THE WORLD EATS

Contrary to general opinion, the world's greatest crop is not wheat, but the potato, which leads the staples, being produced at the rate of 4,000 million bushels a year, while wheat yields 2,500 million bushels, corn 2,600 million bushels, rye 1,300 million bushels, and barley 750 million bushels. Europe produces seven-eighths of all the world's potatoes, but it is little Ireland which eats most of them, averaging four pounds of potatoes a day for each person. It is Italy which eats the fewest of these starchy vegetables, but her macaroni easily supplies the deficiency. In the consumption of wheat, France heads the list, of rice, Great Britain, of rye, Denmark, and of oats, Norway.

The United States is the greatest meat-eating country in the world, using 11,000 million pounds yearly, and she also takes the lead in eggs, since it requires no less than 10,000 million of these to concoct her various omelettes, cakes, and custards yearly. There are physiologists who say that to this she owes her might by land and sea, but doubtless many a vegetarian can be found to disagree. John Bull has the sweetest tooth of all the world's children, needing not less than 3,000 million pounds of sugar a year to sweeten his tarts and tea. Of this last England, also, with her European dependencies, drinks more than the United States, Russia, and Canada combined, but the Dutch lead in the consumption of coffee. An observing Scotchman recently traveling in this country, said that the most striking feature of daily life in America was the freedom of the people from the liquor-drinking habit. This observation is borne out by the statistics, which show that the United Kingdom drinks more beer than even Germany, averaging thirty gallons a year to each inhabitant, while Spain, France, and Italy are the leaders in drinking wine. The United States as a nation consumes more tobacco than any other—200 million pounds a year, but as this means only forty-three ounces to each person, the proportionate consumption is not so great as that of Belgium, where the average consumption per head is 110 ounces.

CUCUMBERS

A gastronomic fancy of the moment is to use cucumbers to take the place of celery in both fish and chicken salads. This watery but accommodating vegetable is, indeed, barring an occasional distressful pang, all things to all men, since it is more and more being served in a cooked form in this country. English cookbooks have long regarded it as a staple and give recipes for fritters of a most delectable sort. Stuffed with a highly seasoned force-meat it gives variety to the menu, and no vegetable gets on better with its neighbor than the cucumber. In general it may be used with any vegetable cooked or raw that grows above ground. The water may be extracted by leaving the salted vegetable in the ice-box a few hours, when the water may be poured off, and if care is exercised in peeling, that none of the bitter green covering is retained, the danger of indigestibility is lessened. Some say that nothing hot should be drunk after eating cucumbers at the same meal, and surely anything is worth trying which will bring the cucumber within easy reach of all mankind.

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HOUSEHOLD HINTS

By ELLEN JUDITH GOULD

HOT WEATHER SUGGESTIONS

In these hot days it is the too hurried preparation of a meal which mars its success and ruins the temper of the cook, be she ever so well disposed. Much of the nervous strain may be avoided by devoting a quiet day to labor, which will leave many things in readiness for use. Rice and beans may be washed, dried, and put in glass jars. Codfish may be picked into bits ready for the hot water freshening, which will make it palatable. Many kinds of butter salad dressing may be prepared, so as to last several days, if kept in the ice-box, though not dressings made from oil. Raisins and all other dried fruits, no matter how cleverly advertised as cleaned, yet need additional washing, and this, also, may be done in advance. Cheese as well as chocolate may be grated, cracker and bread crumbs rolled fine, and all these, kept in transparent jars, will greatly simplify the cooking of meals. Such preparation is especially valuable in households where the cook must also serve the meals, as they lessen the chances of soiling the hands and clothing, and tend to prevent confusion.

In such households it is desirable also to have a few canned goods in storage to guard against the arrival of the unexpected guest who might otherwise surprise an empty larder. Canned mushrooms, baked beans, potted meats, shredded biscuit, and above all, the finer brands of soup, will often turn defeat into victory on the part of the surprised hostess. Among cooked things which may be prepared in advance, the most important is cream sauce, which, if good, glorifies even a bit of toast, and which will keep in a cool place nearly a week. To be most useful it should be prepared rather thick, as it is an easier matter to thin a thick sauce than to thicken a thin one. Flour browned before being added to gravy will enrich its color, though more of it is needed to thicken the mixture than of white, uncooked flour. For this reason many housekeepers supply themselves with caramel, a teaspoonful of which will add life to the palest of pale gravies.

A DURABLE MATERIAL

A married woman who, when a maid, had been wont to express herself somewhat freely about the conduct of her sister's children, after ten years of her own married life, remarked, in introducing her three children to the same sister paying her a visit, that these were not the children she intended to have, but only the ones she had. This has been the rueful reflection of many a woman who viewed with sorrow her soiled parlor chairs, her torn sofa cushions, her rumpled table-spreads, all used with judicial impartiality to form perhaps the side walls and furnishing of a miniature house built upon the floor. Not that any words of advice can benefit the inexperienced, but only in the hope that they may serve as a guide-post to some worn out traveler, the attention of such is hereby called to the virtues of grasscloth. As a loose, shaped covering for chairs and sofas, it is nearly as durable as haircloth, and comes in many desirable shades and weaves, very wide, at eighty cents a yard. It washes like cotton cloth, is sufficiently pleasing to the touch to be admissible for sofa pillows, and for summer houses in particular, may be used as tablespreads—and in a stiff weave for fan-pleated lamp-shades. Very pretty doilies are made of it, an old blue tint making a charming variety on the luncheon-table. This blue practically never fades. Another variety is known as Madagascar cloth, and its oriental reds and yellows are effective bits of porch drapery.

An out-of-door luncheon-table, set for informal guests, was round in shape and of weathered oak. Both centerpiece and plate doilies were of blue grasscloth, ornamented with a bit of Japanese embroidery, in shades of blue, verging toward white. Blue Canton ware was used for the service plates, and a low, broad jardinière of the same ware contained three or four large clusters of white alder blossoms, with many sprigs of tall grass tipped with its straw-colored clusters of seed. Pear-shaped goblets containing water were placed beside the tall, slender tumblers for lemonade, and the knives and forks had handles of blue decorated Dresden china. The doilies for bread and butter plates were of cream-tinted grass-linen, daintily hemstitched, and the effect of the whole table, with its delightful out-of-door surroundings, was very beautiful, but not elaborate. When this table was cleared for the afternoon, a large round cover of grasscloth was destined to replace the table service, with its centerpiece of flowers retained.

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OF HOUSEHOLD ART

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THE SCRAP-BOOK

The great crises of life are not, I think, necessarily those which are in themselves the hardest to bear, but those for which we are least prepared.—*Confessions of a Wife.*

"Lazy Majesty."

"Since the advent of the Kaiser to the throne, two thousand years have been spent in prison for 'lèse majesté'"—Newspaper.

You start at five o'clock A. M.,
And work all day, 'tis said;
You hardly stop to take your meals,
You never go to bed;
You write an opera after lunch,
A song while taking tea—
And yet, in spite of this, they talk
Of "Lazy Majesty"!

At nine o'clock you make a speech
At Frankfort-on-the-Main,
That lasts till nine Uhr, fifty-six;
At ten you take the train:
At twelve you dine at Wilhelmshöh'—
Wherever that may be—
And write a chapter in your book
On "Lazy Majesty."

At one you shoot a stag or two,
Review some troops, and then
At two you take another train
And back to town again;
At three you make another speech,
On "God has chosen me,"
And sign the papers in the case
Of "Lazy Majesty."

How oft you change your uniform,
How oft you make a speech,
How oft you dine, how oft you wine,
How long you need for each,
I do not know, and no one else,
But this I cannot see,
Why there should be such constant talk
Of "Lazy Majesty."

—*By William Wallace Whitelock, in the Criterion.*

'Tis joy to live, and yet how true
That joy is never quite complete,
Until we've seen the sheriff sell
The furniture across the street!

—*Baltimore News.*

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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

PRACTICAL ARTICLES AND NEARLY FIFTY ILLUSTRATIONS

OCTOBER

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Armour's Extract of Beef

THE BEST EXTRACT OF THE BEST BEEF

TO MAKE GOOD SOUPS.—In the making of soups success or failure lies in the stock and seasoning; it requires experience and great care to keep a good stock pot. The up-to-date housewife of today overcomes this difficulty by the use of Armour's Extract of Beef, which is the ideal soup stock. With it the odds and ends so seemingly useless may all be utilized with the best results. For preparing a clear soup, such as bouillon, rice or spaghetti, use one teaspoonful of Armour's Extract of Beef to every quart of water. For purees, bisques and all thick soups, use one-half teaspoonful, or less, of Armour's Extract of Beef to every quart of water. The above will serve as suggestions; your own ingenuity will devise many others, as Armour's Extract of Beef will be found not only an ideal "stock" for preparing soups, sauces and gravies, but also for making beef tea, consomme, beef broth, etc.



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COLONIAL FURNITURE

THE WEST PARLOR—MOUNT VERNON

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THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL

VOLUME TWELVE OCTOBER, 1902 NUMBER FIVE

COLONIAL FURNITURE

By VIRGINIA ROBIE

THE term "colonial furniture," used in its literal sense, includes the household effects of the Colonists from the time of the settlement at Jamestown to the War of the Revolution.

This restricted definition excludes the work of the great English cabinet-makers of the late eighteenth century, and all the pieces which owe their origin to the style known as the Empire. Thus the furniture of Sheraton and Hepplewhite, and the later designs of Chippendale, are debarred from the category, together with all those massive mahogany shapes having carved columns and claw-feet, which have long been the stronghold of colonial collections. Correctly speaking, these pieces should be classed as late Georgian and American Empire. To limit the adjective "colonial" to the furniture imported or made by the Colonists prior to 1776 would disqualify more than half of the old mahogany in this country. The word has been used so long in a wider sense, and has been applied so continually to everything in furniture, from the earliest possessions of the Pilgrims to the designs in vogue as late as 1820, that it is doubtful if the literal meaning is ever accepted. From one point of view the broader use of the term is the right one. It was not until 1830 that American furniture-makers ceased to be governed by the standards of the Old World.

English taste in house furnishing prevailed long after English supremacy was at an end. The colonial period in furniture outlived the colonial period in history fifty years. When black walnut replaced mahogany, and styles became "indigenous," the last vestige of outside influence was over. Then came the decline.

In the accepted definition, two centuries of furniture-making are covered, 1620–1820. The first hundred years may be called the age of oak, and the second of mahogany. During the earlier period, the history of all handicraft in this country was closely allied to that of England and Holland. In the later epoch, Dutch influence lessened, and England shared with France the honor of molding taste in America.

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The early seventeenth century in England was a time of transition. The Tudor adaptation of the Renaissance was slowly giving way to the Jacobean. Furniture was heavy in every sense of the word, and exhibited a combination of styles which bordered on the grotesque. A little leaven of simplicity was sadly needed, and this, towards the middle of the century, was provided by the Dutch. When William of Orange became king of England in 1688, the triumph of Dutch designs was complete. Holland occupied a unique position commercially. She was in touch with the great nations of the world, and wielded a power second only to that of Italy. Her ports were open to Spain, Portugal, China, and Japan. Via Flanders came French and Italian merchandise. With the accession of William the best that Holland possessed passed into England. Furniture-making was permanently benefited by the introduction of Dutch, Flemish, and Spanish models. In an Anglicized form many of these types reached the colonies. In New England, styles in furniture were of tardy growth. In the South, where a closer touch was kept with England, fashions in costumes and in house furnishings changed more rapidly.

Colonial furniture, from the first, showed a variety of types, for the early settlers reproduced as nearly as was possible, in a strange country, the homes of their native land. The furniture of the Pilgrims was unlike that of the English colonists in the South, and each differed from that of the Dutch settlers. Equally distinct were the household belongings of the Huguenots in Canada, and they in turn were unlike those of the French explorers in Louisiana. The Quaker and Swedish settlers in Pennsylvania added still another element. While the English of the South were fairly representative of one class, and lived after the manner of their kind in the old country, there were slight differences between the colonial homes of Virginia and those of Georgia and Carolina. After the roughness of pioneer life passed away, the dividing-lines between the English and the Dutch, and between the North and the South, became more marked, and remained so until the beginning of the eighteenth century. At that time Manhattan had been for some years under English rule, and the Massachusetts settlers, with increasing prosperity, were enabled to maintain a more comfortable style of living.

The early homes of the Pilgrims and the Puritans were sparsely furnished. The struggle for existence in those first bleak winters made anything but the bare necessities impossible. Long settles, built with high backs to shut out the wind, turned chairs of local workmanship, a few chests, plain deal tables, walnut or oak cupbords, and an occasional carved arm-chair comprised the furnishings of the main apartment in the usual New England house. The original Mayflower furniture was of the simplest description, and extremely meager. Inasmuch as the Mayflower made several voyages between Old Plymouth and New Plymouth, and each time returned to America laden with household belongings, it is quite true that a good deal of furniture "came over in the Mayflower," but it did not come on the first passage. In Pilgrim Hall there are several pieces which may be considered the genuine Mayflower articles. Perigrine White's cradle, Miles Standish's ship chest, and the chairs used by Governor Carver and Elder Brewster are among the relics of that memorable first voyage. The chairs are noteworthy, as they represent the earliest type known in New England. They have turned posts and spindles, and are sturdily built. Smaller than those in Pilgrim Hall, but belonging to the same class, is the chair illustrated in plate I., which is in the possession of Mr. Luke Vincent Lockwood. Little used by the Dutch, and lightly regarded by the Southern planters, this severe type was the common one in the homes of the Plymouth and Bay colonists. Many of the turned chairs were imported, but judging from old inventories, quantities were made in this country.

Among the first trades mentioned in New England records were those of the housewright, the joiner, the

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carver, and the turner. The list of men who earned their living by furniture-making was a long one. In the Bay colony were John Dix, joiner; William Pettigrew, turner; Increase Allen, carver; Thomas Tarbox, clock-maker; Solomon Andrews, turner; Ebenezer Holworthy, varnisher; Martin Rogers, upholsterer.

In 1642 there were twenty joiners in Boston, and over thirty turners. In the Plymouth colony, Kenelm Wynslow was a prominent furniture-maker and was a registered craftsman in 1634.

Six years after the landing of the Pilgrims, a law was passed in which it was declared that "no handicrafts men soever as taylors, shoemakers, carpenters, joiners, smiths, sawyers, or whatsoever, which doe or may reside or belong to the plantation Plimoth, shall use their science or trades at home, or abroad, for any strangers or foreigners, till such time as the colony be served."

The boundless forests of New England supplied workmen with oak, walnut, ash, hickory, cedar, maple, deal, birch, cherry, and pine. Imported furniture was usually of oak, but native pieces were often of the softer woods. Painted furniture formed a large part of the turner's stock in trade. To the heavy coats of paint is due the preservation of many an old-time chest and settle, which would otherwise have long since been destroyed.

Contemporary with the turned chair in England was the wainscot chair, made of oak, and heavily carved. This chair was too cumbersome for easy transportation, and is not enumerated in the earliest inventories. In Salem, 1638, "2 wainscoate chairs" were among the household effects of Giles Perkins, magistrate. In Boston, 1640, William Pettigrew, turner, advertised "3 wainscoate chairs, with cushions," and in 1643, Deliverance Mayhew, of Plymouth, bequeathed to her daughter Patience "1 wainscoate chair, 6 turned chairs, and 2 joyned stools."

Less massive than the wainscot chair was the "leather chair," which was of Italian origin. It was introduced into England by the Dutch, who obtained it from the Flemings. The Italian model had the spiral supports of the late Renaissance period. The colonial type was substantially built, with turned legs and heavy underbraces. Following closely upon the leather chair came the "turkey chair"—so called from the oriental fabric with which it was upholstered. This was of lighter construction, and was designed with a greater regard for comfort. These four styles—turned, wainscot, leather, and turkey—are mentioned over and over in wills and other documents. A Boston inventory, of 1668, includes "2 joyned stools, 1 turned chair, 4 turkey-work chairs, 2 deal chests, plain, 1 oaken chest, carved, 3 leather chairs, 1 chest of drawers, cedar, 1 great wainscoate table."

The wainscot table was a combination table-and chair. Economy of space, as well as that of time and money, was an important factor in early colonial house furnishing. Similar to the wainscot table was the



PLATE I.—TURNED CHAIR, EARLY SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

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settle-table, a piece of furniture which served many purposes. When drawn close to the fireside, it made a comfortable seat for several people. When the back was lowered, and adjusted by means of a wooden bolt, it formed a dining-table, large enough to accommodate an entire family. Beneath the lid was a convenient storing-place for household linen, and for treasured pieces of pewter, too valuable for cupboard or shelf. An additional device provided the settle with candle-holders, which, with the aid of the fire, enabled the sitter to peruse his Bible or almanac. The settle was the most characteristic article of early New England furniture. Local workmen evolved a type which English designers did not surpass. Severe in line and devoid of ornament, it was far more beautiful than the imported model. Built of the finest oak or walnut, and carved with rare skill, the old English settle wins our admiration, but does not hold the eye and fire the imagination as does the simple one of New England pine. What fireside tales the latter suggests! The long winter evening, when howling winds accentuated the warmth and cheer within; when blazing logs lighted up dim corners, making gold the ears of yellow corn hanging from the rafters, and transforming the pewter dishes on the dresser into brightest silver! What dreary theological discussions, what long political arguments, what colonial romances, are conjured up by this old settle!

For more than a century this primitive piece of furniture held its own against more modern innovations. In Plate II. is shown the early type. This picture shows how close the connection was between the settle and the chest. In reality, the colonial settle was simply a long chest with a back, to which side pieces were added. The chests in New England passed through many stages of development, some of them quite independent of English influence. A modification of the chest resulted in a low set of drawers. At first one drawer was placed beneath the chest, the whole being elevated on four straight feet. Then a second drawer was added. This piece of furniture was the chest *with* drawers. The next stage was the chest of drawers, which came into existence about the year 1690. In many cases the straight supports were replaced by heavy ball feet—the latter having become popular in England. This solid ball foot must not be confounded with the claw and ball, which was a later design. One evolution of the chest of drawers was the bureau, another was the high-boy, a third the low-boy, and a fourth the beautiful desk of the eighteenth century.

The desks of pioneer colonial days were in reality boxes, known under the various names of "writing-boxes," "desk-boxes," and "paper-boxes." They were almost exclusively the property of clergymen and town clerks. Letter-writing had little part in the busy lives of the New Englanders.

From the many references in early inventories and wills to the furniture of the day, a vivid picture of the living-rooms of the first settlers is presented. The sleeping-rooms of the period are less clearly defined. Little mention is made of the bedstead, although allusion to "feather," "straw," and "flock" beds are numerous. From the massive designs in vogue in England and Holland, the colonial bed of the seventeenth century may be conjectured. Few of these heavy structures were imported until after 1650. A plainer piece of furniture, following in general lines the English model, was made in the Plymouth and Bay colonies at an early date.

Toward the close of the seventeenth century the bed increased in importance. A list of the household furnishings of a Salem merchant, in 1690, included "1 great oaken bedd, 1 truckle bedd of maple, 1 large sack bottom bedd, 6 Camblett bedd curtains, 2 calicoe bedd curtains, 8 blankett sheets, 1 paire silk bedd curtains." The settee, which was a link between the settle and the sofa, was sometimes used as a bed. The settee was both an imported and a domestic piece of furniture. The back and seat were usually incased in turkey-work. With the exception of the arms and braces, the

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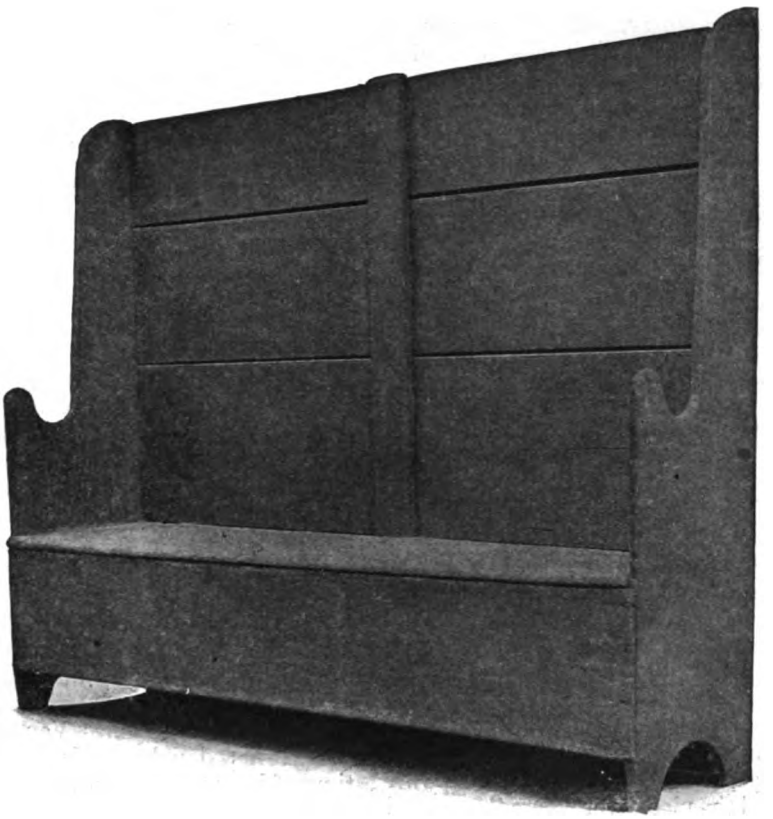


PLATE II.—NEW ENGLAND PINE SETTLE

entire frame was concealed. The construction of the colonial settee was identical with one type of the Renaissance seat. From Italy it passed into France, and from France to England. Holland had no part in its development. From the Italian palace of the sixteenth century to the New England home of the seventeenth was a far-away cry, and yet, barring crude workmanship, the colonial design was a faithful copy of the Renaissance seat. The Dutch settlers were unfamiliar with this settee, as they also were with the New England settle. Aside from a few pieces which were typical of the homes of the Pilgrims and Puritans, the Dutch colonists possessed a far greater variety of furniture.

Life in New Netherlands differed essentially from life in New England. The winters of Manhattan were milder, and the Indians less menacing; but the chief difference between the English colonists of the North and the Dutch settlers lay in their motives for seeking America. The Dutch came to colonize; the English for religious freedom; the Dutch to found a trading-post in the interest of the West India Company; the English, that their children might escape the divine right of kings. The Dutch were a nation of colonizers, and the Manhattan settlers were equipped with all the necessities of pioneer life. From the first, the privations endured by the New Englanders were unknown to them. Their genius for commerce, coupled with their knowledge of seamanship, robbed the long voyage across the Altantic of half its terrors. Therefore, a close touch was kept with

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the mother country. Returning vessels brought back Holland bricks and tiles, and in a few years New Amsterdam was Old Amsterdam in miniature. While Dutch sovereignty extended over a period of less than sixty years, Dutch manners and customs left an impress that a century of English rule could not remove. When New Amsterdam became New York, and Rensselaerswyck became Albany, it was a change of letter, and little else. The English crown was added to the arms of the colony, but the Dutch beaver was not displaced, and the loyal Hollanders still sang *Boven Orange*.

Madam Knight, a Massachusetts traveler visiting Manhattan in 1704, writes in her journal, "The Buildings, Brick generally, are very stately, and high, though not altogether like ours in Boston. The Bricks in some of the Houses are of divers coullers, and laid in checkers, being glazed, and very agreeable. The inside of them are neat to admiration. The fireplaces have no Jambs, as ours have. But the backs run flush with the walls, and the Hearth is of tyles and is as farr out into the Room at the ends as before the fire, which is generally Five foot in the Low'r rooms; and the piece over where the mantel should be is made as ours with joyner's work, and I suppose fastened to iron rodds inside. The hearths are laid with tyles in divers forms and coullers."

The big fore-room of the Dutch dwelling was a pleasant place, with its great hearths, its plastered walls, made bright by racks of Delft, and its comfortable, substantial furniture.

Chairs there were in several patterns, tables of various designs, long built-in settles, painted and carved chests, and a great assortment of cupboards. Most of these pieces were imported. The trade of the turner and joiner did not flourish in Manhattan as it did in Massachusetts. The close touch kept with Holland made domestic furniture unnecessary. Many of the chests and cupboards were richly carved, some were painted in the bright colors which the Dutch loved so well, others were ornamented with marquetry. The various cupboards chronicled in New Amsterdam inventories are bewildering. There were cupboards for linen, for silver, for Delft dishes; cupboards for hats, for cloaks, and for shoes. An important piece of furniture was the kos, or kas, upon which the finest marquetry and carving were lavished. The kas was a huge cupboard, or press, and was the most characteristic article of Dutch handicraft. Ornamented to a high degree, it was often the most sumptuous piece of furniture in the house. When inlaid with bright tropical woods, it presented a brilliant appearance, and rivaled a Dutch tulip garden in wealth of color.

The kas was handed down from one generation to another, and was carefully recorded in the wills of the period. The widow of Governor Stuyvesant made mention of hers in the following manner: "To my son, Nicoleas, I leave my great kas, or cubbard, standing at the house of Mr. Johannęs Van Brugh, together with all the China earthen ware lock'd up in said cubbard."

This same Johannes Van Brugh presented his daughter Katherine, at the time of her marriage to Philip Livingston, with a superb kas. It has been described by Mrs. John King Van Rensselaer, into whose family it passed by inheritance. "The kas is of oak, and handsomely carved on the outsidęs, and is filled with curiously contrived small drawers and receptacles, and had ample room for the linen and silver of the household of its mistress. The keyhole is concealed under a swing-cover of wood, which, when in place, looks like part of the ornamental carving; and the great iron key, with its crooked wards, seems more fitted to unlock a fortress than a marriage-chest." Katherine Van Brugh Livingston owned the finest dinner-set of Delft in New Amsterdam, and doubtless some of the treasured dishes were stored in this great kas.

Typically Dutch was the *slaap-bauck*, or built-in bed, one of the few pieces of furniture which was not sent over from Holland. This was usually provided by the builder of the house. When Oloff

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Van Cortlandt erected a home in the Bowerie for his bride, Annekje Lockermans, it was stipulated in the contract that great care should be taken in making the *slaap-bauck*. In the Cortlandt house, which was one of the most pretentious in town, the *slaap-bauck* was placed in the sitting-room, and was arranged solely for guests who might arrive unexpectedly. It was built behind a sliding door, which concealed it by day, and which could be lowered at night to form a shelf for the mattress In many houses this simple contrivance was the only provision made for sleeping. The old Dutch *slaap-bauck* was the ancestor of the modern folding-bed.

In the small articles of furniture the homes of Manhattan were particularly rich. Mirrors, clocks, pictures, china ornaments, and candlesticks were ordered directly from Amsterdam. The hanging clocks of brass were among the most beautiful of the importations. The dials were decorated with heraldic devices in color, surmounted by picturesque figures in hammered metal. Holland's extensive foreign trade was evinced in the bric-à-brac. The china ornaments, variously referred to as mantel and chimney images, were of East India origin. Interesting bits were lacquers from Japan and ivory carvings from China. These quaint souvenirs of long sea voyages gave color to the Dutch interiors, and emphasized the difference between the homes of New Netherlands and the somber ones of New England.

With the coming of the English settlers to Virginia a much more luxurious phase of colonial life came into existence. Under the royal charter land grants were extensive, and the estates of the Virginia plantation included miles of territory. Toward the middle of the seventeenth century the home of the Southern colonist was one of ease, and was closely modeled on that of the English land-owner. Favored by climate, and served by faithful slaves, the problems that confronted the Northern colonist were unknown to the Virginia gentleman. Blessed by wealth and education, he had the leisure to cultivate the gentle arts of living.

Land passed from father to son, each in turn adding to the beauty of the estate. American architecture of the seventeenth century reached its height in the mansions of Virginia and her sister colony, Maryland. Old letters and inventories show that these houses were richly furnished. Mention is made of Westover, the home of William Byrd, Esq., with its paneled hall and carved staircase, its dining-room, furnished in oak, and its "faire south parlour," hung in silken curtains of Italian weave. William Byrd possessed a fine library. His book-plate, executed in the Jacobean style, is still preserved.

Robert Carter, of Carotoman, left a host of memoranda concerning his mode of living. The upholstery of his sedan chair, the pattern of his furniture, the designs of his silver, were duly recorded. Thanks to these details, a lasting picture is retained of the Southern mansion of the seventeenth century. Detailed orders were sent to London merchants, and the newest styles in furniture and table-ware soon found their way across the water. The carved oak which has been handed down in many Virginia families is of unusual beauty, and of a character unknown in New England. Upholstery was used to a much greater extent in the South than in the North. "Spanish leather, gold Venetian cloth, red Lyons velvet, and green turkey-work" are alluded to in a letter bearing the date 1640. Furniture showed a great variety of designs. Seven kinds of cupboards were listed in the inventory of the Fitz-Hugh house. The court and livery cupboards mentioned so often in colonial documents of the South, and occasionally in those of New England, were low serving-tables with shelves. The prices for some of these pieces were relatively very high. In 1640 the values were: "One livery cubbard and shelf, £25; A great cupbart £38, 3s.; one cupbart, with cloth and cushion, carved, £50."

Another piece of furniture, which in the

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Puritan house was of rigid simplicity, was the "thousand-legged table." This was a peculiarly constructed article having many leaves, which were supported by heavily braced legs. In the South this table became quite an ornamental affair. Smaller tables were the "folding," and "drawing" ones, which were similar in design, but less richly carved.

Towards the end of the seventeenth century in England the heavily carved and paneled pieces were replaced by lighter designs. Chairs were built on more graceful lines, tables became less cumbersome, cupboards lost their massive proportions. Furniture was constructed with a greater regard for comfort and utility. The new designs were easy of transportation, and soon influenced wood-workers on this side of the water. The names of the colonial craftsmen had changed.. The joiner and the turner and the housewright had become the cabinet-maker, the chair-maker, and the carpenter.

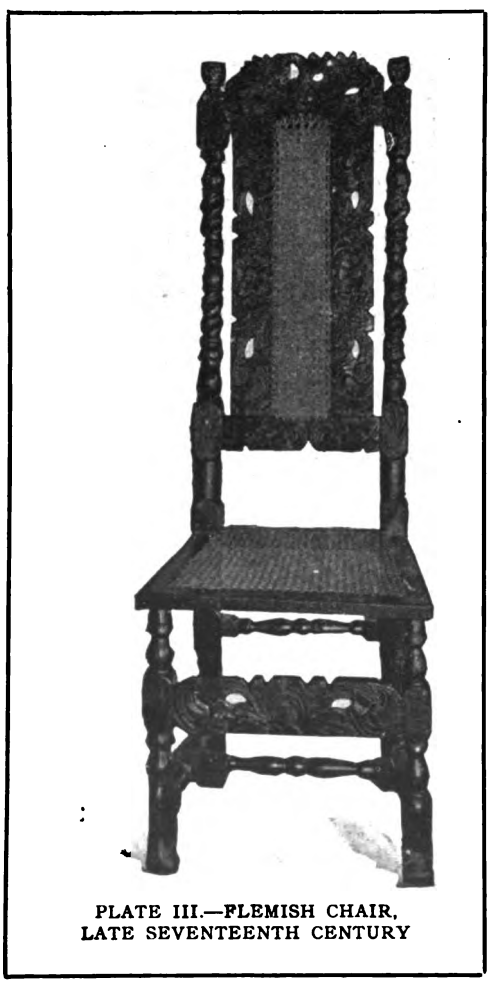


PLATE III.—FLEMISH CHAIR, LATE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

In 1690 the "Handcrafts Guild," of Boston, numbered more than sixty men who made furniture, and over forty who were engaged in the trade of upholstering. The execution of many of the colonial pieces is of a high order, and bears the test of comparison with English work of the period. American woods were unlike those of England, and this fact makes the origin of most old furniture unmistakable.

Two extremely interesting pieces introduced into New England between 1680 and 1690 were the so-called Flemish and Spanish chairs. These were seldom copied in this country, and therefore cannot be confused with colonial handiwork.

English furniture-makers obtained the designs from Holland, where they had long been held in favor. The original Spanish chair was upholstered in leather. The legs were turned with hoof-shaped feet, and the underbracing was scrolled. The Flemish chair had carved feet, which terminated in a scroll. The seat and back were of finely woven cane. In being transplanted from one country to another these chairs lost many of their distinctive features. Dutch designers robbed them of some of their grace, and English wood-workers added a few Jacobean touches. Few Spanish and Flemish chairs of pure type reached America. In England the characteristics of both were blended, and this composite chair was imported in great quantities by both the Northern and Southern colonists. With Spanish feet, Dutch arms, English back, and Flemish underbracing, its nationality was somewhat puzzling. In Plate III. is shown an excellent example of the Flemish type as it is found in this country. The frame of this old piece has the quality of teak, age having toned the wood to a rich, deep brown.

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The fine cane webbing has mellowed with time until it is almost as dark as the woodwork.

With the discarding of the great cupboards, the elevated chests of drawers, familiarly known as high-boys, came into use. The names "high-boy" and "low-boy" are not found in old furniture annals, and are of comparatively late date. "High chests" and low chests" are frequently mentioned, and it was by these terms that they were known in colonial days. The first high-boys contained from four to six long drawers and four or more divided drawers, all of which opened with brass drop handles. Six turned feet connected by a stretcher formed the supports. The tops were straight, and were finished with a heavy molding. Oak and walnut were the principal woods used in their construction. An idea of their value may be gained from prices gathered from old advertisements. The highest figure is £15, and the lowest £2 10s. There was little change in the construction of the high-boy until about 1720, when the introduction of the cabriole, or bandy-leg, revolutionized this piece of furniture, as it did the chair and the table. Instead of six turned supports, the high chest of drawers rested on four slender ones. The stretcher, in a modified form, remained, but in another decade it was discarded, and the high-boy of 1730 stood on independent feet. Plate IV. illustrates the type that was in use at that date. The drawers display the fan carving that was destined to be a feature of so many colonial pieces. The brass handles and escutcheons are a decided advance over the earlier style. The top of this high-boy is straight, the "china steps" being a detached piece of woodwork. "China stepps," or "setts of stepps," were used to hold the highly prized dishes of the colonial household. In 1732 Oliver Doughitt announced a sale at the "Sign of the Golden Beehives," and among his wares were, "China stepps, likewise Delph-ware, and sprigged Porcelyn."



PLATE IV.—HIGH CHEST OF DRAWERS, EARLY EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

Mr. Luke Vincent Lockwood has made a careful study of the high chest of drawers,

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PLATE V.—BLOCK-FRONT SLANT-TOP DESK

and in his book, "Colonial Furniture in America," he presents a detailed history of its development. Mr. Lockwood has rendered a service to collectors, and to all lovers of all furniture, by his scholarly analysis of colonial styles. In speaking of the high-boy he says: "The chest of drawers proper has usually four drawers, graduating in size from seven to four inches in width; the section above the fourth drawer is divided commonly into five drawers; a deep one, ornamented with the rising sun, with the space each side of this equally divided into small drawers. The table part has a drawer running all the way across the top, and under this three deep drawers, the center one also having the rising sun. The large majority of low-boys offered for sale are the lower or table part of high-boys, and can be distinguished from the table proper by their height, and the more substantial make of the leg. The genuine low-boy seldom mentions measures over 34 inches in height; the high-boy tables average about 38 inches. The little low-boys, to the trained eye, are easily distinguished from the pieces made by supplying a top to the high-boy table. It may also be added, that when they are thus separated, the chest of drawers is often finished with feet, and offered for sale as a colonial bureau."

A variation of the usual high-boy of 1730 was the type with a blocked front. This style is rarely found to-day, but the blocked desks, which are of later date, convey an idea of the general arrangement of the drawers. With the appearance of the scroll top, or broken cornice, the high-boy entered the third period of its development. The scroll top was a dividing-line between old and new forms. It transformed the high-boy into a thing of beauty. It added lightness and grace to the cupboard, and it wrought a wonderful change in the desk. Contemporary with the scroll top were the delicately carved finials and the finely executed brass handles.

The tall clock, no less than the high-boy, was improved by the scroll. When cabinet-makers discarded the straight cornice, clock-makers followed in their footsteps. Clock-making in the colonies forms a chapter by itself. The earliest time-pieces were portable, and were of English make. Hanging clocks, described in old documents as "lantern" and "chamber," were little known in New England until the late seventeenth century. When tall clocks replaced them,

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the field for beautiful cabinet-work was a wide one. The craft of the "clock man" in the colonies developed slowly. People of means imported their timekeepers; those in humble circumstances depended on the hour-glass and the sun-dial. The eighteenth century was almost at an end before American clock-making reached the dignity of an art. The names of Seth Thomas and Aaron Willard came into prominence about the year 1800. The "banjo" clock was an invention of Willard, and was very popular in the early nineteenth century. Chauncey Jerome, at a later date, made the rectangular shelf-clock, which is a faithful timekeeper today in many Connecticut houses.

The year 1720, which ended the first hundred years of furniture-making in the colonies, was an important date in England. At that time mahogany came into use in London. The introduction of this wood has long been credited to one Dr. Gibbons, an English physician. The tradition is, that the doctor received from his brother, a sea-captain in the West Indies, a few pieces of mahogany, and being pleased with the color and the grain of the wood, ordered a cabinet-maker to utilize the pieces in constructing a candle-box for Mrs. Gibbons. Delighted with the result, he sent instructions to the sea-captain to ship him enough mahogany to make a bureau. By chance the Duchess of Buckingham saw the bureau and was immediately charmed with it. Her approval brought the wood to general notice, and mahogany furniture soon became the fashion.

Mahogany was known in France and Spain at an earlier date than this, and it is quite probable that English cabinet-makers were familiar with it before Dr. Gibbons and his candle-box became famous. That mahogany furniture was in limited use in the colonies before 1720 is now placed beyond a doubt. In the will of John Jones of Philadelphia, 1708, a mahogany screen is mentioned, and in a New York advertisement, of similar date, a mahogany chest of drawers is offered for sale. The truth of the Gibbons story is open to question, although it is probable that mahogany furniture was little known in England before the second decade of the eighteenth century. It was not imported to any great extent in this country until after the year 1740. The firmness of the wood, coupled with the fine quality of the grain, enabled furniture-makers to secure results that were unattainable in oak. It is not too much to say that the great English cabinet-makers of the eighteenth century could not have achieved their triumphs without the aid of this beautiful medium. By its use designers obtained both strength and delicacy, characteristics which had hitherto not been united in the making of furniture. Without mahogany, the cabriole-legged desks and secretaries, the carved four-post bedsteads, and the graceful fiddle-back chairs would not have reached a high degree of beauty. Chair-making, especially, was revolutionized by the introduction of this West India wood.

About the year 1730, "the fiddle-back chair," sometimes called "the Queen Anne," sometimes "the Dutch," and again, "the bandy-legged" chair, became popular in the colonies. It formed an important link in the history of chair-making, and marked the dividing-line between the heavily braced types, so long in vogue, and the delicately constructed styles made famous by the late Georgian furniture-makers. The first Queen Anne chairs imported into New England were made with slight underbraces, but in the second style these were lacking. The distinctive characteristics of the Queen Anne patterns were the cabriole leg, terminating in the flat foot, the broad splat of the back, and the depressed seat. In Plate VI. are shown two fine specimens which belong to the second type.

Contemporary with the Queen Anne chairs were the "slat-back" and "banister back" chairs. These were made with seats of rush, and were very plentiful between the years 1730 and 1750. In the kitchen of the Whipple house, which is illustrated on page 277, are two of the "slat-back" designs. Into this

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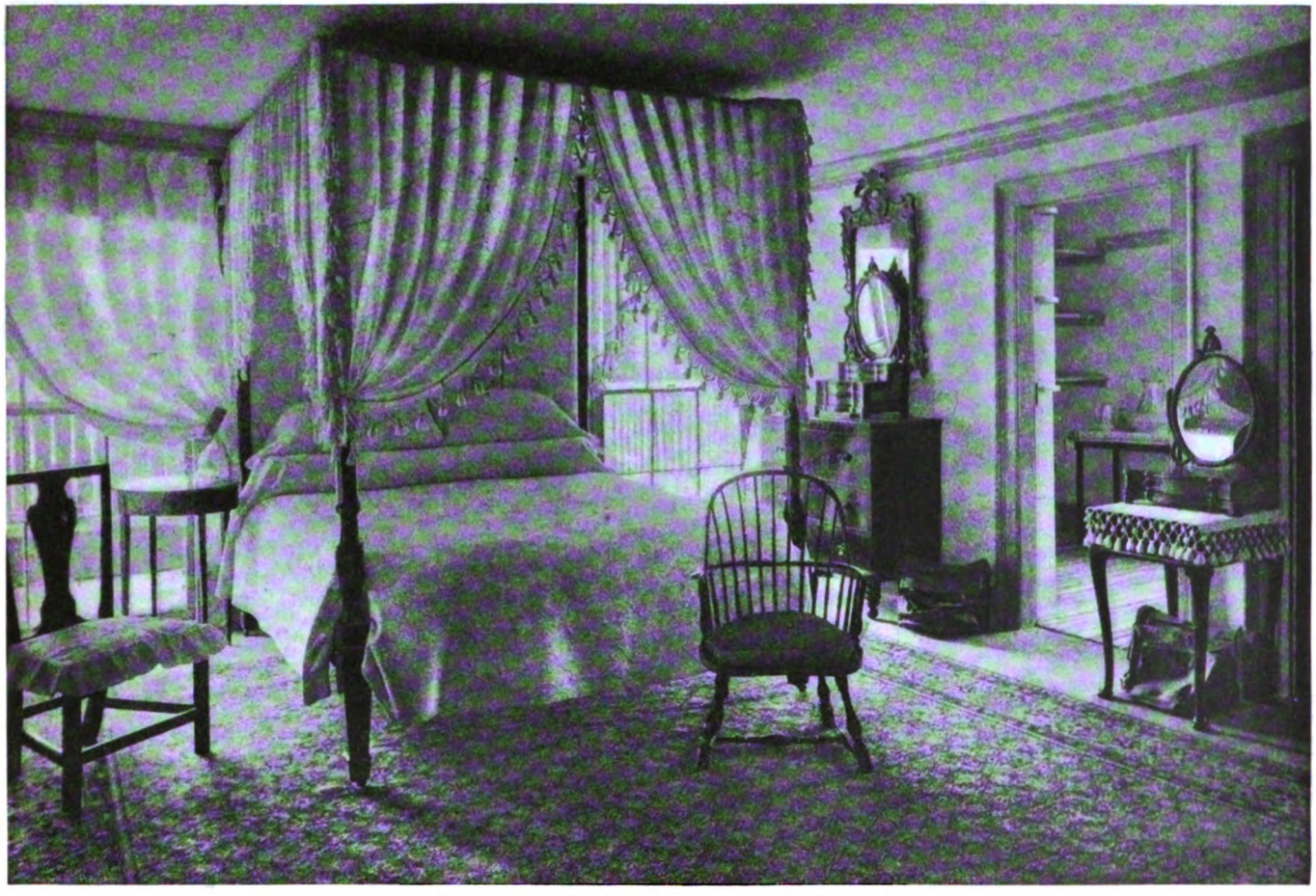


PLATE VI.—DUTCH CHAIRS, 1730

old kitchen have been gathered many articles typical of colonial days. The collection of flax-wheels, churns, lanterns, candlesticks, and pewter dishes rivals that of many a New England museum. A "thousand-legged table" is here, and in a shadowy corner may be seen a "fan-back" Windsor chair. Quite apart from the other chairs of colonial days were the many styles of "Windsors." From 1725 until early in the nineteenth century they held their own with far more elegant designs. They were found in the homes of rich and poor, and were not confined to any one locality. The original Windsors were of English make, but American furniture-makers perfected several styles. Made of ash and hickory, and heavily coated with paint, they have outlived many a fine bit of carved mahogany. The various American Windsors were known as "round backs," "fan-backs," and "bow-backs," the latter following in a general way the lines of an archer's bow. There were "arm-chairs," "rocking-chairs," "writing-chairs," and "side chairs" in the almost endless Windsor category. One of the sturdy "arm-chairs" may be seen in Washington's bed-chamber, at Mt. Vernon, which is reproduced on page 275.

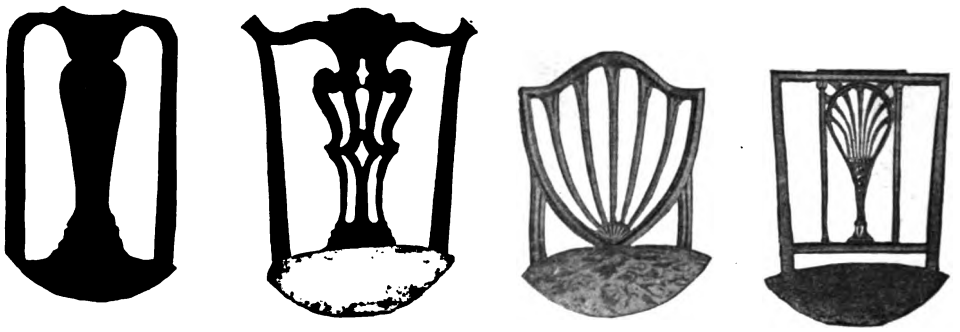
The year 1760 marked another stage in the history of furniture-making in the colonies. In England the great epoch of cabinet-making was at hand—that brilliant period, covering less than sixty years, with which the names of Chippendale, Hepplewhite, and Sheraton are inseparably associated. Shearer, Ince, Mayhew, Manwaring, and Richardson were worthy followers of the three masters, but their influence was little felt in America. How many of the Chippendale, Hepplewhite, and Sheraton pieces which are found in this country actually came from the hands of the great designers? Their names have become generic terms, sometimes denoting a style, sometimes a period. "After the manner of" Chippendale, or Hepplewhite, or Sheraton, would be a safer way to classify most of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth century furniture found in America. Doubtless a great deal of the work in England which now bears the names of these men was simply designed by them and executed by others. In this country English models were so carefully copied that it is sometimes difficult to locate the makers. Chippendale's influence was strongest in this country between the years 1760–1780. During the later decade, Hepplewhite was also a potent factor in determining styles in furniture. Sheraton's publication, "The Cabinet Maker's and Upholsterer's Drawing Book," appeared in 1793. From that

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WASHINGTON'S BED-CHAMBER, MOUNT VERNON

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PLATE VII.—FOUR FAMOUS COLONIAL CHAIRS

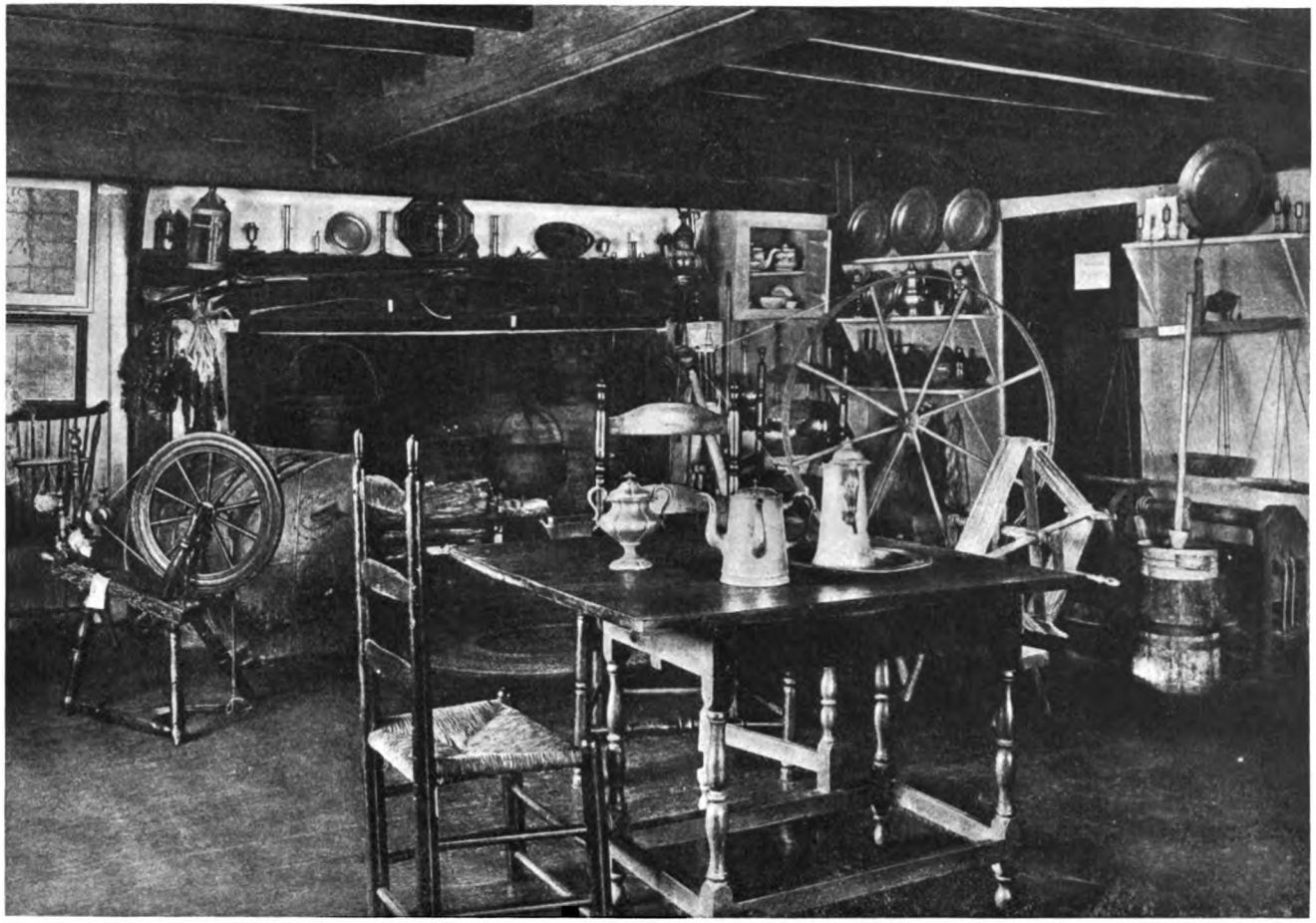
date until the designs of the Empire came into fashion, Sheraton was the guiding-star of the furniture-makers in America.

In 1762 the third edition of "The Gentleman and Cabinet Maker's Director," by Thomas Chippendale, was printed in London. The subtitle stated that it was "A collection of Most Elegant and Useful Designs of Household Furniture. Calculated to Improve and Refine the Present Taste, and Suited to the Fancy and Circumstances of Persons in All Degrees of Life." Many of the designs in the book were extremely rococo, and showed how close a student the author was of the Louis XV. school; some were executed in "the Gothic manner," others in the "Chinese taste," which Sir William Chambers had made popular. The so-called Chinese style of woodwork—the lattice and irregular fret, which under Chambers's influence became fashionable in London—resulted in many freaks in furniture. Fortunately, the popularity of the Chinese and Gothic styles found no echo on this side of the Atlantic. Most of the Chippendale pieces in America are entirely free from these absurdities. His early furniture shows traces of Dutch influence, which lingered in England in spite of newer fashions. He made use of the bandy-legged chair, imparting great delicacy to the construction. The first Chippendale chairs which were known in



PLATE VIII.—HEPPLEWHITE COSEY-CHAIR

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KITCHEN OF THE WHIPPLE HOUSE, IPSWICH, MASSACHUSETTS

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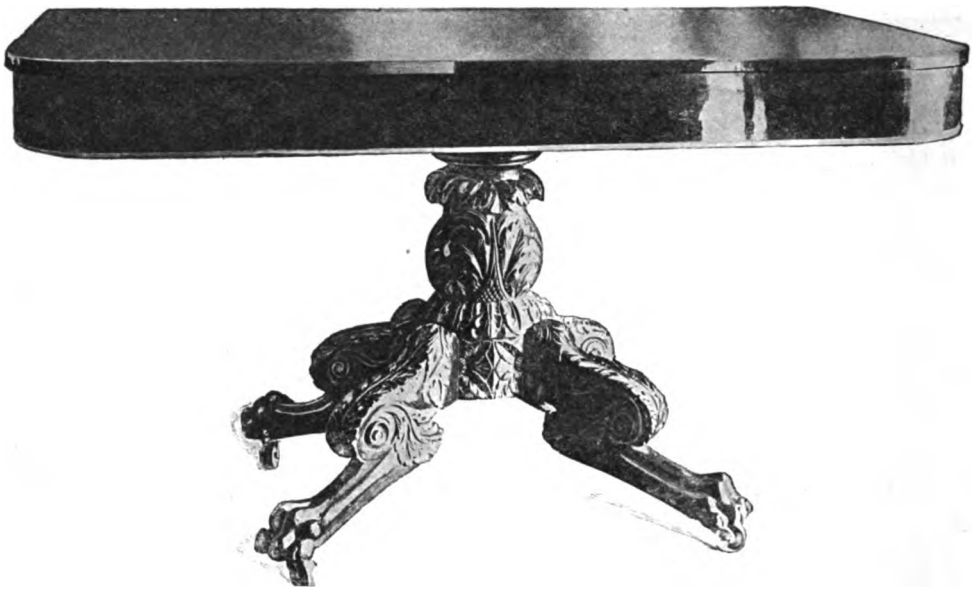


PLATE IX.—AMERICAN EMPIRE PILLAR-AND-CLAW TABLE

America were made with the bandy-leg and ball and claw foot. The backs were a variation of the Dutch splat, pierced and slightly curving. The next type showed a more elaborate back, and straight, tapering legs. About 1770 a slight departure from the regulation Chippendale chair resulted in the "ladder-back" design. The supports of this chair were straight, and the back was divided with horizontal bars. Mt. Vernon contains several of these ladder-backs. In the west parlor, as shown in frontispiece, a ladder-back chair is placed on either side of the fine Louis XVI. *fauteuil*.

A good deal of the old furniture in this country long attributed to Chippendale is now credited to Hepplewhite. It is conceded by students of furniture that Chippendale did not inlay any of his handiwork. The many beautiful cabinets and sideboards, standing on straight, tapering legs, and having for their sole ornamentation narrow lines of marquetry, which have long been called "Chippendale," are, in reality, after the manner of Hepplewhite. The serpentine sideboards are believed to have been designed by Thomas Shearer, who was associated with Hepplewhite. These pieces are extremely graceful, and are inlaid with considerable skill. Carving was Chippendale's mode of decoration, and in his beautiful chairs it found its best expression.

Thomas Sheraton, coming a little later, learned much from both Chippendale and Hepplewhite. Discarding the plain, tapering support, he selected the fluted form of the Louis XVI. style, which the Adam brothers had introduced into England. James and Robert Adam were architects, who carried their classic tastes to a very fine point. Sheraton owed much of his success to these men, whose influence on the furniture-making of the period was very great. Sheraton's designs were invariably marked by restraint. He made many fine chairs and tables, but in this country his fame rests chiefly on his sideboards, which have never been surpassed. The urn-shaped knife-boxes, which are a part of many of these pieces, show how strongly he was guided by the standards of the Adam brothers. Most of Sheraton's work in this country is of a high order. To many minds the old furniture that bears his name is the finest of all colonial styles. His chairs, simpler in design than

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those of Chippendale, more honest in construction than those of Hepplewhite, have in some points never been equaled.

Plate VII. affords an excellent comparison of the four most famous colonial chairs. First, the pure Dutch fiddle-back; second, the Chippendale, with pierced splat; third, the heart-shaped Hepplewhite; and fourth, the rectangular Sheraton. There were several modifications of these types, but they were merely in detail.

Some of the "round-about chairs" designed by Chippendale are admirably constructed. In his hands the heavy Dutch model, the original "round-about," was given a new beauty. The large upholstered chair of the late colonial period, the "wing" or "cosey" type of modern nomenclature, was not made by Chippendale. Ince and Manwaring designed several patterns, which were more common in England than in this country. A wing chair made by Hepplewhite, now owned by a Salem collector, is illustrated in Plate VIII.

After the War of 1812, English patterns declined in favor, and furniture-makers turned to France for inspiration. The American development of the Empire style is a lasting credit to the designers of this country, and forms a fitting close to the second century of colonial furniture-making. Plates IX., X., and XI. are typical examples of the American Empire, and show what spirit could be imparted to massive designs. This combination of lightness with solidity was the dominating quality of the furniture of this period.



PLATE X.—LOW-POST BEDSTEAD

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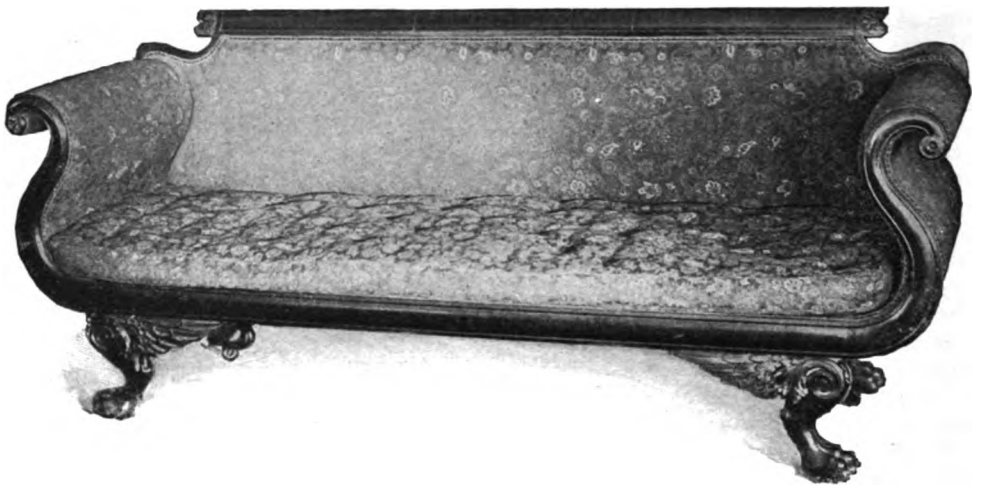


PLATE XI.—EMPIRE SOFA

The bedstead is as fine in its way as the high-poster in Washington's bedroom at Mount Vernon.

While the Empire style in America followed in a general way the trend of the movement in France, it was free from the incongruities that marred many of the foreign pieces. Carved columns, claw-feet, pine-apple finials, and ornamental brasses were the hall-marks of the American Empire. Realistic heads of lions and griffins, and the many Egyptian details which French furniture-makers resorted to, were happily absent from the work of the day on this side of the water.

By 1830 the Empire style in this country had run its course. Designs lost their vitality, and became heavy and ponderous. When black walnut superseded mahogany, the characteristics that had made furniture-making an art for more than a hundred years ceased to exist. Varied as were colonial types, there were certain features common to all. Purity of form, harmony of parts, subordination of ornament, were expressed in the latest as well as the earliest American models. Whatever extravagances marked English and Continental styles, designs in this country leaned towards simplicity. It is this quality that renders colonial furniture as satisfactory to-day as when it came from the hands of its maker.

The Editor desires to acknowledge the courtesy of Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons in permitting the use of eleven plates from Mr. Luke Vincent Lockwood's comprehensive book on "Colonial Furniture in America."

The three full-page illustrations are published by courtesy of Mr. George H. Polley, of Boston.

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EVOLUTION OF DOMESTIC LIFE IN AMERICA, AND ITS RELATION TO THE FUTURE

By GRACE SCHENCK WARD

WE are apt to feel that the American people are more restless, more changeful, than those of any of the Old World countries with which we compare ourselves. This feeling arises in a large measure from the fact that America is now in the heyday of its youth, and is striving to solve in its national life many problems which were quite as difficult in their day to the older countries, and produced nearly if not quite as great a restlessness as vexes the mature American of to-day. The twentieth century has dawned for us with an outlook such as has rarely confronted so young a nation. We are in the position of a child, brought up to a quiet, narrow life, not much money and no great future, who finds himself, on attaining his majority, the possessor of a great and hitherto unsuspected fortune, fawned upon by sycophants, deluded by flatterers, drawn this way and that, tasting every pleasure, trying every form of diversion, with no very settled attitude towards life save an insatiable appetite for novelty. Trying his strength with often a feeling back of it all that it is too good to be true, and that there must be some lurking trap in it all, he has yet a curiosity to see how great a strain it will bear without breaking.

To that child, as to the nation to-day, the great thing needed is readjustment. Every generation finds itself confronted with this necessity of adjusting the training received in its youth to the demands made upon it when it reaches maturity. This is inherent and inevitable.

The great changes, commercial and economic, that have swept over this country during the years since the Civil War find their counterpart in the coincident changes in religious and domestic life. The religious side of the question is not to be touched upon now, and the commercial and economic ones are best left to the virile mind for treatment. But the domestic situation of the present day is one which women ought to know something about, and should intelligently fit themselves to alter, and adjust to the necessities of the times.

It is a fashion of the day for men to decry the fact that women devote so much less time to their domestic and maternal duties than of old, and so much more to athletics, sports, and social intercourse. I rather think the women have only followed where the men pointed out the way. Half a century ago the average American of thirty, forty, or fifty years of age spent most of his days from nine to six at work. His evenings were devoted to slippered ease, his mind too weary and his body too jaded for anything but an anaconda-like digesting of his evening meal, a few moments spent with his family, and then to bed, in order to fit him for another day of treadmill monotony. His wife led practically the same life. But gradually a change crept over this dreary scene, and men came to see their way to something besides mere money-getting. So many broke down under this regimen, men and women, that it became necessary to find relief, and now a man of the same type can work

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from nine to four, and play the rest of the time, take nearly every Saturday a half-day's recreation, make far more money, do more for the good of the community, and come more closely in touch with his children than ever before. The man who leads this modern life demands a very different kind of a wife from the man of fifty years ago, and so, to keep pace with her husband, she also learned to get through her daily tasks in order that she might escape the fate of the household drudge, and be able to have her amusements in line at least with those of her husband, and be an intelligent companion for him. Just at first it seemed as the pendulum swung far from the side of preconceived ideas of domestic duty, that the mother accomplished nothing but neglect, but the world came to see that possibly the woman, like the man, had more than one duty in life, and that though maternity lay pre-eminent claims upon her, yet there were other sides of life presented which might demand recognition. And so out of the old, narrow, fireside circle, beyond which she rarely stepped, has grown the wider, deeper, higher, truer home life which demands her time and attention, from which she must send forth men and women fit to face existent conditions.

Fireside life has disappeared very largely. Home life holds still as large if not a larger place in modern life as the earlier and narrow conditions of domestic felicity. When one condemns the present condition of domestic life I would beg to call a halt, and ask the caviler to look into the question a bit, below the surface, and ask herself or himself what home life is for. Is it to be the quiet resting-place to which one returns, worn out with struggling against the world, a place where troubles and cares should not obtrude lest they disturb the Arcadian peace that broods over it? Or is it the center from which shall radiate the forces that are to move and control the world?

Here, again, must we readjust our ideas. To the mother who longs to be the central point of devotion in the lives of her children, to the wife who wants to be, as most of us do, the idol of her husband's heart, such a readjustment must bring some pain and sacrifice. But there is more to matrimony and maternity than the selfish gratification of our own desire for love and unintelligent devotion. Responsibility, grave and weighty, lies on the shoulders of the home-makers. Every home that turns out into the next generation men and women fit to carry on the works begun, and left unfinished by their predecessors, has fulfilled its purpose. Every home that fails to do this, and turns out drones and malingerers, has lost sight of the highest and best meaning which attaches to the institution. I have tried vainly to find the derivation and meaning of the word "home." Perhaps it is just as well. Its very vagueness stimulates our curiosity, and sets us all thinking of what it means to us, and in how much we fail to live up to the purpose of its meaning. The high ideal of domestic life is to bring within its border all that will stimulate to the greatest activity for good the force of the individual. The strength of the state must be as the strength of its component parts, which, of course, are the men and women engaged in its life. The time has gone by when parents decided, more or less arbitrarily, what profession or business their sons should follow. The eldest for the bar, the second for medicine, the next for the church, or one branch of the service, etc., etc. Those were the days of domestic tyranny, when the parents' word was as the law of the Medes and Persians, which changeth not, and as I look back at it, it seems to me it was possibly the time of parental weakness and inertia. It must have been easier to decide these questions, and carry them through without much thought, positive or negative, from the child, and make everything bend towards an already settled point, than so to train and educate each child as to develop in him or her that for which each has a special aptitude, and give to each the individual care and training along its special line which shall fit him or her to do service for the state, and

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make their individuality count for the utmost in the furtherance of national interests.

Of course I generalize. As I am speaking, to you and to me come many individual instances in past and present in which these generalities do not hold good. But we must take a pretty broad point of view in dealing with this subject, and try to look at it as a trend of thought and development in the country at large, and not as the changed condition affects our own limited personal experience.

Nothing that is normal and healthy is still. To be placidly content with existing conditions means stagnation and decay. Even stagnation endures but a second, and the process of deterioration proceeds with relentless activity. We are born into a world of change and restlessness. The instant our physical activity ceases we die. The moment when commercial change and political agitations cease our national health is endangered. So in social and domestic matters; these must change, as do all other normal, wholesome institutions. Conditions change, and to be a potent factor, social life must be readjusted to meet the new conditions. If the world is to progress, each generation must begin in advance of the point at which its predecessor started. The child who opens its eyes for the first time on the world of to-day is already a more highly developed mental if not physical organism than the child of a few hundred years ago. The child who begins life surrounded by the marvelous results already achieved in the scientific and mechanical world has already, if I may so put it, taken his first educational steps along these lines. The telephones, automobiles, wireless telegraph, before long, will form part of his earliest impressions. These things, and others too numerous to mention here, form part of the original fabric on which his life and character is to be embroidered.

Not long since I sat with two women, one fifty, the other not yet thirty. The older woman was called from the room to use the long-distance telephone. When she returned she confessed to feeling quite flustered, as it was the first time she had ever used it. The younger woman could never remember the time when telephones were not in common use. These two women could not have had originally the same point of view concerning the conduct of domestic affairs. The older one had thought in her youth, I reflected, as a rule for hours over a question asked and answered by a note and a messenger-boy; the younger one, called by the telephone, has the question propounded, and the answer demanded at once. Here must be faculties already used to ready concentration and quick decision. The decision must be at once. No time for careful consideration; instantly the mind must grasp the subject and decide. We do not stop to think out all these things in our daily actions, nor the inevitable effect of environment upon the human life and character, but we cannot escape from their effect. And these wonderful changes in our civilization require a good deal of thinking out if we are to be able to meet and cope with them intelligently, and make them potent factors in our development. The question as to the effect already produced by the evolution, up to date, of domestic life is the one before us.

The earlier fireside life, if I may again differentiate, played a most important part in the molding of the generations which had to hew out our national fame and fortune from an unknown and unconquered world. The almost Spartan sternness of the Puritan household produced men who proved themselves able to conquer, civilize, and develop this vast continent. I do not despise nor undervalue what now seems to us as narrow, because we require so much broader a life. I honor and revere the strength, the courage, and the self-denial of the makers of our nation. But that phase passed. We cannot now lead such lives, nor is it wise or best that we should. I mean distinctly, in view of the conditions which now face us. Our hardy forefathers turned out a race of fighters and pioneers fit to conquer and subdue savages, and to fight tooth and nail for liberty and justice. We must send out a generation to meet and

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conquer diplomats, to adjust the most delicate and intricate political questions, to train the country in the higher forms of art, civilization, and social intercourse—in a word, to rear upon the foundation solidly laid by our forefathers a structure on which each generation shall put substantial improvements of beauty and utility, and prove to the world the validity of our claim to the position to which we aspire. I believe we are in a fair way to do this. I believe the domestic life of to-day tends towards it. I believe that the very independence and restlessness we so often selfishly deplore in the younger generation are very potent factors in its accomplishment. It leaves some of the older ones lonely and stranded, but the best home life a nation can have is the one which trains, not breaks, the restless spirit of youth, and permits each child to work out its own character, unconscious of hampering control, save as it sees the wisdom and justice of such control for itself. The quiet force of example tells wonderfully, far more than nagging speech and reiterated and inconsistent commands.

The young men of to-day are different from their fathers, but not worse. There is no more drinking, no more dissipation, no more wildness, among these men than among their fathers. Indeed, some optimistic souls will even maintain that there is less. There are as many young men of high standards to-day interested intelligently in matters of municipal reform, state politics, and national affairs as in the last generation at a corresponding age. The young men of to-day lead a more wholesome, normal physical life than did their fathers and grandfathers, and I think they are on the whole quite as capable of intelligently conducting their lives and working for the highest interests of the country as were the men who went before them.

The Bishop of New York, in a lecture recently delivered to the students of Yale, says: "The first duty of the citizen is to understand present social conditions, and to deal with them without sentiment and without passion." It is on such lines as these that I have striven to work in writing this paper. Facts are before us, not fancies. Because the change has come, and we are confronted with it, and because I try to consider it "without sentiment and without passion," I do not wish to be looked upon as a domestic iconoclast, nor that most unpleasant person, an advanced woman. Far from it. Individually, the changes which I have set forth as existent have brought pain and sacrifice, but in the working out of great problems the individual loss cannot be too much considered. It is the greatest good of the greatest number which counts, and I am inclined to think will prevail, whether we want it individually or not. Modern progress is a great, unseen, compelling power, against which individuals beat themselves in vain. They are weak against it, but working in harmony with it, they may expect a strong guiding influence, and turn this power towards intelligent direction of real improvement.

Huxley says, "Vastness is not greatness." I would humbly add, "Neither is strength power." We have developed in this new country of ours a vast amount of strength, of which the restlessness is a symptom. Now, we must turn this strength into power.

I think, far from proving in what I have written that domesticity is a decadent force, I rather prove that the influence exerted by the home and the home-makers must be a stronger and more intelligent one than ever before. A great modern thinker has said that we have reached the highest possible point in the physical development of man, and that from this on the improvements which shall come must be along altruistic lines. If this is so, then surely the parents of to-day have to deal with very different and higher mental problems than were offered in the days gone by. I mean the parents who progress with the age, and are not willing to be relegated to the position of the parents among the lower animals and earlier ages of man, but who intend to take up and carry on the work intrusted to them on the mental, moral, and social side as well as the physical one. The limits of this paper are the only limits to

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such a question. I do not mean it to be conclusive, but suggestive, and I hope among my readers there may be some who shall come to see that it is not quite reasonable, in this age of universal progress, that the care and development of our children should be the only department of human affairs which should be conducted on old-fashioned lines, and relegated to mediæval methods.

HOW TO FRAME PICTURES

By ISABEL McDOUGALL

YOU might set a tiny miniature in paste jewels when it would be absurd to treat a stately Piranesi etching of Roman ruins that way. You might pick out a florid gilt frame adorned with garlands and bowknots for a Watteau marquise which you would not choose to surround Dante's solemn countenance. You would not think of squaring the circle of a Botticelli tondo, yet perhaps you would try to trim some oblong portrait into an oval shape that suited it no better. You might use a green mat that set off your bright hunting print admirably, and find that it extinguished your delicate water-color. Or you might, seeing that certain strong photographs could dispense with a mat, try framing a little etching without one, doing which, if you had any eye at all, repentance would surely follow.

For the mistakes oftenest made in framing are frames of too ornate a character, margins too narrow, or mats of the wrong color. Rightly considered, the frame is merely a mat, a margin, which separates the picture from other objects, so that attention is concentrated on it alone. A powerful oil-painting, or even a large photograph with decided dark masses, needs little assistance to triumph over its environment. These two are about the only things that are framed without mats.

Oil-paintings should have neither mat nor glass. Occasionally an especially valuable oil-painting is put under glass to preserve it from the all-pervading soot of cities like London, Chicago, or Pittsburg, but the necessity is always to be deplored. It is a sad waste to turn a good picture into a poor mirror. A shadow-box, that is, a handsome projecting case of dark wood, is rightly used only for protection. When you see one you assume that the canvas is so choice or the frame so delicate as to require extra safe-guarding. Consequently a good many small or worthless pictures are given shadow-boxes to enhance their importance, just as a short person puts on high-heeled shoes.

For an oil-painting a gold frame is the best, and a simple rule is at least three inches of gold for a small picture and a proportionate increase of width and ornament for a large one. Some sketchy canvases look well in broad wooden frames, black or mellow brown. Some subtle color harmonies are fitly set in silver; for instance, Whistler's tone studies, and H. D. Murphy's strips of sand and sea and pearly sky. Artists love the dim, brownish hue of tarnished old gold frames, and are always trying to get framers to copy it as a setting for low-keyed paintings. The new bronze powder comes in a good brownish hue, and also in effective varieties of paler or deeper or greenish toned gold. It should be cheaper than gold-leaf, but alas! it demands such nice handling, such polishing and shellacking to render it durable, that the cost of workmanship makes up for the low price of the material. Bronze frames are, however, deservedly in the height of favor for both oil and water colors.

Many water-colors are bold and strong enough to frame like oils; i. e., in gold with-

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out a mat, or with a gold mat, which amounts to the same thing, and is merely a measure of economy, since with a wide gold mat a narrow gold frame suffices. One may be still more saving and use a mat of strawboard, whose deep, sober yellow-brown throws out the hues of a picture almost as well as the precious metal itself. Artists often use it as a temporary expedient. There are objections nowadays to white mats and frames as being lighter than the highest light in the picture, and the taste is for mats of some neutral color, like gray, brown, or gold. Nevertheless, on high-keyed aquarelles an ivory-white mat and frame look well.

Large photographs, especially when they are from striking paintings, like the Braun autotypes, may be framed in broad, flat oak or gold moldings, without any mat or margin. As a matter of fact, the width of the frame makes up for the mat. A particularly good frame is of chestnut, gilded, so that the wavy grain of the wood shows through, rendering any other ornament superfluous.

Engravings, etchings, and drawings require a mat, and unless carried to extremes, the wider the mat the better the picture looks. In engravings or etchings the title and any other lettering on the margin must be allowed to show. The mat should be wider at the top than at the sides, and widest of all at the bottom. A simple molding of gold, oak, black, or white makes the best frame. Or if the picture is printed in sepia or sanguine, the frame may well be of the same brown or red shade in wood. Some quaint old prints are liked by connoisseurs with a narrow molding set close to the picture; but to my thinking, even Durer's famous "Melancholia" produces no effect without some mat. Every one can remember when velvet frames were the height of the fashion; they are now seldom seen. A short time ago there was a rage for white enamel frames, then came a reaction towards dull black, and at present green is in high favor. No one can follow all the vagaries of fashion. Just now two beautiful styles are popular novelties. One has the corners rounded in Japanese style; this is usually made of soft wood, made pliable under steam, and stained some agreeable shade of forest green or silver gray. The other is carried out in rosewood, of the rich color of old mahogany; the corners are not mitered, but "cabinet-joined." There are also what are called "veneered" frames, which are apparently made of a sheet of wood with an opening cut in it for the picture, precisely like a mat. It is, in fact, a mat of wood.

There are admirable architectural frames especially designed for certain pictures; every one has probably seen Sargent's "Hosea" or Vedder's "Lazarus" in some such setting, and recognized its appropriateness. There are frames Gothic, ecclesiastic, shaped like church windows and terminating in crosses, which incase pictures of the Madonna or the saints; there are small shrines with tiny doors that open and close on Fra Angelico angels. There are frames colonial, rococo, Florentine, Empire, and so on, that we like on bewigged worthies, Napoleonic marshals, or Arcadian shepherds and shepherdesses.

It is impossible to lay down a law for these things, any more than for the freaks of fancy in mats, which are sometimes charming indeed. You will see them made of matting, of stamped leather, of old brocade, of Japanese silk. You will see even the less pretentious paper mats in decided red, green, terra-cotta, and even black. The last named is, I think, always a mistake, but the others are often telling when chosen by "a very sure and certain" taste. For most people they are good things to leave alone, or at most to experiment with on a small scale, for inexpensive prints in passepartout frames.

Neither can the writer explain when and how much ornament is desirable; whether a gold beading added to a wooden frame, an edge of velvet added to a gilt one, will help the picture. When in doubt choose the simpler thing. Bear in mind one principle: the picture is of the first importance. If the frame is more noticed than its contents, something is wrong.

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THE DAISIES AND GOLDENROD

IN PRAISE OF GOODLY GARDENS

By KATHERINE LOUISE SMITH

Illustrated from Photographs by Arus S. Williams, Minneapolis

WHEN we keep in touch with Nature we share her life. There is an uplifting of the soul that comes with gentle spring, and endures throughout the season of green. From the pussy-willow, that herald of new life, to that harmonious duo, daisies and goldenrod, to salvia and the gorgeous autumn tinting, there is a wondrous, subtle change continually going on in nature that writes itself on all around it. To none are these changes more perceptible than to the happy possessor of a garden. A garden is an ever-changing poem, full of beautiful thoughts which spring from the ground touched by the finger of God. Who does not know the memories that come with the scent of mignonette, the heliotrope, tube-rose, and sweetbrier? These subtle odors come from time to time as if wishing us to solve a mystery, or to live again some experience of youth. It is in the garden that suggests these memories one loves to dwell.

It has been rightly said that flowers

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THE MULTI-COLORED FLOWERS OF SUMMER



FROM THE WATERWAYS COME THE YELLOW, BLUE, AND RED

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WHILE MIRRORED PONDS HAVE WATER LILIES WHOSE GREEN LEAVES FLOAT SOFTTY

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NATURE'S OWN ARRANGEMENT

flourish gladly in the gardens of those who love them. No landscape-gardening is here with its improbable knolls and hollows, shrubs grown in groups and designs impossible to nature. In the garden of the flower-lover, sweet, friendly flowers fill the crevices and borders; there are shady nooks for lovers and friends, and the spot is associated with one's inner life, for it is a part of one's very self. A garden like this is fairyland.

If it is a true garden it will have its fruit-trees, for in the season when the peach and apple blossoms hang over, there is perpetual delight. Who has not reveled in the quiet nook among the trees, with perhaps a brook murmuring in the distance, on a cool morning when the sky is slightly veiled? Such a sweet, sacred silence cannot exist elsewhere. The orchards seem vivified, so personal are the charms of the trees, like loyal friends that endure with age. Such a garden brings a new surprise, a new delight, daily, and no occupation is healthier, none of greater variety, than the care of flowers.

The flower-lover's garden boasts also of the wild flowers, besides the geranium, tulip, phlox, pansies, and the hosts of cultivated flowers. What a wonder that people do not take more kindly to the dandelion! What beauty in the wide stretches of these golden discs that bloom early and fearlessly amid a heavy mat of green! Not all wild flowers, like the moccasin-plant, which blooms in shady nooks, will brook the tenderest care, but a little wholesome ground, a few days of rain or shine, and the hardy wild flower will burst forth robust, and so beautiful that one is impressed with the thought that, small or large, a gar-



THE MOCCASIN-PLANT, THAT BLOOMS IN SHADY NOOKS

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WHEN PEACH AND APPLE BLOSSOM HANG OVER, THERE IS PERPETUAL DELIGHT

den is a necessity for one who would grow spiritually as well as bodily.

The change of flowers from spring to fall is marvelous in its regularity. The pale early blossoms, like anemone and bloodroots, hide in the grass and under dead leaves; and as these slowly give place to the multi-colored flowers of summer and the vivid hues of autumn, there is a succession of color surprises at which man can only wonder. The garden is a mystery that appeals to the artistic side of man's sight-nature like a symphony of rare sounds does to his ear. If the garden is so large it can have an errant stream or quiet pond, thrice blest is he who owns. For from the waterways come the yellow, blue, and red that exert a quickening and irradiating influence on the landscape. Perchance it is the marigold that tints the banks of a tiny stream, or the blue, queenly fleur-de-lis that spreads its regal mantle over many fields. The iris must be seen in its home to look into the purple depths of the rich, deep flower, and to appreciate the sword-like leaves that grow beside it, wind-betossed. All these the stream suggests, while mirrored ponds have water-lilies, whose deep green leaves float softly and give renewed pleasure at every opening and closing of the buds.

One secret all successful gardeners know. One must nurse one's own flowers if they are to flourish, for flowers, like human beings, long for love. The very word "garden" is to the flower-lover a picture. It suggests the thornless pleasure gardens of Eden before the Fall; sad Gethsemane, dear to the Man of Sorrows; and those mystic Persian gardens, with their wilder-

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ness of roses, whose praises have been sung by Hafiz, Saadi, and Khayyam. Then there rises before one the mediæval Roman gardens, with the mount raised to command a view of the surrounding country; the Tudor gardens, with their topiarian work and fish-ponds; the stately Italian gardens, with their fine perspective; and the pleasure gardens of Versailles, the acme of the artificial.

The best of gardens resent all attempts to force them into categories. They are those where no definite design has been adopted, and that beauty and a love of nature have prompted. They may not be the classic gardens of Le Nôtre, but they are the nosegays of gardens, whose beauties poets sing and whose praises ever live. It is gardens such as these that make one cry, "Would that the whole world were inflamed with a taste for gardens! Would that the garden mania might take root in childhood!" Then would we have fewer evil-doers, and man would cast off such passions as conflict with peace and order.



THE FREEDOM OF THE WOODS

CASEMENT WINDOWS

By CLAUDE BRAGDON

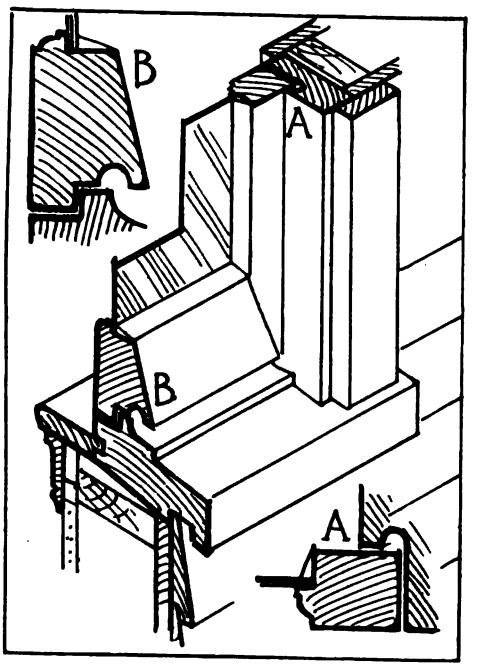
AS an architect holding similar views, I was much interested in Mr. Spencer's defense of the casement window, in a recent number of THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL. The prejudice on the part of the average householder against this form of window is deep rooted, but it is well founded only because he is familiar with casement windows in their cheapest and most pernicious form, where no adequate precautions have been exercised to keep out wind and water. In England and on the Continent the use of casement windows is all but universal; and in northern Canada, where the climate is much more severe than in the United States, they are of common occurrence, though there they are often supplemented by storm-sash during the winter.

Casement windows which open out are more easily made tight than those which open in, but the former are often in danger of being slammed and broken by the wind, and they preclude the use of outside blinds and screens. For these reasons it is usually advisable that they be made to open in, and the entire opening screened outside.

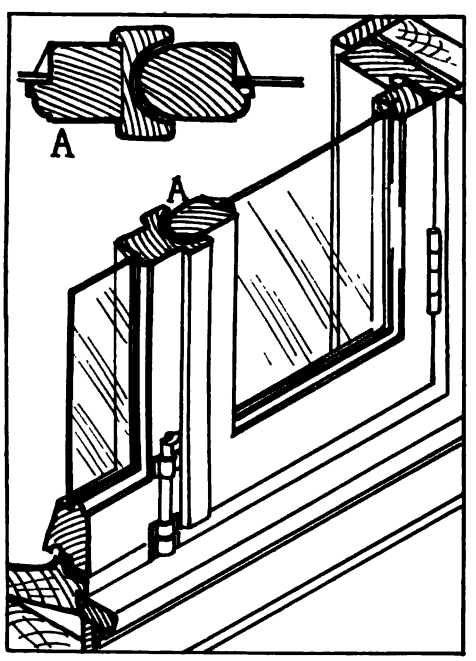
To make such a window tight, the following points should be observed: The

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sash should be of well-seasoned wood, and sufficiently thick not to warp—one and a half or one and three-fourths inches at the least. The rebate which receives the sash should be deep (about three-fourths of an inch), and provided with a "drip" or groove, which prevents the passage of water by capillary attraction. The bottom rail should be broader than the side rails, and beveled (as shown in the illustration), with a large drip in front of the rebate. The sill should have a somewhat steep slope, so that the water which lodges on it may not be blown back and up underneath the sash. A check or fillet in the width of the sill is of assistance against the last-mentioned contingency. If the window is a double one, the meeting rails of the two sash should be arranged as shown in the illustration, instead of with the usual rebate. Through this style of joint it is next to impossible for water to pass. With such an arrangement it is necessary to open both sash together, but either fold may then be closed again immediately.



A. TIGHT CASEMENT WINDOW OUTSIDE, SHOWING BOTTOM AND SIDE RAILS



A. TIGHT CASEMENT WINDOW INSIDE SHOWING MEETING RAILS

An argument frequently used against casement windows is, that the "trimmings" are more expensive and elaborate than for ordinary weighted double-run sash. While it is true that the best devices cost more than the pulleys, weights, and sash-locks necessary to equip windows of the usual type, yet all that is actually required for such a casement window as is here shown and described is a knob or handle for opening, bolts at top and bottom for fastening, and four butts for swinging. The extension bolts, released by a half turn of a central handle, made especially for casement sash, are of course better, and cost but a trifle more. There are also devices made for holding the sash firmly in any position.

For curtains some pliable material should be used, hung in straight folds from a rod attached to the top casing, sufficiently long to allow the sash to be opened when the curtains are pushed aside; or, if so preferred, the curtains may be suspended from small metal rods fastened to the top

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rail of the sash. If the curtains admit too much light they can be lined.

I offer these suggestions as a supplement to Mr. Spencer's article. They are intended for the benefit of those who, admiring the effect of casement windows, are doubtful about their practicability under the conditions prevalent in our climate.

THE TRUE STORY OF THE PORTLAND VASE

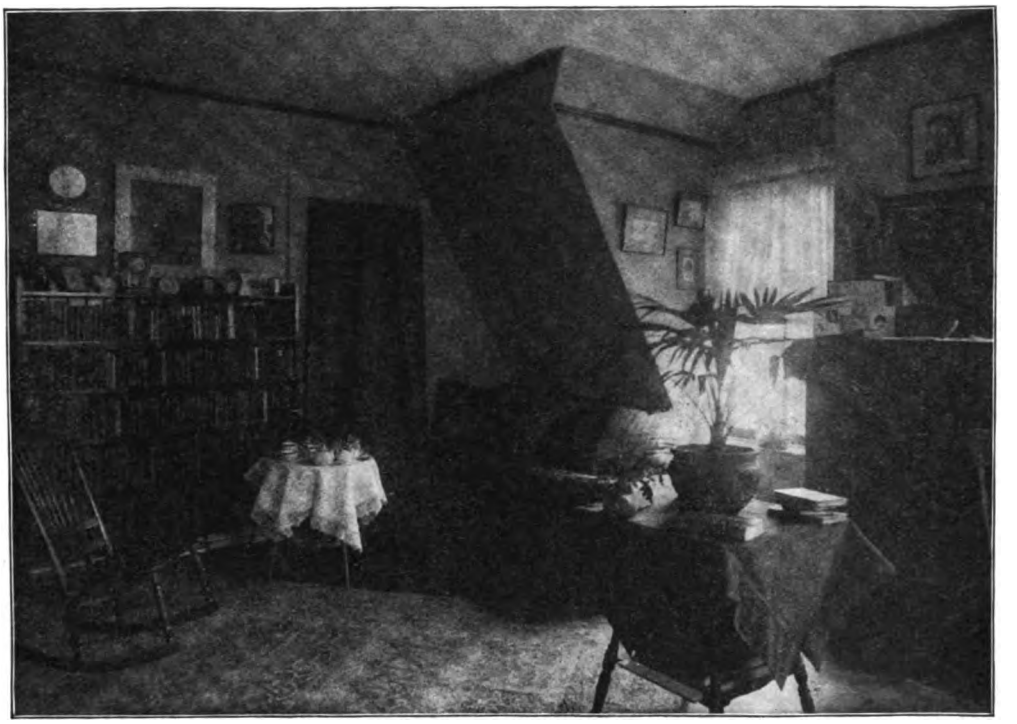
IN a recent issue of the *Magazine of Art*, Mr. H. Clifford Smith tells the full and true story of the Portland vase.

In the year 1594 Flaminius Vacca, a Roman sculptor, writing to a friend, mentions the discovery, in a sepulchral chamber under the Monte del Grano, of a finely sculptured sarcophagus, which was removed and placed in the Museum of the Capitol, where it still remains. The sarcophagus inclosed a glass vase of splendid workmanship. This vase was acquired by the Barberini family, and when, in 1623, Matteo Barberini was raised to the Pontificate, he placed it in the library of his palace on the Quirinal Hill.

Here for a century and a half the vase excited the admiration of all who saw it. Towards the middle of the eighteenth century the poverty of several of the great families of Rome forced them to raise money on their works of art. Rome at that time was filled with artists, connoisseurs, and antiquaries. Amongst these was a Scotsman, James Byres by name, who, in the year 1770, purchased the vase from the Barberini family. In 1782 Sir William Hamilton, then ambassador at the Court of Naples, bought the vase from Byres for £1,000, and in the following year brought it over to England. At his hotel he showed it to several of his friends, and subsequently exhibited it before the Society of Antiquaries. The fame of the vase had preceded its arrival in this country, and among the first to visit Sir .William at his hotel was the Duchess of Portland, who opened negotiations for acquiring this renowned object for the museum she was then forming. The purchase was concluded with so much secrecy that it was not discovered till after the death of the duchess, on July 17, 1785, that the vase had entered into her possession. In the succeeding spring the whole museum was sold. The sale lasted thirty-five days. There were 4,156 lots, the last being the "most celebrated antique vase, or sepulchral urn, from the Barberini cabinet at Rome." It was purchased by the Duke of Portland for £1,029. Three days later Josiah Wedgwood, the potter, obtained the loan of the vase, in order to copy it in his jasper ware.

For upwards of four years Wedgwood worked with infinite pains to produce a copy worthy of his splendid model. At length, in 1790, his first perfect copy was produced. The vase itself returned to the possession of its owner, and by the fourth duke, in 1810, was deposited in the British Museum. The tragedy which closes this story took place on February 7, 1845. On that day a visitor to the museum, one William Lloyd, a scene-painter by profession, picking up a fragment of sculpture, hurled it at the precious vase, which in a moment lay scattered in fragments upon the floor. These fragments were placed in the hands of John Doubleday, a craftsman employed by the museum, who pieced them together with the greatest care and ingenuity. The vase as restored now stands in the gem room of the museum.

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A COLLEGE ROOM WITH SIMPLE DECORATION

COLLEGE GIRLS' ROOMS

By ELEANOR H. JOHNSON

SHOW me a college room that is artistic, says the Sceptic. They are all a hodge-podge; and worse than that, there is no individuality. These are severe accusations, but I grant their truth in a measure. Contributing largely to this condition is the unfortunate tendency to follow the fashions in rooms as well as in clothes. One year it is Bagdads and the Stuart Baby, another it is Queen Louise and ruffled cretonne. Posters, of course, held their sway in college as well as out.

There is also a period when one's room is adorned with the flags and cushions celebrating neighboring or favored colleges for men; another when flags are banished and cushions re-covered and photographs and kodaks put out of sight—that is the year when one begins philosophy; or even, if one is very susceptible to college influences, when one is elected a member of the best literary society or club.

But college girls are not in everything like a flock of sheep, and there is a distinctive quality in their rooms that makes them worth noticing. Why this differs from the same girl's room before or after college it is hard to say; often the difference in the latter instance is slight, especially when one is living away from home. But at college individual tastes are brought out much more strongly than in the previous years, when one is neces-

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THE COLLEGE GIRLS' DECORATIONS.

sarily influenced by the family or the character of the home; and in the formative years which are spent in college, when a girl has lived three or even four years in one room, growing each year more serious in her work, with a more evident purpose running through it, this cannot but show itself in her room, giving it a character of its own. Then at college—at most colleges—one must live, work, and play in the same room, often sharing the many-sided privilege with a room-mate, and various contrivings are needed to adjust these different functions.

One thing that makes the adjusting process very complicated is the desire to entertain one's friends, among them, perhaps, members of the faculty and townspeople, and the very small space allotted for "party" giving. Then, however, the housekeeping instinct, latent in every girl, comes to the front, and enables her to stow away tea things, chafing-dishes, supplies, and perhaps even the forbidden oil-stove, into a very small space.

I remember in my sophomore year visiting often the rooms of two seniors who lived on the floor below me. They were "at home" part of one afternoon each week through the winter term, and one could be sure of finding there, on that day, a cup of tea—well made—and some pleasant people to talk to. These seniors had but one room, in which they slept, studied, and received their friends, but it never seemed crowded. The room was large, square, and simply furnished. There were many books, a few well-chosen pictures of good size, some interesting ornaments, and the necessary furniture, besides the well-stocked tea-table, planned for use; and the room well expressed the character of its inmates, for it was simple, dignified, and really had an intellectual tone, in spite of its varied uses. It was a combination of living and work room, which it was always a pleasure to visit. Of course a large screen played a prominent part, and the beds were divans in the daytime. One, in fact, was an in-

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genious arrangement which was strapped together, and stood on end in a corner behind a screen through the day, a much more satisfactory article than a folding bed, for besides the hygienic advantages, it formed no ungainly piece of furniture when closed, and when opened and in use, did not give one the unpleasant dread of being suddenly folded up and stored away for all time.

Few rooms, alas! have this dignified, earnest character. Many are open to the accusation of "hodge-podge," and one unfortunate fashion at present contributes largely to this, and that is the tendency to scatter small pictuers over all the available wall space, till the sides of the room are dotted with them. It is a most distracting fashion. Then one's college loyalties often forbid keeping to one definite color scheme, or indeed, scheme of anything; so the result, though often pleasant and comfortable, is far from artistic, and at times not even interesting.

On a recent visit to Smith College I was shown two rooms—among many which were delightful exceptions to this scattering and crowding tendency, and made me wonder why more girls do not carry out definite schemes of decoration. Each of these fortunate girls had two rooms to herself, very tiny, but solving many problems, and permitting them to enjoy the sight of a dainty, white bed, instead of the usual Bagdad or cretonne-covered couch heaped with cushions. The first study was unique in its planning, perhaps not to the taste of many, but in a certain *poster* sense, very artistic. There was a curved bay on one side, consisting of three windows, and over these windows the occupant of the room had fastened a narrow frieze of curious red Eastern figures on a buff background—the stripe cut from some India cotton for draping. Under this hung a slightly wider and very full curtain of bright red, presumably turkey-red calico, reaching from the lower edge of the frieze to the top of the windows; then there were panels of red between, and at the sides of the windows, which were undraped. A window-seat and deep couch opposite it were both covered with the India print, and there were curtains of it at the doors. Many brass ornaments and red cushions gave the room a still more oriental look, and in harmony with this were the few pictures.

Very different from this room, and daintier in its planning, was the second study I saw. In this the colors were pink and a deep green. The walls were covered with dark green burlap; in each window was a seat covered with green denim, and on these were cushions, all covered with the same dainty cretonne—a cream ground, with large scattered pattern of pink flowers and green leaves. Over the ruffled white curtains were straight hanging curtains of the cretonne, and a portière made of it separated study from bedroom, and gave glimpses of a white iron bed with ruffled pillow-shams, and a pink and green quilt at its foot. At one side of the study was a broad couch opposite the longest window-seat. This couch was covered with a striped blanket, in which pink and dull green predominated, and piled on it were seven or eight pillows, all covered with green silk a shade deeper than the walls. Much of the furniture was stained black—a little table with cretonne cover, a desk, a plain, good-looking bookcase, broad and low, an interesting chest arrangement with shelf atop, and the inevitable Morris chair—not beautiful, but a great improvement over the large rocking-chair of some years back. On the walls were some good photographs in black frames, not too many, nor too small, giving the finishing touch to a very charming interior.

As I have said, college rooms have a way of following the fashions which is amusing, and sometimes irritating, for it so destroys individuality. But often we find special interests of the inmates giving quite a refreshing variety, as in the case of one girl, who was evidently a lover of animals, and whose collection of dogs and cats, in pottery, bronze, plaster, and even less attractive materials, was both amusing and interesting. Travel makes itself evident in bits of pottery and odd ornaments, and a Navajo blanket on the

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SOME TREASURES IN A COLLEGE GIRL'S ROOM

wall is a fine background for casts or pictures. I remember seeing one side of a girl's room quite given up to American Indian curios, blankets, arrows, beaded articles of many kinds, and several good photographs of Indians scattered among them, and in the accompanying illustration, we see bits collected from many lands, a photograph from Spain, a Japanese water-color, and many treasures from Mexico, serapes, skins, and pottery. These last instances ally the college room to the "den" more than to any other room in the modern house. But the "den" has no corners in which must be stored clothes, hats, chafing-dishes, dust-brushes, golf-sticks, dressing-tables, and many, many note-books. Window-seats are, of course, a help, and in one room I saw a long, low drawer which had been made to fit exactly the space under a bed, and could be tightly closed to keep out the dust—an excellent place for party gowns or clean shirt-waists. As has been shown, the screen is a most important piece of furniture in the college room, and the Japanese paper screen is most effective and useful, though a firm frame filled in with some cretonne or denims in harmony with the color scheme of the room is very charming and useful if the frame be large, strong, and plain enough.

Stained black furniture in plain, simple shapes is a godsend to the college girl. I know of one cabinet-maker in a college town who is largely supported by the girls, who order bookcases, benches, chests, stools, etc., from him constantly, for his designs are original, simple, and inexpensive.

Enough has been said, I think, to show that the college room can be—and often is—artistic, and yet keep its character as a college room. We must have a few banners and college cushions, but these can be made to harmonize.

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ART TALK

THERE is something highly irritating to American artists to hear proposals of buying at a high price Chartran's portraits of Mrs. Roosevelt and Miss Alice Roosevelt, when our own Cecilia Beaux has painted the President's wife and daughter in a manner which the showy, superficial Frenchman could never equal. It is even said that Congress is to be requested to set aside "a sum not exceeding $20,000" for a portrait of President McKinley, by a Mr. William Whipple. Mr. William Whipple may be favorably known to certain Congressmen, but he is scarcely known at all to critics, and $20,000 would be a thumping price to pay anybody.

John S. Sargent comes pretty near being the greatest living portrait-painter, and presumably asks a fairly high price, yet surprise is expressed because he is said to have received as much as $50,000 from Asher Wertheimer, the London art dealer, for recent portraits of his family. Asher Wertheimer, by the way, was one of the experts involved in the suit against Countess Anna Castellane, née Gould, for extensive purchases of *objets d'art* which she could not pay for. First, Mr. Wertheimer ordered his own portrait, and Sargent made an almost cruel exposition of a shrewd and vulgar-looking Jew, with a grinning black poodle beside him, whose red tongue not only made the right color note, but seemed to put forth a sort of malicious commentary on his master. Such a picture might have provoked rejection and suits at law, but Mr. Wertheimer is an undoubted connoisseur; he knew that he had secured a masterpiece, even if an unflattering one; he not only accepted it, but ordered a double portrait of his two daughters. Last year this was the *clou* of the Royal Academy exhibition, two handsomely gowned, boldly *décolletées*, assertive young women in a magnificent drawing-room, where the very bric-à brac seemed treated by the painter with more respect than his human subjects. The young ladies are not popular in London society, and as you passed the canvas you heard anecdotes of them that made you believe the painter might have told the truth in making them express merely the material side of the arrogance of wealth. This summer the Paris Salon—the "New" Salon, the Champs-de-Mars Salon, as it used to be called—is admiring the brilliant brush work and the searching psychology of this portrait; while at the London Academy, that of Alfred Wertheimer, the picture dealer's son, is attracting almost equal attention. Surely no one like Sargent combines a sure and dashing technique with such power of showing how character impresses him.

During the summer months, practically the only exhibitions open in our deserted American cities are those of students' works in the big art schools of New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and other towns. The largest of these schools is now the Chicago Art Institute, and with the possible exception of the art department of Columbia University (which most generously includes courses in architecture and music), it is the most progressive. Certainly no school has more ambitious students, or shows larger work actually accomplished by them. This year a band of pupils in painting has executed a mural decoration, running around the walls of the large assembly-room of a South Side high-school. The pupils in sculpture display, as their principal effort, a group of ten figures, forming the weirdest of funeral trains. First advance two men with cowled heads, bent so that their faces are lost in shadow; following them come six more, bearing a sort of sarcophagus on their shoulders; the procession closes with two mourners whose arms are crossed upon their breasts and their heads somewhat wildly lifted, as if chanting a dirge. It might be the burial of a Celtic chief, or anything else you please, for the heavy and impressive drapery belongs to no special period.

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A FEW OLD SNUFF-BOXES

By EMMA CARLETON

THREE-QUARTERS of a century ago, the snuff-box, as a fashionable and indispensable society adjunct, was still in vogue. It declined in the last fifty years, however, and has passed into the status of a curio—an almost forgotten relic. But with the rumored revival of the abandoned accomplishment of graceful snuff-taking—whether incited by the example of Edward VII., or by the picturesque stage-properties of recent historical novels and historical plays—the snuff-box is again an absorbing object of interest. Beyond question, no relic of the antique world of fashion—other times and other manners—presents a more splendid and decorative history than does the snuff-box of the *beau monde;* it ranks with the jeweled fan and the gem-crusted girdle, the gold-mounted wig-comb and the diamond-hilted sword. With this threatened renaissance of snuff, countless beautiful specimens of ancient snuff-boxes, elegant in workmanship and fabulous in value, are being brought forth from the collector's cabinet to the light of day. Many rare and charming bits of snuff-box history, too, will now be revived—chronicles of by-gone centuries, when kings and queens, nobility and gentry, the clergy and the laity, were all snuff devotees. Even "Betty"—Clarissa Harlow's maid—"tapped on her snuff-box" and took snuff frequently.

In Queen Anne's day, England imported snuff-boxes:

"Hinges with close-wrought joints from Paris come—
Pictures dear-bought, from Venice and from Rome."

The original Brazilian snuff-box—the Indians of ancient Brazil being the inventors of snuff and its best manufacturers—was a little hand-mill of rosewood; but snuff-boxes of other countries range through gold, silver, ebony, ivory, tortoise-shell, and lacquered wood, to the ordinary papier-mâché snuff-receptacles of the masses. The mere miscellany of the snuff-box ages would constitute a long and engaging chapter. Queen Charlotte was the best known snuff-taker of royal ladies; and she liked a teaspoonful of green tea in her gold snuff-box. When George Sand was a struggling artist, her first work consisted in decorating little wooden snuff-boxes. The grand English dames of 1712 took snuff in church, and offered their boxes, with naïve courtesy, to such churchwardens as approached their pews with the collection-boxes. Snuff-boxes of those sumptuous periods were set with diamonds and lesser jewels, or were inlaid with pearl; the plainer varieties were painted with the portraits of lovely women, or were adorned with historic buildings in mosaic work.

In private collections in America, as well as in numerous museums, many handsome snuff-boxes are owned. Four notable boxes—shown in illustration—are the property of Mr. Joseph Jarratt, a French gentleman, resident in Chicago. In the largest snuff-box are engraved the crest and crown of Louis XV.; and it was the gift of that monarch to the fascinating Countess du Barry. It is estimated to contain $325 worth of gold; and is of unusual size, being four and two-thirds inches long, three and one-half inches wide, and one and three-fourths inches deep. A beautiful painting on ivory—"Spring and Summer"—adorns the lid. The heart-shaped snuff-box—on which is depicted a declaration of love—is of shaded gold, enameled in rich, dark blue,

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SOME HISTORIC OLD SNUFF-BOXES

with a rococo border. This snuff-box dates also from Louis XV., and belonged to the celebrated, unfortunate de Pompadour. It is three inches long, three inches wide, and one and one-fourth inches deep.

George IV., when Prince of Wales, presented the smaller oval box—of porcelain, in luminous green and white, with elaborate gold mountings—to the lovely and accomplished Lady Blessington. Touches of rich crimson, in the crest and crown, enhance the color beauty of this fine old English snuff-box. Lady Blessington also owned the smaller oblong silver box, which bears on the reverse side a large "B" and the coronet of the countess.

Marvelous and curious indeed are the mutations by which such foreign-born relics come into collections in this country. From a world-famed French collection of historic and costly antiques, the two larger boxes passed into the hands of Mr. Jarratt's grandmother, who was lady-in-waiting to Queen Maria Amelia, consort to Louis Philippe. A dauphin's christening-robe was bartered to a dowager baroness for these valuable souvenirs of French royalty. In London, in 1844, at Christie's, the two smaller snuff-boxes were purchased. Mr. Jarratt is their owner by inheritance; and a catalogue of the sale of Lady Blessington's curios is still in his possession. Lady Blessington was excessively fond of snuff; and as she was always mislaying her snuff-boxes, she had deep leather pockets placed in all her grand court-gowns. She took her perfumed snuff—as did Frederick of Prussia—by handfuls.

Catherine the Great, of Russia, also loved snuff, and had splendid snuff-boxes in every room in her palace. Louis Philippe had a vein of playful humor in his composition; and when conversing with the queen would sometimes tease her by depositing a huge pinch of snuff on her ivory shoulder, thence to inhale it, for the diversion of the ladies-in-waiting.

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AN INEXPENSIVE SUMMER COTTAGE

Designed by ENNIS R. AUSTIN

THE house is fortunately located on a bluff overlooking a lake, with a deep wooded ravine one one side. The gables and roof are of shingles, stained green, and the first-story siding is painted white. The foundation is of red brick.

The interior is plastered throughout, a rough sand finish, and the walls are stained with a transparent stain of different colors. The woodwork of the first floor is of Georgia pine, stained, and on the second floor is white enamel, with doors stained mahogany. The floors are quarter-sawed Georgia pine throughout. The living-room is stained green, with green walls, and the dining-room is an old blue, with the side walls a lighter blue up to the plate-rail (about six feet), and pumpkin-yellow above and on the ceiling. The fireplace in the living-room is large enough to take old-fashioned back-logs, making a rousing fire for crisp October days.

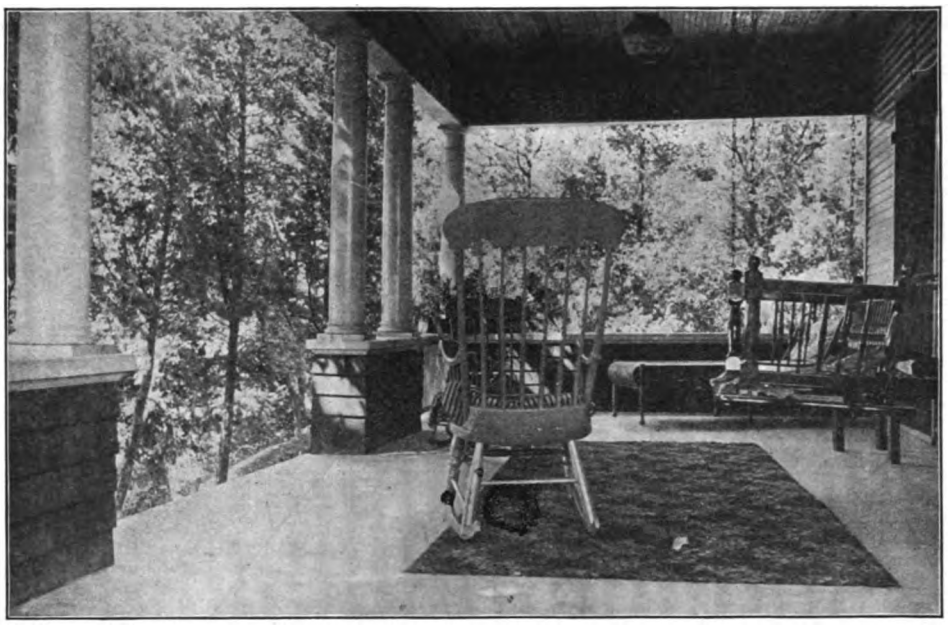
The bath-rooms are furnished with hot and cold water.

The cost of the house was approximately $2,300.

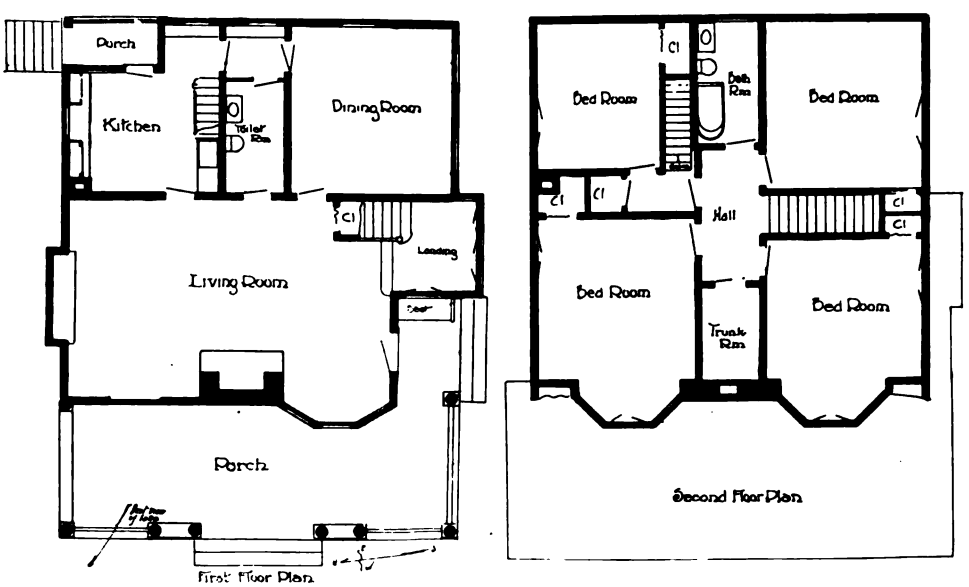


A $2,300 SUMMER COTTAGE

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THE PORCH



THE PLANS—DESIGNED BY ENNIS R AUSTIN

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OLD-TIME WALL-PAPERS AND DECORATIONS

By KATE SANBORN

HOSTESS: "By this heavenly ground I tread on, I must be fain to pawn both my plate and the tapestry of my dining chambers."

FALSTAFF: "Glasses, glasses, is the only drinking; and for thy walls—a pretty slight drollery, or the story of the prodigal, or the German hunting in water-work, is worth a thousand of these bed-hangings and these fly-bitten tapestries."

ALTHOUGH a native of New Hampshire, I was born at the foot of Mount Vesuvius, and there was a merry dance to the music of mandolin and tambourine round the tomb of Virgil on my natal morn. Some men were fishing, others bringing in the catch; farther on was a picnic party, sentimental youths and maidens, eating comfits and dainties to the tender notes of a flute. And old Vesuvius was smoking violently. All this because the room in which I made my debut was adorned with a landscape or scenic paper.

Fortunately, this still remains on the walls, little altered or defaced by the wear of years.

When admiring it lately, the suggestion came to me to have this paper photographed at once and also that of the Seasons in the next house; they were certainly too rare and interesting to be lost.

It is singular that the only papers of this sort I have ever seen were in neighboring homes of two professors at Dartmouth College, and remarkable that neither has been removed.

What a keen delight it was to me as a child to be allowed to go to Professor Young's, admire his white hair, which I called "pitty white fedders," and gaze at the imposing sleighing party just above the mantel, and the hunters or the haymakers!

A collection is always interesting, from choice old copies of first editions to lanterns, cow-bells, scissors, cup-plates, fans or buttons; and I mourn that I did not think of securing photographs of quaint and antique papers years ago, for most of them have since disappeared.

Showing what I have saved to an amateur photographer, he was intensely interested, and said: "Why, I can get you a set as good as these! The house has been owned by one family for eighty-five years, and the paper was put on as long ago as that."

And certainly his addition is most interesting; the scenes are French; in one you see a little play going on, such as we have been told in a recent magazine article they still have in France—a street show in which a whole family often take part. They appear as accompaniment to a fair or festival.

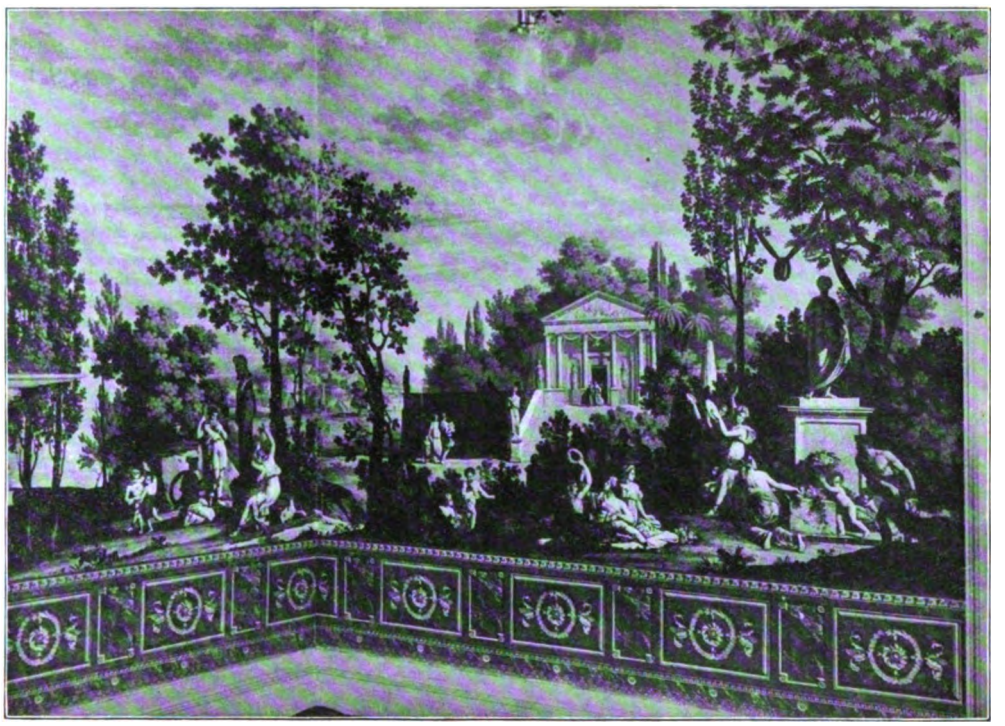
The hole for the stovepipe, penetrating the foliage, has a ludicrous effect, contrasting in abrupt fashion—the old and the new, the imposing and the practical.

This enthusiastic friend next visited Medfield, Massachusetts, where he heard there were several such papers, only to be told that they had just been scraped off and the rooms modernized.

Hearing of a fine example of scenic paper in the old Perry House at Keene, New Hampshire, I wrote immediately, lest that, too, should be removed, and through the kindness of absolute strangers can show an excellent representation of the Olympic games, dances, placing wreaths upon altars, and so on.

These are grand conceptions, the best of all. I hope they may never be vandalized by chisel and paste, but be allowed to

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PAPER IN THE PERRY HOUSE, KEENE, N. H.

remain as long as that historic house stands.

The parlor of the house once occupied by President Pierce, at Hillsborough Bridge, New Hampshire, has the same paper as that which I first described in my early home, and seems by the photos to have been carefully preserved. The old Inn at Groton, Massachusetts, was mentioned as having curious papers, but they prove to be modern. The walls were originally painted with landscapes, which was an earlier style than scenic papers—akin to frescoing.

A friend writes me: "The odd papers now on the walls of Groton Inn have the appearance of being ancient, although the oldest is but thirty years old. Two of them are not even reproductions, as the one in the hall depicts the Paris Exposition of 1876, and the one in the office gives scenes from the life of Buffalo Bill.

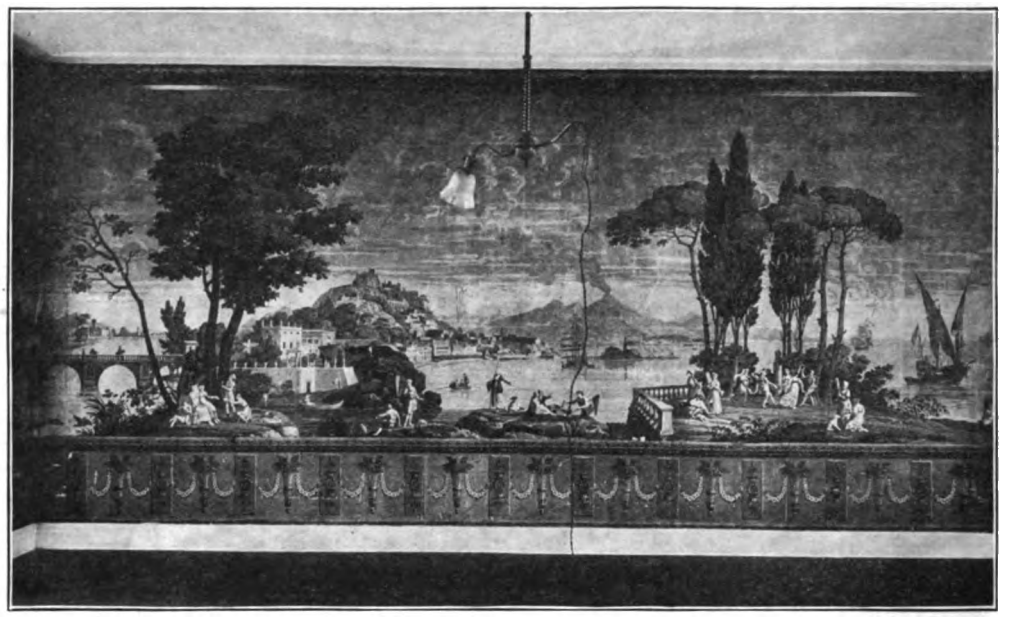
The Exposition paper has the principal building in the background, with a fountain, and a long flight of steps in front leading to a street that curves around until it meets the same scene again.

Persons of many nations, in characteristic dress, promenade the street. Pagodas and other unique buildings are dotted here and there. The entire scene is surrounded with a kind of frame of grasses and leaves, in somewhat of a Louis Quinze shape. Each one of these scenes has Paris Exposition, 1876, printed on it, like a quack medicine advertisement on a rock.

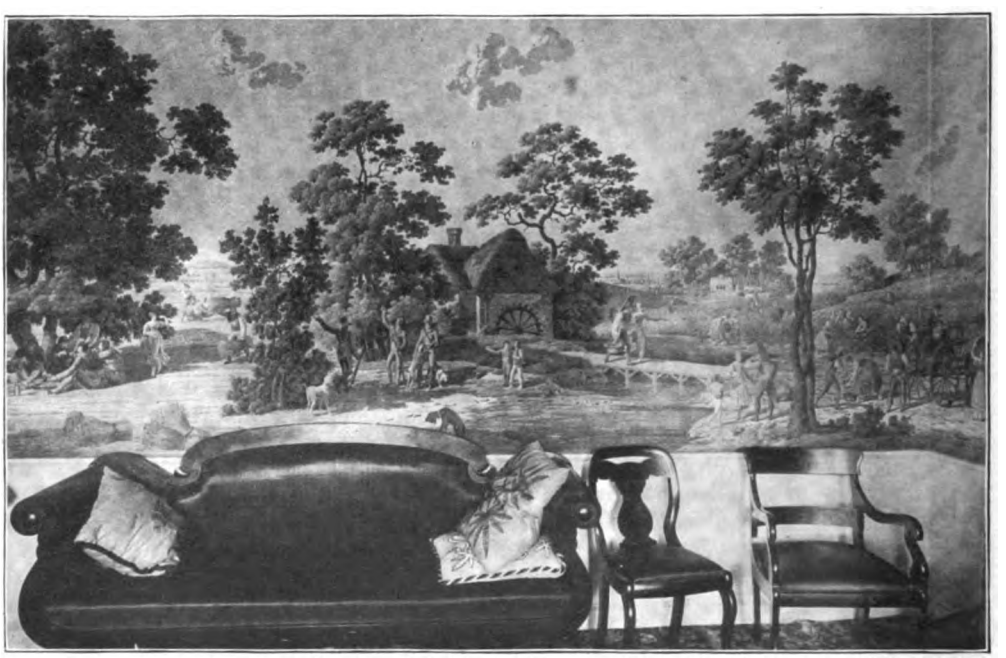
The Wild West scenes include the log cabin, the stage-coach held up, the wild riding, and the throwing of the lasso.

The paper on the dining-room may be a reproduction. It looks like Holland, although there are no windmills. But the canal is there, with boats and horses, other horses drinking, and men fishing; also a Dutchy house with a bench on which to sit outside the door. This paper looks as

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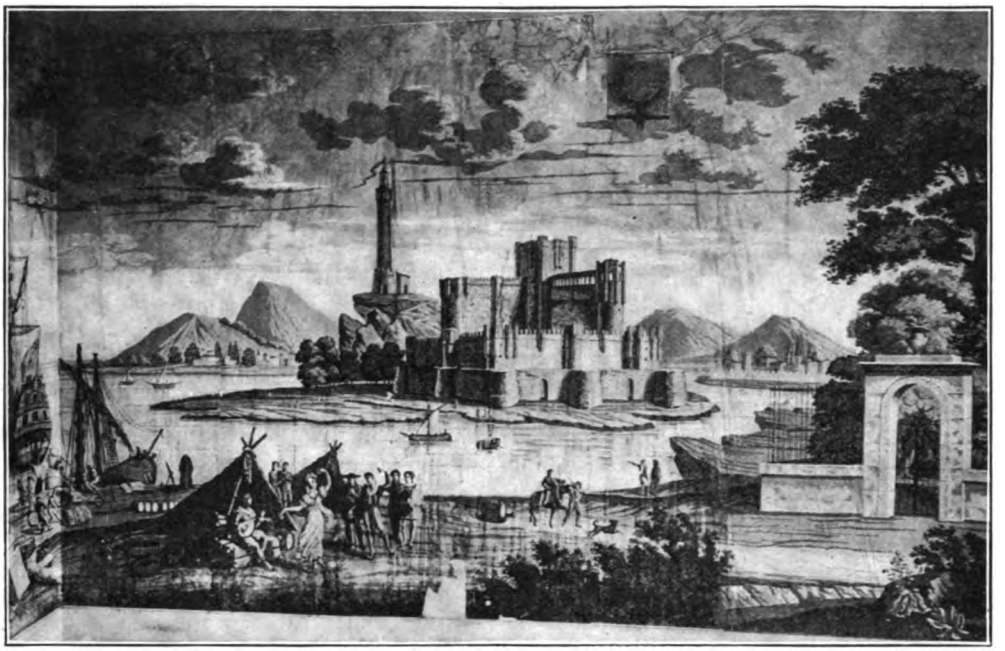


LIBRARY OF PROFESSOR E. D. SANBORN DARTMOUTH COLLEGE, HANOVER, N. H

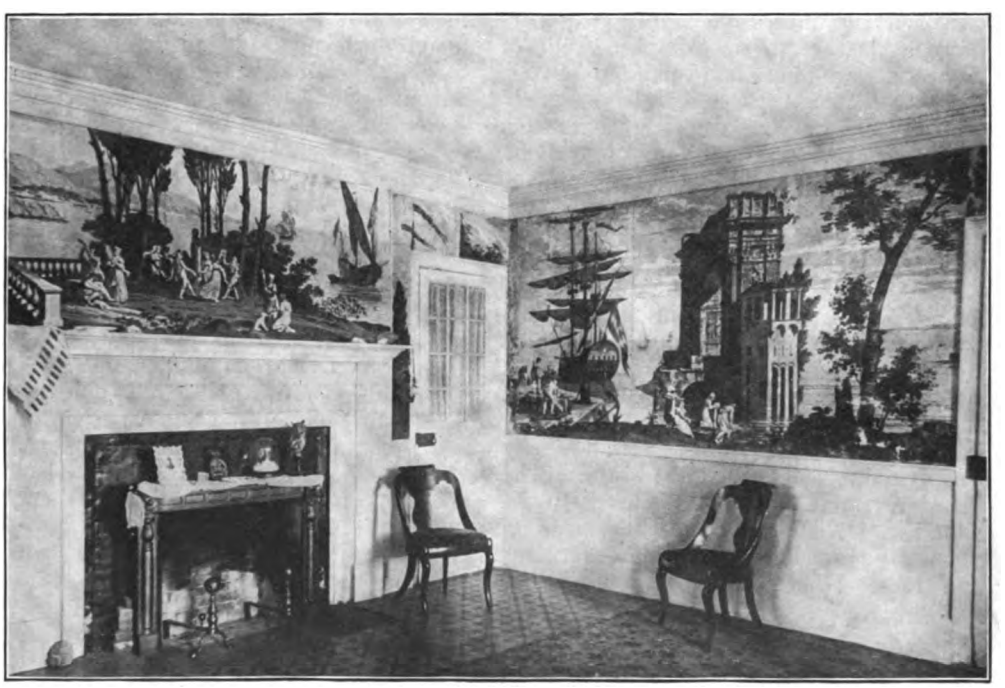


PARLOR IN PROFESSOR YOUNG'S HOUSE, HANOVER, N. H.

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PARLOR IN AN OLD HOUSE AT ROCKVILLE, MASS.



EX-PRESIDENT PIERCE'S HOUSE HILLSBOROUGH BRIDGE N. H.

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if it had been put on the walls a hundred years ago, but in reality it is the most recent of the three. The date of the beginning of the Inn itself is lost in the dim past, but we know it is more than two hundred years old. Tradition has it that there were originally but two rooms, occupied by the minister.

The painted landscapes are almost impossible to find, but I hear of one room, the walls of which are painted with small landscapes, water scenes, various animals, and trees. And a sympathetic explorer has discovered another in similar style at Westwood, Massachusetts, near Dedham.

In my own farm-house, which was built in colonial style in 1801, I am especially proud of a snuff-brown paper of the "wine-glass" pattern that was made before paper was imported in rolls, and was pasted on the walls in small squares. The border looks as much like a row of brown cats sitting down as anything else.

You know the family used to be called together to help cut out a border when a room was to be papered.

When the successive layers of papers were at last removed from the walls of my rooms, we found hand-painted flowers, very true to nature, and still extremely pretty, but scratched and faded after such severe treatment. Fuchsias in one room, carnation pinks in another, and in the front hall honeysuckle blossoms, so defaced that they resembled some of the animal tracks Mr. Thompson-Seton copies in his books. Think what an amount of painstaking work all that implies!

Near Conway, New Hampshire, there is a cottage where a room can still be seen that has been most elaborately adorned by a local artist. The mountains are evenly scalloped and uniformly green, the sky evenly blue, all the way round. The trees resemble those that used to be found in a Noah's Ark, and the birds on them are certainly one-fourth as large as the trees. I hear of an old house in Albany which belonged to one of the patroons, which has a paper with a brilliant naval engagement depicted.

In Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton's fascinating autobiography, I find an account of a rare old paper. She says, "When we reached Schenectady, the first city we had ever seen, we stopped to dine at the old 'Given's Hotell,' where we broke loose from all the moorings of propriety on beholding the paper on the dining-room wall illustrating in brilliant colors the great events in sacred history. There were the patriarchs with flowing beards and in gorgeous attire; Abraham offering up Isaac; Joseph, with his coat of many colors, thrown into a pit by his brethren; Noah's Ark on an ocean of waters; Pharaoh and his host in the Red Sea; Rebecca at the well; and Moses in the bulrushes.

"All these distinguished personages were familiar to us, and to see them here for the first time in living colors made silence and eating impossible. We dashed around the room, calling to each other: 'Oh, Kate, look here!' 'Oh, Madge, look there!' 'See little Moses!' 'See the angels on Jacob's ladder!'

"Our exclamations could not be kept within bounds. The guests were amused beyond description, while my mother and elder sisters were equally mortified, but Mr. Bayard, who appreciated our childish surprise and delight, smiled and said: 'I'll take them around and show them the pictures, and then they will be able to dine'; which we finally did."

In a recent New York daily I notice the very latest idea in picture paper. Scenes from the popular games of the day, golf, tennis, polo, and ping-pong. This will probably be but a passing fad.

I prefer a representation of something lastingly beautiful, and recall in closing the Bay of Naples, with Vesuvius smoking, while gay maidens and their lovers dance around the tomb of Virgil, to the soft music of mandolins.



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NOTES AND COMMENTS

By OLIVER COLEMAN

ON SEIZING OPPORTUNITIES

OF course it is the sheerest truism to say that it is more the lack of perception of opportunities than the lack of opportunities themselves that makes the world full of failures. In the affairs of the world this has been harped upon so much that every one concedes its truth except in relation to one's own failure of success. I was lately strongly impressed by the application of the same principle to the decoration of a room. This was when a room was changed quite easily from the commonplace to the beautiful, but not as one is so apt to say, "at little or no expense."

The field of action in question was a small house in a New Jersey village, the inhabitants whereof have been brought up on many decorative aberrations, among others wall-papers with borders, until borders have become an inherited instinct. Sometimes, too, besides the figured side wall and its border, a figured ceiling is added, and this, in all truth, does cap the climax. The owner of the little house is a young old lady who had not inherited the "border instinct," but instead, a great many fine old pieces of mahogany, china, and silver, which are scattered about her house, and give it distinction and refinement. The house, however, was a rented one, with bad wall-papers. Now, the heroine of this tale was a lazy old lady, and because she had some very bad, light-colored oak dining-room furniture, which she had bought to save a poor relation from disaster—an error of a charitable instinct—she was content to use it in her nice, big, light dining-room. Here it aided the wall-paper, which was a faded blue scroll on a pale gray background, with border to match, to make a room without cheer or welcome altogether ordinary and dispiriting. The old Nankin china with its daring blue was lost against this insipid background, and the only redeeming thing in the room was a serving-table at the side, the half-round end of a fine old mahogany table which had probably long since disappeared or been chopped for kindling-wood. Inquiry and investigation, however, discovered the "other end" in the hall, and later the main part of the table in the kitchen, covered with a piece of oilcloth, and serving the purposes of an ordinary kitchen-table. At the other side of the kitchen stood a comfortable-looking old sideboard, not in Sheraton style, as was in all truth the table, but a nice, satisfactory old piece of mahogany, although in great dilapidation, but with large drawers and a cupboard underneath.

And then was begun a crusade; the old lady realized her sins of omission and commission, and the table was sent to be "done up." It was well scarred with its long battles, a bottle of ink had been spilled, and no one having taken the trouble to wipe it up, the ink had sunk far into the wood; dishwater, in another place, had so rotted the wood that a new piece had to be put in, but when it was all finished and well rubbed down, the old table, despite its hard life, was beautiful to behold—its form pure Sheraton, with slender, tapering, legs; the wood deep and rich in color, relieved at the edge with a narrow strip of inlay.

The sideboard was refinished, the old wooden knobs taken off, and brass knobs

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and drawer-pulls suitable in design put on, so that it, too, made a dignified and worthy piece of furniture. All this was done at practically no expense, as the village workman took the oak table and sideboard in exchange for his work in renovating the other pieces—a good riddance, indeed, it was.

The wall-paper was replaced by a plain cartridge-paper, in a warm, deep toned, brownish yellow. The ceiling was painted many shades lighter, which is especially proper for a house in a town far removed from electric-light plants, where the lighting must be done with kerosene lamps, which never throw the light high.

Now, the walls were right, and the old lady was provided with a sideboard, a table, and a serving-table. There was not very much money left for the chairs, and so all thoughts of buying old ones were regretfully put aside. After many discouraging days of hunting, some modern factory-made mahogany chairs were bought. They were excellent in design, color, and finish, and made the room a complete whole. I have almost forgotten the carpet question, which satisfactorily settled itself by proving to be a nice square carpet rug, in shades of browns and yellows.

And so, after all, this was clearly a case where opportunity was not lacking, but merely the necessary initiative.

Now, the Nankin china is enriched, and shows to the greatest advantage on its fine yellow background. The silver and old glass gleam on the rich wood of the "comfortable" sideboard, and when one is bidden to the simple, old-fashioned tea, the last rays of the setting sun falling softly into the golden room—who would not feast at the old table, where long years ago many a famous Revolutionary hero has been entertained by the hostess' grandmother?

FLOWER-POTS

A LOW, broad window-ledge filled with plants attracted my attention because of the coverings for the pots, which were of fine, plaited cane or wicker, stained brown. They opened and shut, and so inclosed a pot, either large or small. These are most unobtrusive, and a welcome relief from the inevitable jardinière, which often ruins the good effect of the plants. Jardinières are of two classes, very good or very bad. Some of the very good are the brass, plain, or the Benares, which are always made in good shapes. Cheaper jardinières of the good class are made in heavy pottery, six-sided, and left in the natural color, with a gay green border edge and a bunch of flowers or fruit—one doesn't know which—in each hexagon, done in nice blues and tones of brownish yellow. Speaking of the wicker jardinières reminds me of some bird-cages which may be bought in New York, called "thrush cages." These are big wicker cages, stained brown or black, the kind one sees in old illustrations of the Vicar of Wakefield, swinging in the casement windows.

THE SERVANT QUESTION

WHETHER or not the Sphinx's riddle was the servant question, as some despairing housekeepers assert, that question is as old as ancient Egypt and as difficult to explain. One of the signs of the times is the determined and rational study of it going on to-day.

Two nurse-maids wheeling their be-ribboned, be-afghaned charges were seen to bring the dainty carriages close together and interrupt perambulation for a while with earnest discussion. A lady waiting on the corner for a car overheard this much in tones of intense earnestness: "Indeed, and if the ladies knew the half that's going on they'd have intelligence offices of their own." Intelligence offices of their own! She would have liked to linger and eavesdrop. It seemed both interesting and hopeful that maids should be considering the same problem as mistresses, and arriving at the same conclusion. For in all large cities the evils of the "unintelligence office" are deplored as causing many difficulties, and associations of housekeepers are undertaking this task for themselves. They are endeavoring to carry on employment agencies with

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a standard of efficiency in household work, to the profit of the capable and the discouragement of the incapable; to procure reliable information on those points which concern both clients and patrons; to inculcate responsibility on the part of the employer, not to conceal drunkenness, incompetency, or dishonesty; a responsibility on the part of the maid to keep her engagements.

In Boston the society keeps books, wherein a maid's record may be followed for a considerable period. When she returns to the office, how long she has remained in her last "place," and why she left it are set down, in addition to her original entry of her acquirements, recommendations, and the wages expected. It is not impossible to trace progress from the lowly duties and salary of a kitchen-maid to the respectable emoluments of a high-priced cook. A woman who gets that far will, if she desires, eventually become the housekeeper or manager of a hotel.

On the other hand, some idea of employers' weaknesses may be formed without much formality in asking questions. If one eternally haunts employment bureaus, if maid after maid is unwilling to remain with her, the head of the bureau soon learns to tell her that it will be impossible to find her a good servant. A similar institution in Chicago, the Domestic Science Bureau, has gone the length of offering what might be called long-service medals, and in that city, which is supposed to date from the great fire of thirty years ago, a woman presented herself who had lived in one family nearly fifty years, while others took certificates of thirty, twenty, fifteen, and ten years in increasing numbers. Receptions were also held, with small prizes for the best clear soup, bread, made dish, etc.; for the neatest patch or darn; for the finest exhibit of clear-starching, doing up lace, or washing shirts.

"But you don't know," says the manager of such an office, "the difficulty of grading women in domestic service according to any system at all. I once had charge of a bureau for stenographers. Then when a merchant telephoned me his need of a typewriter, I used to ask him, "Will you give $8, $10, $15, or what?" He could not expect to get a $15 stenographer for $8, and he knew it. I could tell just how fast each woman was able to take dictation and how good a letter she could write. But it is less easy to determine whether a cook is a regular *cordon bleu*, or, as I once found hinted in a cautiously underlined reference, 'sober, willing, tidy, a good laundress, and a *very* plain cook.'"

Undoubtedly a systematic and earnest effort at solving the servant question is going on everywhere. The aid of organization has been invoked for it as for all other enterprises. It is found tangled up with the child-labor problem, the social evil, and other serious troubles. It has become known that the less scrupulous intelligence offices purposely lead honest girls astray, and the women of the land wish to protect themselves and their domestics from any such peril. "Intelligence offices of their own" may perhaps be one way out.

NEW ENGLAND CHINA

SOME months ago Mrs. Horace C. Wait spoke before the National Society of New England Women on "New England China."

Some of her remarks are of interest to women having heirlooms in their china-closets, and are equally useful for people who frequent antique shops, and need the most complete information to correctly gauge the veracity of the dealer.

"No one," said Mrs. Wait, "can ever make a mistake in a Mayflower teapot." 'There ain't none,' said Peggotty," and so also asserts Mrs. Wait. "For there were no Mayflower teapots," is here more grammatical rendering of the same sentiment. "Teapots did not become household utensils until 1695. The Puritans' early tableware was of wood and pewter. They clung to the latter ware much longer than their relations on the other side of the water, and much fine English pewter was shipped to America.

"One of the most important varieties

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of the old pottery to be found now is known as 'luster.' The silver luster has a special value, for it cannot be duplicated. The copper luster can be, and much of it to be found in antique shops is of modern manufacture. Silver luster was made to imitate the old Sheffield plate, which was too expensive for the average purse, and was made in many beautiful designs. It is now more highly valued than the genuine Sheffield."

WOVEN CANE FURNITURE

THERE is a very noticeable revival of woven cane furniture in the best shops at present. I presume in some ways it is a protest and reaction from the very "stuffy" and tiresome tufted upholstered sofas and chairs to which we have been so long willing victims.

This cane furniture is particularly attractive in midsummer, as it gives the least possible obstruction to the precious breezes, while furnishing necessary and comfortable support; but some of it is quite applicable to all-the-year houses, especially in rooms of a somewhat formal character. In Cuba and Mexico, almost all the chairs and sofas are of this type, consisting of a thin frame of hard wood, possibly handsomely carved, and seat, back, and arms of woven cane.

Some seen on Fifth Avenue are very ornamental. The shapes are Louis XV., the frame of waxed walnut, carved occasionally with a wreath of flowers, and the caned back and seat, as well as the carvings, gilded. These may be used even in a city drawing-room. Elsewhere I have seen them with the wooden frame and cane enameled white. One might fancy the same thing painted a pale apple-green, a strong golden yellow, or even just the right shade of lilac, with cushions of old brocade or chintz, and standing against a flowered wall in a country house drawing-room.

HARDWARE

UNTIL late years it has been difficult to get really good hardware, good not meaning well-made hardware, but attractive in shape and design. In the West it was practically impossible to find suitable drawer-pulls or knobs for a piece of old-fashioned design. In New York, and in the Bowery—of all places!—there is a clean and attractive oasis in that most sordid of streets. It is a large hardware supply shop, where most delightful treasures in the hardware line may be found. Door-pulls, all kinds of knobs and pulls for furniture in brass and glass, keys and keyhole escutcheons, knockers, and all the hardware necessary for furniture or uses about a house, made from good designs, both ancient and modern, may be found here.



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THE FLOWER BEAUTIFUL

Conducted by

CLARENCE MOORES WEED

LILIES FOR OCTOBER PLANTING

I OFTEN wonder if it is because lilies to do their best should be planted in October, that these graceful flowers are not more generally grown. Yet there is no season of the year when it is greater fun to work in the garden than this month of clear, cool days; and to the real gardener it is a great delight to put in the soil such promises of mid-summer beauty as are the lily bulbs.

The soil for lilies should be rich, well-drained, and worked to a depth of a foot and a half, or more. A little sand or sphagnum moss placed beneath the bulb is often desirable.

As a group, the lilies are adapted to a wide range of situations, although many sorts have decided preferences in this respect. In general, the taller, statelier varieties prefer shaded situations, although the beautiful white or Madonna Lily—the Easter Lily of the days before the advent of the long-flowered Bermuda Lily—prefers an open situation. Upon this subject Miss Jekyll writes: "The



THE BERMUDA EASTER LILY

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greater number of the lilies look their best when seen among shrubs and green growths of handsome foliage. Their forms are so distinct as well as beautiful, that they are best in separate groups in quiet greenery—not combined with other flowers. This general rule is offered for consideration as applicable to lilies of white, pink, lemon-yellow, or other tender colorings; not so much to those that have scarlet and orange flowers. These are admirable in combination with many other garden flowers in the mixed border and various garden spaces. But if it were a question of preparing a place for the purest pleasure in the enjoyment of lily beauty, it might be best arranged in some cool, sheltered, leafy place; some shady bay in woodland close to though removed from the garden proper. It should be in a place that was fairly moist, yet well drained, where the lilies would rise from the ground rather thickly, grouped with hardy ferns and low bushes, and plants of good foliage. If lilies were planted in such a place one kind at a time, in fair quantity, we should be better able to appreciate their beauty and their dignity than when they are crowded among other flowers in the garden borders."

On the same topic, Mr. R. W. Wallace, another English authority, writes: "An ideal spot for lilies would be an open forest glade with a small stream running through it, near the banks of which the North American peat and moisture-loving lilies would flourish, and higher up, away from the water, clumps of *Auratum*, *Washingtonianum*, *Humboldtii*, *Giganteum*, and all our finest species would readily grow."

In planting lilies, it is important to know that some species send out roots from the stem above the bulb, while others send out roots from below the bulb only. Obviously the former should be planted deeper than the latter. Miss Jekyll gives the following lists in this respect:

ROOTING FROM STEM AND BULB.

Auratum	*elegans*	*nepalense*
Batemanniæ	*Hansoni*	*speciosum*
Brownii	*Henryi*	*tigrinum*
croceum	*Krameri*	
Dalhansoni	*longiflorum*	

ROOTING FROM BULBS ALONE.

Burbanki	*Humboldtii*
canadense	*Martagon*
candidum	*pardalinum*
chalcedonicum	*pomponium*
excelsum	*superbum*
giganteum	*Washingtonianum*
Grayi	

There are many varieties of lilies to select from. In most cases the taller, more stately sorts are more likely to please than the shorter ones. Doubtless the best way for the amateur is to begin with a few of the better known sorts, and gradually to add to his collection from year to year.

THE EVENING PRIMROSE

I HAVE been greatly interested lately in watching the wonderful flowers of the splendid cultivated evening primrose burst into bloom, as the twilight comes on; and I have wondered why this plant is not more generally grown, for it certainly deserves a place in every amateur's garden. In structure it is very similar to the ordinary wild evening primrose of our fields and byways. The long, light, yellow blossoms are borne upon plants three feet or more in height. The bud is protected by the greenish lobes of the calyx, which separate and turn backward as the blossoms open. There are four light yellow petals, of wonderful delicacy of texture, showing the slender veins, and having the margin divided into shallow lobes. Within the petals are eight stamens, with long filaments, attached to the rather slender anthers. The pistil has a long and slender style, on the end of which the stigma, with its flattened lobes, is borne. In the freshly opened flower, these lobes are covered with a viscid liquid, to which the pollen grains readily adhere.

The blossoms of the evening primrose first open in the evening. The bursting of the flowers may be readily seen by

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one who watches them in the early evening—the sepal lobes spread apart, and the petals suddenly unroll. The next morning, however, the flowers appear to wilt; if the day is cool they will only partially roll up, but if the day is hot and cloudless they seem completely to collapse.

The odor of the evening primrose is given off, to the greatest extent, in the evening, when various long-tongued moths are abroad in search of the nectar which is secreted in the tubes of the blossoms. They thrust their tongues beyond the stamens and stigma, to reach the nectar. Some of the pollen is thus dusted upon their heads or mouth-parts, and as they journey, is carried from flower to flower. When this pollen touches the viscid stigma it adheres to it. In this way the moths perform the useful office of cross-pollenation—the carrying of pollen from the anthers of one blossom to the stigmas of another.

TWO WAYSIDE FLOWERS

WHILE generally not so deep a color tone as the cerulean hue of the fringed gentian, the blue petals of the chicory blossoms may surely vie with any flower in the tenderness and delicacy of their tints. These vary much in different blossoms, as well, probably, as in the same blossom at different ages, but the petals always show a bit of beautiful color. The plant is also often called succory, and as is well known, its roots are commonly used as a substitute for coffee—sometimes legitimately, but more often as an unlawful adulterant. The specie grows along fences and highways, coming into bloom about midsummer, and remaining in blossom until frost.

Along the neglected roadsides, where the chickory spreads its blue petals to the sun, the pink blossoms of the bouncing-

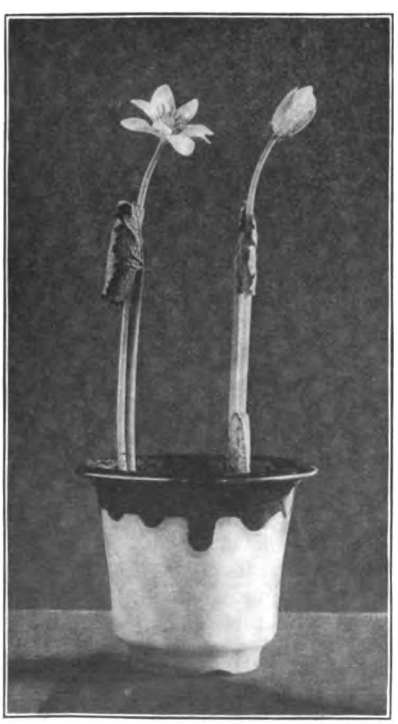


BOUNCING-BET IN A DECORATED VASE

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bet, or old-maid's pink, are also to be seen, from midsummer until late in autumn. "A stout, buxom, exuberantly healthy lassie among flowers," writes Neltje Blanchan, "is bouncing-bet, who long ago escaped from gardens, whither she was brought from Europe, and ran wild beyond colonial farms to roadsides, along which she has traveled over nearly our entire area. Underground runners and abundant seed soon form thrifty colonies. This plant, to which our grandmothers ascribed healing virtues, makes a cleansing, soap-like lather when its bruised leaves are agitated in water." To this fact is due its former name, soapwort.

These blossoms have a certain odd attractiveness of their own, which I like to display in a good-sized vase, on which are figures of a flower similar in form. They are particularly desirable for use on porches, in diffuse masses.



BLOODROOT.

MINIATURE AND WINDOW GARDENING

THE excellent little English book with this title, written by Phœbe Allen and Dr. Godfrey, has been reprinted for American readers. It was written especially for those city-dwellers, whose garden space is so limited that only miniature gardens are possible, and an idea of its scope may be obtained from this list of chapter headings: What to Grow; How to Grow Perennials and Annuals; On the Sowing and General Arrangement of Borders; Bulbs; Rockeries, Arches, Screens etc.; Roses and Creepers; Hedges, Paths, and Grassplots; Window Gardening; Window Boxes; On Cuttings, etc.; A Few General Hints; Friends, Foes, and Tools. Each of these topics is treated of in such a simple, helpful way, that the book is likely to prove useful in America, as well as in England. Surely such paragraphs as these are as full of meaning for us as for our English cousins.

In discussing the planting of borders, the authors say: "*Don't sow in little dabs.* However narrow your border may be, don't let any plot measure less than six inches in diameter, and don't repeat the same plant at intervals along your border. If you do, you will probably destroy what is of great importance in grouping flowers, namely, color effect. Even in a miniature garden, good effects, as well as harmony in color, should be aimed at.

"For just as a room, no matter what its size, may be pretty or the reverse, by the choice and disposal of its furniture, so the whole beauty of a border may be made or marred by the arrangement of its flowers. Given two people, with the same seeds, and the same ground at their disposal, one may sow the border so as to make it a perfect little picture, whilst the other may compass such violent contrast in color that the result is either absolutely vulgar, or gratingly hard."

[Miniature and Window Gardening. New York, James Pott & Co.]

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GOLDENROD

NOTES

BEFORE the killing frosts of October blacken the fair beauty of your aster border, be sure to transplant a few plants into jars to take indoors, as described in the September HOUSE BEAUTIFUL. Try a lovely white Comet Aster in a dark greenish brown jar, if you have one, and note how it will light up some darker corner of one of the living-rooms.

The late-flowering goldenrods are often as beautiful as any during the season. Be sure to have a few stems in jars, to carry the autumn beauty a little farther toward the spring, which seems so far away when the frost blackens the world of living color. Some of the wild asters, too, will be worthy of similar attention. October is an excellent month in which to stock your wild garden with beauties from the woods. If you are familiar with the haunts of the more beautiful species, bring in a few roots of each, and give them as nearly similar a situation as you can find. I know that John Burroughs says he does not care for any wild flower except as he finds it in its native habitat, and I hope I have some appreciation of his meaning. But to those of us not blessed with a "Slabsides" retreat, whence we can roam the woods at will, the sight of these woodsy beauties, even in our gardens, is a source of delight and inspiration.

If you have a shady bank or corner in the garden, do not neglect to get a good supply of bloodroot plants, for this is one of the earliest, as it is one of the most evanescent, of the spring blossoms. In the South it "takes the winds of March with beauty," while farther North it comes with the April showers. When the leaf first appears it is curled over the blossom, enwrapping its delicate tissue until both leaf and flower are well above the soil surface. Then, even before the leaf has time to flatten out, the bud shoots upward, to unfold its linear petals of glowing and spotless white. As it appears above the leaf, the bud is inclosed between two large sepals, which remind one of the poppy relationship of the species. These greenish white sepals are deciduous, however, being attached to the flower stalk, just below the flower, in such a way that the mere opening of the petals break them off.

Even the petals of the bloodroot remain for but a little season; very soon they fall away, and leave the tiny fruits on the end of the flower stalk. When the sun shines brightly, the petals project horizontally, but when it is near the horizon, or hidden by rain clouds, they become vertical, or may close altogether.

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DOMESTIC SCIENCE DEPARTMENT

Conducted by MARION TALBOT

Dean of Women and Associate Professor of Sanitary Science at the University of Chicago

THE WHOLESOME HOUSE

By MRS. ELEN H. RICHARDS

Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

CERTAIN old-time words, like old furniture, suit the conditions of the most advanced society. Shades of meaning, like those of color, often convey impressions stronger and more lasting than those given by striking contrasts.

So much is being written about artistic or æsthetic, even about "sanitary" houses, that it may be a relief to consider a wholesome house, using the word in its full significance of undivided—undiminished in all parts which have a tendency to promote health.

The house, in this sense, is not built as an ornament to a certain lot of land, to make it sell better. It is not built to show how much its owner values the appearance of magnificence. It is not built to meet the whims of an ignorant and self-satisfied woman.

The wholesome house is built upon clean, dry soil, with suitable care for the cellar walls and underpinning, with careful consideration for the sun plan. The rooms are so arranged that those which need to communicate with each other do so readily, and those intended to be separate shall be really secluded.

The wholesome house will show the most careful thought in regard to light and air; therefore, the number, position, and arrangement of the windows must receive first consideration. Each room should be sufficient unto itself in this particular, and not need to be lighted and aired by proxy, as so many rooms in modern houses must be.

A well-lighted room is not fashionable. To produce the requisite gloom, heavy curtains and draperies are added to deepen the shadows given by overhanging porches. To be sure, dust does not show in such a darkened room, scratched furniture and soiled laces pass muster, but microbes thrive and morals degenerate. And lest the upper part of the room should by accident receive light and air, both are effectually shut out by placing windows so low that a good three feet of space is boxed in above them. This has the advantage of lighting the floor, and of permitting a good view of the room from the outside, a view which, if objectionable, is prevented by the hideous "sash curtains." In old colonial houses the windows reached the top of the rather low room, and the doors were nearly or quite as high, so that the inclosed space at the top was quite wanting. This is the only wholesome method of building, if light and air are to be had by this means. Many modern houses are delightful to wander through as through a museum. The broad, stained-glass window, firmly fixed over the low couch (a colored glass window which swings open in parts is a glaring inconsistency), the rich stuffs draped about in corners, the vistas into other rooms dimly seen, the stairway leading to the second floor only—very æsthetic emotions are caused by these charming views. But to live and entertain in such a house is a different matter. There is no place for a stand of plants, that is, for plants which demand a whole-

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some atmosphere. The long-suffering rubber-tree, and certain palms which bear abuse and neglect, are not to be classed with the growing, blooming, vitalizing kinds which are the test of a wholesome house. I have never seen a reason for modifying my dictum of long ago, "Where plants will not thrive, people should not continue to live." Sensitive to wholesome conditions, and with no false pride or self-confidence to sustain them, with no reserves to draw upon, they droop and wither in unfavorable conditions.

Aside from their decorative effect, aside, even, from the sense of homelike cheerfulness which they give, plants serve as the very best measure of the healthfulness of houses. Indirectly they reveal the habits and character of the inmates, just as surely as the children in the street reveal the life in the tenement-house.

If the family, the economist's typical family of five or more, gather about the evening study-table and the piano or the reading-stand, with one to three lamps or Welsbach burners, the air in these charming rooms soon causes drowsiness or ill temper, and a general weariness of mind and body.

It is evident that this modern apartment is not meant for a family living-place. It is designed merely for passing through, not as a tarrying-place, the father on his way to the club, the mother out somewhere, or in her own room upstairs, the children in their rooms. This latter habit is one of the most vicious of the results of keeping the rooms which should be the family rooms "tidy for visitors."

Of all habitable places the sleeping space should possess the most soothing qualities which quiet, darkness, and cool, pure air can give. In most rooms, where lamps have been burning and people staying for one, two, or three hours, the air has become heavy and close. It is thought that the room may be "aired" by opening a window some six inches or more at the bottom, possibly two windows or a door, and allowing a current to pass for a few minutes. The upper third of the space remains as it was, the hot air is only pressed the closer to the ceiling by the cold, fresh air coming in below, so that when the window is closed, it begins to diffuse downward, as the lower layer warms, and soon reaches the would-be sleeper, causing that peculiar wide-awake feeling which is so irritating. In the wholesome house, the chambers will be kept full of fresh air, cool and dark until just before bedtime, then very little light other than electric will be used, so that all the unseen, intangible influences will make for sleep, and not for wakefulness. All rooms will have windows on two sides, to permit of quick airing by means of cross currents, and some outlet at the very top of the room will be provided for the used air to escape, as it is trying to do.

The up-to-date æsthetic house seems so attractive at first sight that the proud new possessor immediately sends out cards for an afternoon or an evening—it matters little which, for the shades are drawn and lights are used. Friends respond; the rooms are soon filled; standing room only; and not too much of that. The hostess does not dream of offering tea and punch in glass and cups without washing; why should she offer her guests air from each others' lungs to breathe unwashed? And yet that is what she does. In ten minutes the humidity reaches such a point as that rarely attained by an August dog-day. Half an hour of this foul, moist air brings the skin into so sensitive a condition that sudden chill results from contact with outside air, pneumonia frequently follows, and colds usually, when the person must be exposed often to such a half-hour. And this is hospitality, sanctioned by the usage of the best informed, at the beginning of the twentieth century! Laws regulate the number of persons in a tenement, the air space in a factory. Must there be inspection for social functions in order to secure decency and safety?

Our wholesome house will admit of hospitality without risk of health and life, by arranging rooms, windows, and wall flues in such a way that a current of dry, fresh air will sweep across the top of the room and quickly carry away the

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once-used air. The possessor of this house, having once tested its capacity, will never exceed it in her invitations. Surely architects can devise transoms and windows to be used at such times, if not needed for family occupancy.

The usual city apartment is at fault in the daily needs as to air and light. Tenants have only to know what is absolutely necessary to comfort, and to refuse to rent the uncomfortable, to have the right means supplied. Much of the piping for gas and drainage leaks on account of age, started joints, or poor workmanship. This is a cause of sickly plants and children. The wise house-mistress will see that all such conveyors are tight, thus removing one great cause of dangerous air. Lighting by electricity has thus certain advantages besides that of saving the tarnishing of silver. With the plumbing all in one well-ventilated stack, another danger is removed. Hot and cold water may be carried into the sleeping-rooms if the waste-pipes are tight and are properly connected with the sewer.

The house of the future will not have so much dust in it as the present-day houses endure. How it will be prevented is just beyond range of the seer's vision. It is certain that less germ-laden dirt will be brought in from the street on shoes and skirts. Either streets will be kept free from mud, or boots will be taken off and cleaned before entering the house. The housewife of 1950 will hardly credit the description she reads of the cost of service in keeping porches and halls free from dirt "tracked in" by passing feet. She will marvel that the polished hard-wood floors were subjected to the marring effect of gritty sand and nails in heels.

As to skirts, no more unwholesome habit, short of spitting on the rugs, could be devised than for the street-sweeping skirt, with its collection of tuberculosis sputum, and diphtheria and typhoid germs, mayhap tetanus, and putrefactive microbes most certainly, to come in through the door, leaving a portion of its gatherings in the hall, on the rugs of the various rooms, ending with the chamber where the underskirts and stockings are unloaded of the cloud which the sweeping-machine carried under it.

If all the invention of the nineteenth century had been centered on this one object, it could hardly have devised a better means for making an unwholesome atmosphere in the house than trailing street skirts and crowded rooms with hot, moist air to serve as incubator.

Much might be said as to the beneficial effect of "restful" colors, of comfortable corners, of quiet nooks. In planning a house, the question of noise of working should be carefully considered. Nothing detracts more from the pleasure of a meal than to hear the machinery creak—that is, the rattling of the dishes, the running of the dumb-waiter—and to catch the hot, steamy, often unsavory odors from the kitchen. In the ideal house, the latter will not exist, for the cooking will not include the viands which cause them, and all ordinary vapors will be removed before they have time to become stale. In pursuance of a desire to have things "handy," the builders of a past generation brought danger with too abundant plumbing; now they are bringing noise by too close proximity of the kitchen. Sound moves in straight lines, and is reflected by roofs, piazza railings, and even vines and hedges. Many a summer hotel, cottage, dormitory, and costly private house is rendered uncomfortable by neglect of precautions against noise. In the good time to come, dishes will not be rattled, and voices will not be so loud, but at present this must be provided for in the arrangement of a house that is to fulfil the definition of having all the essential parts tending to promote health.

HOUSEHOLD CLEANSING PROCESSES AND MEANS OF LIGHTENING THEM

BY S. MARION ELLIOTT

"CIVILIZATION demands sanitation." Sanitation means cleanness, and cleanness brings health.

When the savage invented weaving he laid the small end of a heavy burden on

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the backs of his descendants; for the larger part of the world's labor is comprised in getting rid of the wastes of life, and of living.

To the cleanness necessary for health is added that for good looks, and for the preservation of material. The purpose of cleanness is, then, threefold—health, beauty, economy. The house beautiful of the twentieth century will be a clean house, sheltering a clean body clothed in clean clothing.

All fabrics soiled by excretions from the body should be capable of thorough washing. There is no cleanser like water. They should wash, and keep their color and finish for a reasonable time. How garments should be made that they can best undergo these cleansing processes is not pertinent to our subject, but it is for women to set the standard.

All fabrics are subjected, more or less, to the moisture and solid wastes from respiration, from contact with the hands, from vapors escaping from kitchen, laundry, and bath-room. The better ventilated the house, the less need of cleaning. This organic matter furnishes favorable soil and food for the growth of the invisible dust-plants everywhere present. A large part of this dirt is of an oily or greasy character. The dust is held by the grease. As water will not dissolve grease, an alkali must be added to break down the grease, that the dust may be set free. The loosened dirt and soapy, dirty water must then be thoroughly rinsed from the fabrics, or a general dinginess results, and chemical changes occur which cause yellowness; or if too strong an alkali be used, the fibers themselves are destroyed. Holes appear, or the fabric goes to pieces like the "one-hoss shay."

The cleansing power of water varies according to its degree of purity. Soap dissolves readily in soft water, making a quick, generous lather. In hard water, or that which has certain substances dissolved in it, soap does not lather readily. Until enough soap has been used to destroy this "hardness," there will be no action between the alkali and the grease in the dirty clothes, and therefore little cleansing. This greatly increases both labor and expense. Rain water is the softest natural water. In hard-water regions filtered rain water should be used for laundry purposes, or the hard water should be softened. Some hard waters can be softened by boiling for half an hour. Others can be softened only by an excess of alkali. For this purpose sal soda is the cheapest agent, although borax is perhaps the best, because of its bleaching and disinfecting properties. These combined justify the additional expense.

As the amount of hardness varies, no universal rule can be given, but a half-cup of alkali to a tub of water may be considered an average amount. Dissolve the soda or borax in a little warm water, and pour into the tub before putting in any clothes. No *solid* alkali should ever be put upon fabrics.

Of soaps there are many, both good and poor. The manufacturer who has a reputation worth keeping will not risk it by putting an inferior soap on the market. A soap warranted to do the work in one quarter the time of some other is very likely so strong in alkali that the fabrics will be destroyed with equal celerity. A poor soap is dear at any price, for fabrics cost far more than the best soaps. Use a weaker soap and give it more time to do its work upon the grease, and the fabrics will be cleaner and last longer.

Powdered soaps are convenient to use in making soap solutions for woolens and delicate fabrics. This convenience is also a menace, for so much is used that the fabrics are injured and expense increased. It is always wise to use less than the makers direct.

Soap rubbed directly on the clothes, except woolens, and allowed to dissolve slowly by soaking in just water enough to cover for a period of time, varying according to amount of soil, combines efficiency in cleansing and economy of soap.

Washing is one department of household cleansing, which may well be done outside of the private house, if the con-

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ditions under which it is done are known to be favorable; but there are many families where this is still impossible. Here, then, it should be done with the least inconvenience to the family and household organization.

The brooks and rivers were the first laundries, and what were the conditions?—a generous supply of clean, soft water, at medium temperature—summer heat, or between 70° and 90° F.

With hotter water there is much danger of faded colors, greater waste of soap, far more exposure for the laundress, more dampness, and trouble throughout the house from the odorous steam.

Friction is necessary to dislodge the dirt from among the fibers, but there should be as little as possible.

A brush, soft or stiff according to the fineness or coarseness of the fabric and the amount of soil, is more effectual in removing dirt, and less wearing to the cloth than board or hands. There is too much *scrubbing out* of the fabric and too little *washing away* of the dirt.

Dingy clothes often result from insufficient rinsing. The dirty water is left in the clothes. Well-rinsed clothes dried in sunshine will be white, because they are clean, and bleached by the sun. No ironed fabrics smell as sweet and clean as those subjected only to the drying and disinfection of sunshine and air.

The washing of a towel is easy, redampening, ironing, and folding are not, and take from the towel its full absorptive power. Think what it would mean if it *were the custom* to accept the hygienic fact that underclothing, sheets, towels, hosiery, etc., are much better unironed. Looks may justify the ironing of hems on sheets and trimmings on underclothing, although nearly the same smoothness may be obtained by folding, slightly damp, and putting under a weight.

What a saving on a hot summer morning—fuel, time, and stores of energy saved, clean, sweet-smelling, absorbent ozone-laden fabrics the result!

Scientists are constantly showing how the housewife may save her time and energy, which may then be used for other than the material needs of the household. Yet too many women "have a motto, but do not use it." They are the slaves of custom or favored conditions. Freedom from a stupid thraldom to the laundry is nearer the reach of housekeepers than many of them believe.

The fourth annual Conference on Home Economics is to be held at Lake Placid, New York, September 15th to 20th. The attendance of specialists and leaders assures profitable and suggestive discussions, under the presidency of Mrs. Ellen H. Richards.

"Ideals and Standards of Living" is chosen as the keynote of the meeting, with the aim of discussing on the basis of what has been already published, the sources and development of human energy and its direction in right channels. Standards of food, clothing, and shelter for the family, the law of domestic institutions, house economics in farmers' institutes and in rural communities, and courses of study are the topics chiefly to be considered.

Mrs. Mary Roberts Smith, of Leland Stanford, Jr., University, will give a detailed report on the opportunities afforded for the study of home economics in the different colleges and universities of the country. It is interesting to note that many co-educational colleges offer more courses than do the women's colleges, which, strange to say, are peculiarly defective in this respect.



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Castle Craneycrow

George Barr McCutcheon

A STORY OF ADVENTURE

By the author of GRAUSTARK

CHAPTER IV

AND THE GIRL TOO

"NOW tell me all about our Italian friend," said Quentin next morning to Lady Frances, who had not lost her frank Americanism when she married Lord Bob. The handsome face of the young prince had been in his thoughts the night before until sleep came, and then there were dreams in which the same face appeared vaguely sinister and foreboding. He had acted on the advice of Lord Bob and had said nothing of the Brazilian experiences.

"Prince Ugo? I supposed that every newspaper in New York had been devoting columns to him. He is to marry an American heiress, and some of the London journals say she is so rich that everybody else looks poor beside her."

"Lucky dog, eh? Everybody admires him, too, it seems. Do you know him, Frances?"

"I've met him a number of times on the Continent, but not often in London. He is seldom here, you know. Really, he is quite a charming fellow."

"Yes," laconically. "Are Italian princes as cheap as they used to be? Mary Carrolton got that nasty little one of hers for two hundred thousand, didn't she? This one looks as though he might come a little higher. He's good-looking enough."

"O, Ugo is not like the Carrolton investment. You see, this one is vastly rich, and he's no end of a swell in sunny Italy. Really, the match is the best an American girl has made over here in—O, in centuries, I may say."

"Pocahontas made a fairly decent one, I believe, and so did Frances Thornow, but, to my limited knowledge, I think they are the only satisfactory matches that have been pulled off in the last few centuries. Strange they both married Englishmen."

"Thank you. You don't like Italian princes, then?"

"Oh, if I could buy a steady, well-broken, tractable one, I'd take him as an investment, perhaps, but I believe, on the whole, I'd rather put the money into a general menagerie like Barnum's or Forepaugh's. You get such a variety of beasts that way, you know."

"Come now, Phil, your sarcasm is unjust. Prince Ugo is very much of a gentleman, and Bob says he is very clever, too. Did you see much of him last night?"

"I saw him at the club and talked a bit with him. Then I saw him while I slept. He is much better in the club than he is in a dream."

"You dreamed of him last night? He certainly made an impression, then," she said.

"I dreamed I saw him abusing a harmless, overworked, and underfed little monkey on the streets of New York."

"How absurd!"

"The monkey wouldn't climb up to the window of my apartment to collect nickels for the vilest hand-organ music a man ever heard, even in a nightmare."

"Phil Quentin, you are manufacturing

Begun in THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL, SEPTEMBER, 1902. Copyright 1902, by Herbert S. Stone & Co.

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that dream as you sit here. Wait till you know him better and you will like him."

"His friends, too? One of those chaps looks as if he might throw a bomb with beautiful accuracy—the Laselli duke, I think. Come, now, Frances, you'll admit he's an ugly brute, won't you?"

"Yes, you are quite right, and I can't say that the count impresses me more favorably."

"I'll stake my head the duke's ancestors were brigands or something equally appalling. A couple of poor, foolish American girls will elevate them both to the position of money-spenders-in-chief, though, I presume, and the newspapers will sizzle."

At dinner that evening the discussion was resumed, all those at the table taking part. The tall young American was plainly prejudiced against the Italian, but his stand was a mystery to all save Lord Bob. Dickey Savage was laboriously non-commital until Lady Jane took sides unequivocally with Quentin. Then he vigorously defended the unlucky prince. Lady Saxondale and Sir James Graham, one of the guests, took pains to place the Italian in the best light possible before the critical American.

"I almost forgot to tell you, Phil," suddenly cried Lady Saxondale, her pretty face beaming with excitement, "the girl he is to marry is an old flame of yours."

"Quite impossible, Lady Frances. I never had a flame."

"But she was, I'm sure."

"Are you a theosophist?" asked Phil, gayly, but he listened nevertheless. Who could she be? It seemed for the moment, as his mind swept backward, that he had possessed a hundred sweethearts. "I've had no sweetheart since I began existence in the present form."

"Good Lord!" ejaculated Dickey, solemnly and impressively.

"I'll bet my soul Frances is right," drawled Lord Bob. "She always is, you know. My boy, if she says you had a sweetheart, you either had one or somebody owes you one. You've never collected, perhaps."

"If he collected them he'd have a harem," observed Mr. Savage, sagely. "He's had so many he can't count 'em."

"I should think it disgusting to count them, Mr. Savage, even if he could," said Lady Jane, severely.

"I can count mine backwards," he said.

"Beginning at one?"

"Yes, Lady Jane; one in my teens, none at present. No task at all to count mine."

"Won't you give me the name of that old sweetheart of mine, Lady Saxondale? Whom is the prince to marry?" asked Quentin.

"Dorothy Garrison. She lived in your block seven or eight years ago, up to the time she went to Brussels with her mother. Now do you remember?"

"You don't mean it! Little Dorothy? By George, she was a pretty girl, too. Of course I remember her. But that was ages ago. She was fourteen and I was nineteen. You are right, Lady Saxondale. I'll confess to having regarded her as the fairest creature the sun ever shone upon. For six solid, delicious months she was the foundation of every thought that touched my brain. And then—well, what happened then? Oh, yes; we quarreled and forgot each other. So she's the girl who's to marry the prince, is she?" Quentin's face was serious for the moment; a far-off look of real concern came into his eyes. He was recalling a sweet, dainty face, a girlish figure, and the days gone by.

"How odd I did not think of it before. Really, you two were dreadful spoons in those days. Mamma used to worry for fear you'd carry out your threat to run away with her. And now she's to be a real live princess."

Lady Frances created a profound sensation when she resurrected Quentin's boyhood love affair with the one American girl that all Europe talked about at that moment. Lord Bob was excited, perhaps for the first time since he proposed to Frances Thornow.

"By Jove, old man, this is rare, devilish rare. No wonder you have such a deuced antipathy to the prince. Intui-

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tion must have told you that he was to marry one of the ladies of your past."

"Why, Bob, we were children, and there was nothing to it. Truly, I had forgotten that pretty child—that's all she was—and I'll warrant she wouldn't remember my name if some one spoke it in her presence. Every boy and girl has had that sort of an affair."

"She's the most beautiful creature I ever saw," cried Lady Jane, ecstatically. Dickey Savage looked sharply at her vivacious face. "When did you last see her, Mr. Quentin?"

"I can't recall, but I know it was when her hair hung down her back. She left New York before she was fifteen, I'm quite sure. I think I was in love with a young widow fourteen years my senior at the time, and did not pay much heed to Dorothy's departure. She and her mother have been traveling since then."

"They traveled for three years before Mrs. Garrison could make up her mind to settle down in Brussels. I believe she said it reminded her of Paris, only it was a little more so," said Lord Bob. "We met them in Paris five years ago, on our wedding trip, and she was undecided until I told her she might take a house near the king's palace in Brussels, such as it is, and off she flew to be as close to the crown as possible. She struck me as a gory old party who couldn't live comfortably unless she were dabbling in blue blood. The girl was charming, though."

"She's in London now," ventured Sir James. "The papers say she came especially to see the boat-races, but there is a pretty well-established belief that she came because the prince is here. Despite their millions, I understand it is a love match."

"I hope I may have a look at her while I'm here, just to see what time has done for her," said Quentin.

"You may have the chance to ask if she remembers you," said Dickey.

"And if she thinks you've grown older," added Lord Bob.

"Will you tell her you are not married?" demanded Lady Jane.

"I'll do but one thing, judging from the way you describe the goodness. Just stand with open mouth and marvel at her magnificence. Somewhere among my traps I have a picture of her when she was fourteen, taken with me one afternoon at a tin-typers. If I can find it I'll show it to her, just to prove that we both lived ten years ago. She's doubtless lived so much since I saw her last that she'll deny an existence so far back as that."

"You won't be so deuced sarcastic when you see her, even if she is to marry a prince. I tell you, Phil, she is something worth looking at forever," said Lord Bob.

"I never saw such eyes, such a complexion, such hair, such a carriage," cried Lady Frances.

"Has she any teeth?" asked Dickey, and was properly frowned upon by Lady Jane.

"You describe her as completely in that sentence, Lady Frances, as a novelist could in eight pages," said Quentin.

"No novelist could describe her," was the answer.

"It's to be hoped no novelist may attempt it," said Quentin. "She is beautiful beyond description; she will be a princess; and she knew me when I didn't know enough to appreciate her. Her eyes were blue in the old days, and her hair was almost black. Colors still obtain. Then we have her description in advance. Now let's go on with the romance."

CHAPTER V

A SUNDAY ENCOUNTER

IT was a sunny Sunday morning, and the church parade was popular. Lady Frances and Quentin were walking together, when Prince Ugo joined them. He seemed hardly over twenty-five, his wavy black hair giving him a picturesque look. He wore no beard, and his dark skin was as clear as a girl's.

"By the way," said Quentin, "Lady Saxondale tells me you are to marry a former acquaintance of mine."

"Miss Garrison is an acquaintance?" cried the prince, lifting his dark eyes. An

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instant later his gaze roamed away into the horde of passing women, as if searching for the woman whose name brought light to his soul.

"Was an acquaintance, I think I said. I doubt if she remembers me now. She was a child when I knew her. Is she here this morning?" asked Phil, secretly amused by the anxious look in the Italian's eyes.

"She will be with Lady Marnham. Ah! I see them now." The young prince was looking eagerly ahead.

Quentin saw Miss Garrison and gasped with astonishment. Could that stunning young woman be the little Dorothy of New York days? He could scarcely believe his eyes and ears, notwithstanding the introductions which followed.

"And here is an old New York friend, Miss Garrison, Mr. Philip Quentin. You surely remember him," said Lady Frances, with a peculiar gleam in her eye. For a second the young lady at Quentin's side exhibited surprise; a faint flush swept into her cheek, and then, with a rare smile, she extended her hand to the American.

"Of course I remember him. Phil and I were playmates in the old days. Dear me, it seems a century ago," she said.

"I cannot tell you how well the century has treated you," he said, gallantly. "It has not been so kind to me."

"Years are never unkind to men," she responded. She smiled upon the adoring prince and turned again to Quentin. "Tell me about New York, Phil. Tell me about yourself."

"I can only say that New York has grown larger and better, and that I have grown older and worse. Mrs. Garrison may doubt that I could possibly grow worse, but I have proof positive. I am dabbling in Wall Street."

"I can imagine nothing more reprehensible," said Mrs. Garrison, amiably. Quentin swiftly renewed his opinion of the mother. That estimate coincided with the impression his youth had formed, and it was not far in the wrong. Here was the mother with a hope loftier than a soul. Purse-proud, ambitious, condescending to a degree—a woman who would achieve what she set out to do at all hazards. Less than fifty, still handsome, haughty, and arrogant, descended through a long line of American aristocracy, calm, resourceful, heartless. For fifteen years a widow, with no other object than to live at the top and to marry her only child into a realm far beyond the dreams of other American mothers. Millions had she to flaunt in the faces of an astonished, marveling people. Clever, tactful, aggressive, capable of winning where others had failed, this American mother was respected, even admired, in the class to which she had climbed. Here was the woman who had won her way into continental society as have few of her countrywomen. To none save a cold, discerning man from her own land was she transparent. Lord Bob, however, had a faint conception of her aims, her capacity.

As they walked on, Quentin scarcely took his eyes from Miss Garrison's face He was wearing down the surprise that the sweetheart of his boyhood had inspired, by deliberately seeking flaws in her beauty, her figure, her manner. After a time he felt her more wonderful than ever. Lord Bob joined the party, and Quentin stopped a second to speak to him. As he did so Prince Ugo was at Miss Garrison's side in an instant.

"So she is the girl that damned Italian is to elevate?" said Mr. Quentin to himself. "By George, it's a shame!" He did not see Lord Bob and his wife exchange a quick smile of significance.

As they all reached the corner, Quentin asked: "Are you in London for long, Dorothy?" Lady Frances thought his tone a trifle eager.

"For ten days or so. Will you come to see me?" Their eyes met, and he felt certain that the invitation was sincerely given. "Lady Marnham is having some people in to-morrow afternoon. Perhaps you'll come then," she added, and Phil looked crestfallen.

"I'll come," he said. "I want to tell you the story of my past life. You didn't know I'd been prime minister of a South American republic, did you?"

She nodded, and they separated. Prince

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Ugo heard the last words of the American, and a small, clear line appeared for an instant between his black eyebrows.

Lady Frances solemnly and secretively shook her finger at Quentin, and he laughed with the disdain of one who understands and denies without the use of words. Lord Bob had wanted to kick him when he mentioned South America, but he said nothing. Quentin was in wonderful spirits all the way home.

CHAPTER VI

DOROTHY GARRISON

QUENTIN was driving with Lady Saxondale to the home of Miss Garrison's hostess. Phil's fair, calculating companion said to herself that she had never seen a handsomer fellow than this stalwart American. There was about him that clean, strong, sweet look of the absolutely healthy man, the man who has buffeted the world and not been buffeted by the world. He was frank, bright, straightforward, and there was that always-to-be-feared yet ever-to-be-desired gleam of mastery in his eye. It may have been sometimes a wicked mastery, and more than one woman who admired him because she could not help herself had said, "There is the devil in his eyes."

They found Lady Marnham's reception hall full of guests, few of whom Quentin had seen before. He was relieved to find that the prince was not present, and he made his way to Dorothy's side, with Lady Frances, coolly dropping into the chair which a young captain had momentarily abandoned. Lady Frances sat beside Miss Garrison on the divan.

"I am so glad you kept your promise, Phil, and came. It seems good to see you, after all these years. You bring back the dear days at home," said Dorothy, delight in her voice.

"From that I judge you sometimes long for them," he said, simply. To Lady Frances it sounded daring.

"Often, oh, so very often! I have not been in New York for years. Lady Saxondale goes back so often that she doesn't have the chance to grow homesick."

"I hear you are going over this fall," said Quentin, with a fair show of interest.

"Who—who told you so?" she asked, in some surprise. He could not detect confusion.

"Prince Ravorelli. At least, he said he expected to make the trip this fall. Am I wrong in suspecting that he is not going alone?"

"We mean to spend much of the winter in the United States, chiefly in Florida. I shall depend on you, Phil, to be nice to him in New York. You can do so much to make it pleasant for him. He has never been in New York, you know."

"It may depend on what he will consider pleasant. I don't believe he will enjoy all the things I like. But I'll try. I'll get Dickey Savage to give a dinner for him, and if he can survive that, he's capable of having a good time anywhere. Dickey's dinners are the real test, you know. Americans stand them because they are rugged and accustomed to danger."

"You will find Prince Ugo rugged," she said, flushing slightly; and he imagined he could distinguish a softness in her tone.

"I am told he is an athlete, a great horseman, a marvelous swordsman," said Lady Frances.

"I am glad you have heard something about him that is true," said Dorothy, a trifle quickly. "Usually they say that princes are all that is detestable and unmanly. I am sure you will like him, Phil."

Mrs. Garrison came up at this moment with Lady Marnham, and Quentin arose to greet the former as warmly as he could under the smooth veil of hypocrisy. Again, just before Lady Frances signaled to him that it was time for them to leave, he found himself in conversation, over the tea-cups, with Dorothy Garrison. This time they were quite alone.

"It doesn't seem possible that you are the same Dorothy Garrison I used to know," he said, reflectively.

"Have I changed so much?" she asked;

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and there was in her manner an icy barrier that would have checked a less confident man than Philip Quentin.

"In every way. You were charming in those days."

"And not charming now, I infer."

"You are more than charming now. That is hardly a change, however, is it? Then you were very pretty, now you are beautiful. Then you were—"

"I don't like flattery, Phil," she said, hurt by what she felt to be an indifferent effort on his part to please her vanity.

"I am quite sure you remember me well enough to know that I never said nice things unless I meant them. But now that I think of it, it is the height of impropriety to speak so plainly even to an old friend, and an old—er—chum."

"Won't you have a cup of tea?" she asked, as calmly as if he were the merest stranger and had never seen her till this hour.

"A dozen, if it pleases you," he said, laughingly, looking straight into the dark eyes she was striving so hard to keep cold and unfriendly.

"Then you must come another day," she answered, brightly.

"I cannot come to-morrow," he said.

"I did not say 'to-morrow.'"

"But I'll come on Friday," he went on, decisively. She looked concerned for an instant, and then smiled.

"Lady Marnham will give you tea on Friday. I shall not be at home," she said.

"But I am going back to New York next week," he said, confidently.

"Next week? Are you so busy?"

"I am not anxious to return, but my man Turk says he hates London. He says he'll leave me if I stay here a month I can't afford to lose Turk."

"And he can't afford to lose you. Stay, Phil; the Saxondales are such jolly people."

"How about the tea on Friday?"

"O, that is no consideration."

"But it is, you know. You used to give me tea every day in the week." He saw at once that he had gone beyond the lines, and drew back wisely. "Let me come on Friday, and we'll have a good sensible chat."

"On that one condition," she said, earnestly.

"Thank you. Good by. I see Lady Frances is ready to go. Evidently I have monopolized you to a somewhat thoughtless extent. Everybody is looking daggers at me, including the prince, who came in ten minutes ago."

He arose and held her hand for a moment at parting. Her swift, abashed glance toward Prince Ugo, whose presence she had not observed, did not escape his eyes. She looked up and saw the peculiar smile on Quentin's lips, and there was deep meaning in her next remark to him:

"You will meet the prince here on Friday. I shall ask him to come early, that he may learn to know you better."

"Thank you. I'd like to know him better. At what hour is he to come?"

"By 3:30, at least," she said, pointedly.

"Too early to be correct, you suspect?"

"I think not. You may expect me before three. I am not a stickler for form."

"We shall not serve tea until four o'clock," she said, coldly.

"That's my hour for tea—just my hour," he said, blithely. She could not repress the smile that his old willfulness brought to her lips and eyes. "Thank you for the smile. It was worth struggling for."

He was gone before she could respond, but the smile lingered as her eyes followed his tall figure across the room. She saw him pause and speak to Prince Ugo, and then pass out with Lady Saxondale. Only Lady Saxondale observed the dark gleam in the Italian's eyes as he responded to the big American's unconventional greeting. On the way home she found herself wondering if Dorothy had ever spoken to the prince of Philip Quentin and those tender, foolish days of girlhood.

"Has she lost any of the charm?" she asked.

"I am not quite sure. I'm to find out on Friday."

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"Are you going back on Friday?" in surprise.

"To drink tea, you know."

"Did she ask you to come?"

"Can't remember, but I think I suggested it."

"Be careful, Phil; I don't want you to turn Dorothy Garrison's head."

"You compliment me by even suspecting that I could. Her head is set; it can't be turned. It is set for that beautiful, bejeweled thing they call a coronet. Besides, I don't want to turn it."

"I think the prince could become very jealous," she went on, earnestly.

"Which would mean stilettos for two, I presume." After a moment's contemplative silence he said: "By Jove! she is beautiful, though."

Quentin was always the man to rush headlong into the very thickest of whatever won his interest, whether it was the tender encounter of the drawing-room or the dangerous conflict of the field.

When he left Lady Marnham's house late on Friday afternoon he was more delighted than ever with the girl he had once loved. He was with her for nearly an hour before the prince arrived, and he had boldly dashed into the (he called them ridiculous) days when she had been his little sweetheart, the days when both had sworn with young fervor to be true till death. She did not take kindly at first to these references to that early, mistaken affection, but his persistence won. Before the prince arrived, the American had learned how she met him, how he had wooed and won, and how she had inspired jealousy in his hot Italian heart by speaking of the "big, handsome boy" over in New York.

He secured her permission to join her in the Row on Tuesday. There was resistance on her part at first, but he laughed it off.

"You should ask me to your wedding," he said, as the prince came in.

"But you will not be here."

"I've changed my mind," he said, calmly, and then smiled into her puzzled eyes. "Brussels, isn't it?"

"Yes; the middle of September," she said, dreamily.

"You'll ask me to come?"

"I should have asked you, anyway."

The two men shook hands. "Sorry I can't stay for tea, Dorothy, but I promised Lord Saxondale I'd meet him at four o'clock."

He did a genuinely American thing as he walked up the street. He whistled a lively air.

(To be Continued.)

EDITORIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

READERS of the House Beautiful will notice that the department of Fashions, advertised last month, does not appear in this issue. To be perfectly frank, the proposal to devote space to the subject of fashions brought forth so many protests from subscribers of long standing that the editor has decided to accept their attitude as general, and to leave out the department altogether. Arrangements had been completed with a thoroughly competent correspondent in Paris, and plans had all been made, but in view of the preferences of readers, the space will be given to a more thorough treatment of subjects properly within the magazine's field. This issue is eight pages larger than previous numbers. It is hoped the decision will be in line with the desires of subscribers.

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HOUSEHOLD HINTS

By ELLEN JUDITH GOULD

TABLE FURNISHINGS

NOWHERE perhaps is individuality more clearly shown than in the dining-room, for it is here that the family life is first shared with the outside world, the formal parlor revealing comparatively little that is characteristic of the home. Most housekeepers have very pronounced ideas upon this subject of table furnishings, many insisting that only white should ever be used for the cloth; others preferring a constant change of color; still others using from one year to another only blue-and-white ware on a white, or blue-and-white cloth. The matter is, among those of catholic taste in such matters, at least open for discussion, and a few recent ideas may be acceptable. The round table is usually preferred, and where square ones are already in possession, a carpenter may build a round top to fit the square one, which may be readily removed. For daily use this gives a sense of cosey comfort, if it is no larger than is necessary for convenience, but for state occasions a larger one will be needed, both being made to fold at least once, so as to take as little space as possible when not in use.

Though this pine top needs no protection from hot dishes, a heavy pad is no less necessary under the cloth, to reduce the noise of dishes. Double-faced Canton flannel is usually bought for this purpose, made in special widths. Where the round top is of polished wood, a folding asbestos pad is also needed, and these are cut by the dealer to fit the table. The cotton pad above it need not be very thick, but a washable covering under the cloth is of course necessary. For the cold summer luncheon, frequently served, a simple arrangement is a large square of linen put cornerwise on the table, leaving four uncovered edges, not used for the service. The center may hold a silver tray, or this may be placed on one side, and a vase of flowers or potted fern take its place. For such a luncheon the dishes are all passed by the maid from a serving-table, there is no display of utensils for the courses, the fresh silver being instead brought on when it is about to be used, and the table is almost bare in its severe absence of ornaments. The result is restful, as it seems so easily accomplished, but a clear-headed maid is a necessity, since success is entirely dependent upon her.

The more usual arrangement of doilies for each individual, with butter-plate and tumbler at either corner, is next in simplicity, and for this rather large squares of linen must be used, with a centerpiece large enough to hold olive and nut dishes, as well as the center ornament of flowers. More elaborate still are the individual round doilies, with separate smaller ones for tumblers, bread-and-butter plates, and individual salt and pepper dishes. The full covering of a table-cloth always gives an air of greater formality to the table, no matter how simple the service; yet the colored cloths, more or less used by those who admit the possibility of anything but white, are quite informal for breakfast and luncheon, though never used on the dinner-table. Of these a great variety is used, the tints being soft blue, green, and even orange, and an elaborate color scheme may be carried out with the aid of flowers, as lavender, lemon colored, or white stocks with a blue cloth, mignonette or geraniums with green, and nasturtiums with orange.

The most inexpensive of these colored cloths are of denim, a stuff which makes no appeal to a love of daintiness, but which is durable, and in desirable colors. If one is to use such cloths, it is in better taste to have the edges plainly buttonholed with embroidery cotton than to use lace edges, sometimes seen in the shops, though these écru Battenberg borders in a heavy braid are quite effective in combination with delicate green centers. A German importation, not expensive, shows an entire cloth with unbleached ground, the blue threads being woven in with patterns like cross-stitch embroidery. Large cloths of plain linen in colors are also used as table-cloths. Chinese embroideries are among the recent importations, and are most effective as to color and texture, though the work is a trifle heavy for the sheer linen background, and the patterns, great dragons, and leaves in rich blue tints need for their adequate display more uncovered space than a well-spread table usually allows. These cloths come in circular form, their edges already finished with embroidery; and so popular have the round tables become that damask cloths may now be bought circular, but with unfinished edges, which require hemming.

A quaint but rather costly table service seen at a recent luncheon showed doilies of fine linen embroidered with dainty clusters of flowers, like those on Dresden china. With these were used dishes of Sèvres, ornamented with clusters of

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tulips, bachelor's-buttons, tiny roses, and harebells; the low, open-mouthed glass bowl in the center of the table showing an old-fashioned nosegay of mixed flowers in tints not so pronounced as to put their painted likenesses quite out of countenance. This feast of color was quite unobtrusive, as it was carried out in delicate tints; yet an equally attractive table is set by the fastidious mistress of a superb country house, whose means would admit of much more gorgeous display. Morning, noon, and night the table is spread with satin damask cloths of the finest quality, a complete china service of white and gold, with monogram in the center, is used, and the centerpiece of flowers shows but one delicate tint, which is sometimes suggested in the embroidered cloth beneath it. For example, a bunch of phlox, white with lavender center, with pale fleur-de-lis in the embroidered centerpiece.

One hundred and seven pieces of Sèvres, constituting a dinner set, costs a hundred and twenty-five dollars. A quaint, foreign-looking pattern in coalport, with plenty of color, costs a hundred and sixteen dollars; Wedgwood ware shows a creamy ground with delicate strawberry pattern in the border, at sixty-five dollars; and another good English ware, in a stylish design known as the Indian-tree pattern, may be bought as low as twenty-five dollars a set. Where variety is desired, parts of each set may be chosen, and used for the different courses. It is wise to purchase the product of well-known works, as any standard ware may be replaced when broken, though as the piece must be ordered from Europe, and importations are usually made in the spring and fall, some months' delay is usually involved before the goods arrive.

NOVELTIES IN HOUSE FURNISHING

NEW wall-papers indicate that for decorative purposes the bird is likely to claim a place hitherto almost monopolized by flowers and leaves. A white bird of paradise in a forest of clustering, golden brown leaves would rejuvenate a dining room hopelessly wedded to the most unfashionable antique oak furnishing. To accomplish this the wall space should be divided into dado, and side walls, the former being of burlap, painted white; and with this striking wall-paper, no pictures would be needed. The dark golden brown carpet rug on the floor, toning in with the antique oak furniture and woodwork, gives a good color arrangement for the room, to which iron fixtures for lighting would add depth of tone. A more brilliant effect shows a gay indigo-bird resting on a sprawling vine from which impossible, but decorative, tulips branch forth.

Russmore furniture is an attractive novelty produced by treating birch wood to the fumes of certain chemicals. This produces a soft, dead olive-brown finish, through which the grain of the wood shows with a kind of silvery richness. It is especially desirable for use in the dining-room; is made in plain, substantial patterns, and its leather-seated chairs, or leather-paneled screens, give variety and dignity without excessive cost, as they are but eight dollars each; a medium-sized table, without extension, costing thirty-five dollars. A screen costs forty dollars, but it will last several lifetimes; and a tall, plain clock standing five feet high may be bought for about eighty-five dollars, the works of course being modern. The furniture resembles the mission pattern, but with much beauty of coloring and grain in the wood itself.

Haircloth, whose great utility makes it well worth considering for the hard service of the dining-room, is now made not only in the dull black of our grandmother's day, but in dark blue and green. It wears perpetually, and may be scrubbed when soiled, without being removed from the chair, with Ivory soap and a stiff brush, thus having a great advantage over leather, since every bit of grease dropped upon the latter does permanent injury to its appearance.

For bedrooms are seen Marseilles quilts in pale blue, pink, or yellow, with edges buttonhole scalloped in white; Vienna bedspreads in old rose, or electric blue cotton, mercerized, and with good designs woven in the fabric; Austrian spreads woven to resemble old tapestry, with a mixture of colors blending harmoniously—and all these range in price from three to ten dollars each. Very elegant are spreads of white linen, with handsome embroidered monograms in the center, a line of hemstitching just where the spread turns over at the side, and a hemstitched border all around. Pillow-slips for day use are made to match.

Reform has at last reached our borders in the matter of chamber sets for the bedrooms of country houses. The strong blue of the old Chinese pagoda pattern, as well as its quaint design, is now reproduced, the ewer being oddly oblong in shape, and the slop-jar having for handles dragons' heads in a bright color, like that of old "flowing blue" china. Æsthetic poster designs, with a flock of geese pursuing one another around the bowl, are in truly "greenery-yallery Grosvenor gallery" tints; and there are squat-shaped pitchers of several sorts, whose decorative grace would suit the most fastidious; and best of all, a brass pitcher and ewer, not very heavy, but hand-hammered to a pretty shape by the ever-artistic Japanese, may be bought for the moderate price of seven dollars and fifty cents.

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THE SCRAP-BOOK

Pleasant for Her

Mrs. Knicker: Did your cook get sick when crossing the ocean?

Mrs. Bocker: No, she's an old retainer.

—*Town and Country.*

"There is nothing more unwise," said the friend, "than a needless and ostentatious display of wealth."

"That's right," answered Mr. Gripper Sorghum; "there are enough people trying to get it away from you without issuing any challenges."—*Washington Star.*

Hymn for Reunion

Jesu, who, thyself a boy,
Smiled upon our childish joy,
May each thought of early glee
Give us deeper loyalty.

Jesu, who, thyself a man,
Wept when manhood's woe began,
Let our later grief and tears
Bind us to more joyful years.

Jesu, who art very Lord,
Bless us gathered at this board;
Bless our brothers far away,
Sharing in our love to-day.

Jesu, boy and man and God,
When we part for paths untrod
One at heart still may we be,
Each for each, and all for thee.
Amen.

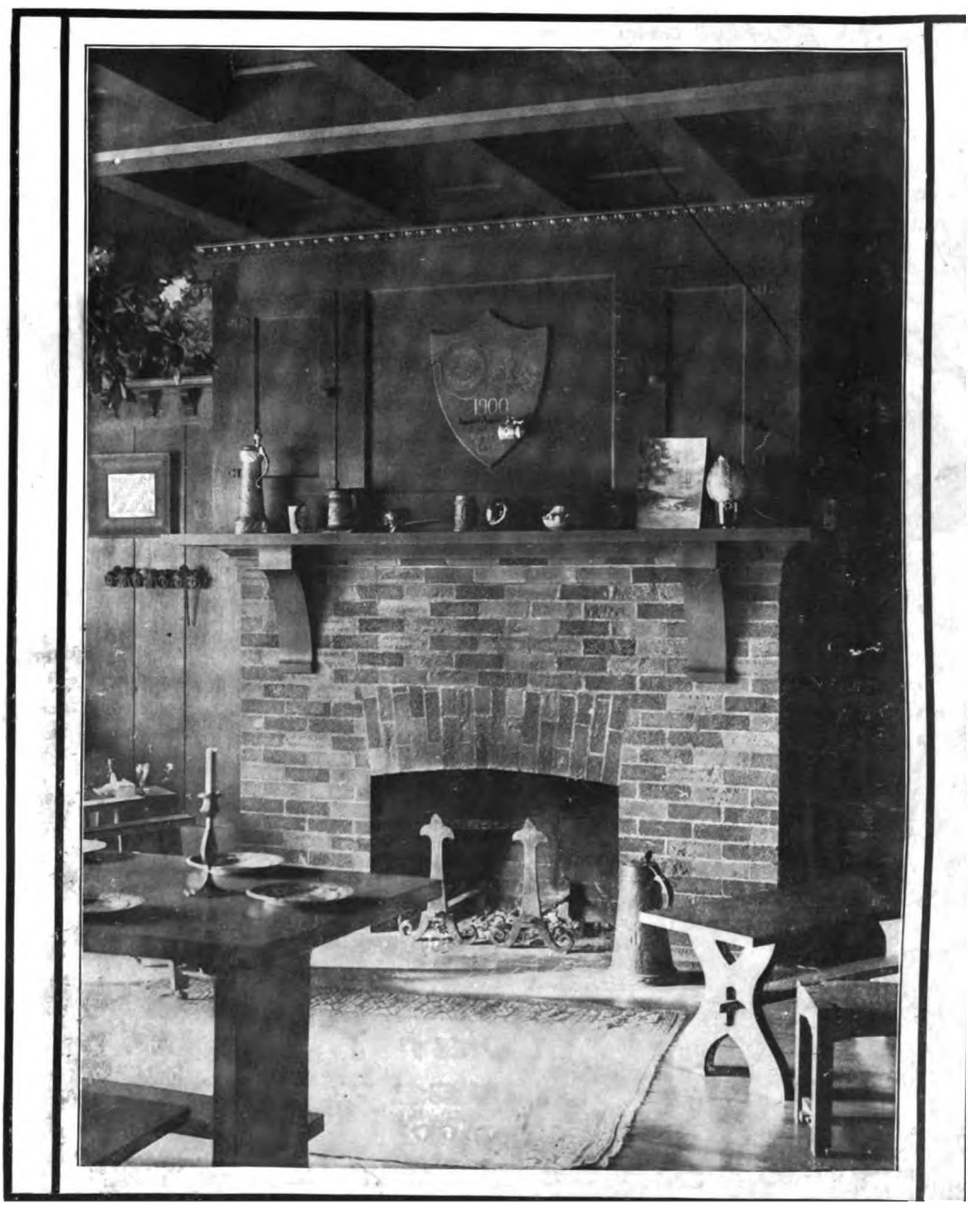
—*Wallace Rice.*

A Wise Hint to Housekeepers

Said jolly Jack Rabbit aloud to his spouse,
As they scurried around in the spring, cleaning house:
"My dear, it's to me most remarkably queer
How the human folk manage to live year by year.
Now, what do you s'pose that they do in the spring?
It really is quite an absurdly queer thing.
They take off their furs and they store them away:
They're 'afraid of the moths!' that is just what they say.
Then fold them up with such queer smelling stuff,
And they don't seem to know when they've put in enough.
Afraid of a moth! Think of that, my dear wife—
To fear such a thing in your furs all your life!
If they only took cross-country runs every day
They needn't fear moths in their furs, I should say.
I tell you, my dear, we are fortunate rabbits
To have common sense to repel such bad habits."

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THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL



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WINTER GIRL
in Crayon
By Harrison Fisher

ARMOUR'S Art Calendar *for* 1903

Consists of a Winter Girl, by Harrison Fisher, in crayon; Home Girl by Thomas Mitchel Peirce, in lead pencil; Summer Girl, by Henry Hutt, in wash; Yachting Girl, by W. T. Smedley, in charcoal; Horsewoman, by Walter Appleton Clark, in oil wash; Opera Girl, by A. B. Wenzell, in pure wash. These drawings were all made expressly for this particular use, and have been reproduced by a new fac simile process and printed in Whatman paper effect. They possess all the value of the originals and in every respect look like sketches.

This beautiful calendar (6 sheets, 10 x 15,) will be sent postpaid to any address on receipt of 25 cents or metal cap from jar of



HORSEWOMAN
in Wash
By Walter Appleton Clark



YACHTING GIRL
in Charcoal
By Wm. T. Smedley

ARMOUR'S Extract *of* Beef

The Best Extract of the Best Beef for preparing Good Things for the **Thanksgiving Dinner**

It gives flavor, substance and a tempting color to soups, gravies, entrees, etc.



HOME GIRL
in Lead Pencil
By Thomas Mitchel Peirce



SUMMER GIRL
in Wash
By Henry Hutt

Art Plate Offer

We have a small edition of our calendar designs as art plates for framing or portfolio. These are printed on rough drawing paper, 11 x 17 inches, and will be sent single for 25 cents (metal caps from jars of Extract will be accepted as equivalent of 25 cents) or the six complete for $1.00. All requests will be attended to in the order received.

Armour & Company
CHICAGO



OPERA GIRL
in Wash
By A. B. Wenzell

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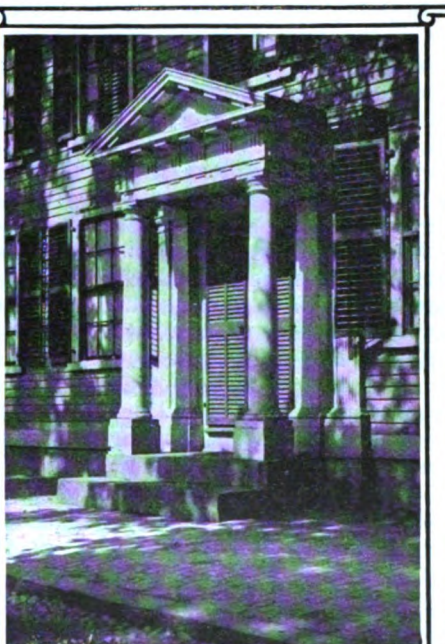
ENTRANCE TO THE PINGREE-WHITE HOUSE, SALEM, MASSACHUSETTS

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THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL

VOLUME TWELVE NOVEMBER, 1902 NUMBER SIX





TWO DOORWAYS DESIGNED BY SAMUEL McINTYRE

A SALEM ENCHANTMENT

By JOY WHEELER DOW

IN an age of ingenious titles, it is expedient that there should be established a mutual and exact understanding between the author and his public at the very beginning of his paper, essay, or book. And as this author has to own to a very stupid misconception concerning Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter," which for a long while he believed to be the history of an important bit of chirography intrusted to the post-office—a letter fervidly dashed off in red

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ink—he thinks one cannot be too particular about the relation of title to text. Therefore, he wishes to state, very frankly and clearly, that "A Salem Enchantment" is founded upon no repelling theme from Boccaccio, the "Thousand and One Nights," Balzac, or any other source where a lurking brutality is likely to dominate the whole, which kind of theme he fears might easily be expected of his title if considered apart by itself, without reference to the illustrations. The theory that the element of brutality cannot be entirely driven out of the human heart, that we long to read about brutal episodes, is a reproach upon the entire civilized race. Whoever holds this theory, however, will seek in vain for the sense that binds together subject and text in the following. By "A Salem Enchantment" is meant a delicious sense of Anglo-Saxon home restfulness that comes to charitable people under the influence of some charming old wooden and brick dwelling-houses, once upon a time erected in New England—in Salem, Massachusetts. It is true, as historic tragedy must be touched upon, but only in its picturesque side and moral, *lest we forget* (with Mr. Kipling's and the biscuit company's indulgence), that we are not entirely emancipated from the thraldom that still environs the descendants of Mr. and Mrs. Adam, originally of Eden. For it would be very easy to forget all about this environment—supposing the reader to be one of the great majority of Americans whose means are moderate—if one morning he could wake and find himself, not famous, as Byron did, but *arrivé* in the financial sense, and in possession by inheritance of one of the fine old mansions herein illustrated; his income sufficient to maintain it without terrible friction of mind and body, nervous prostration, and heart failure.

Happily, that hitherto invulnerable demagogue—commercialism in architecture—who has seduced and perverted many a charitable nature, and to whom our very best architects have often to bend and cringe, and ruin their work generally, has no excuse for consideration in "A Salem Enchantment." For if he had, a positive reversion to that species of brutality which is legitimate, and known as "righteous indignation," would so overcome this writer's gentle forbearance that an extremely heavy club alone would satisfy his imagination as a suitable weapon wherewith to discourage the intruder. It must be admitted that such heroic measures would not be very dignified on the part of any author, nor yet charitable to any demagogue; but it would be a very great charity to everybody else who seems to lack the moral courage to declare what is bound to be declared sooner or later, that the overpowering "sky-scraper," the mammoth hotel, with all the rest of the obnoxious works of the demagogue, will have to go and give place to better things.

The present commercial problem of Salem, whatever that may be, has no more to do with the maintenance of its beautiful landmarks than it would have to do with so many monuments erected to the memory of its American volunteers who have perished in the wars. As a financial investment it is to be doubted if one of them *pays*. They are kept in repair, with occasional embellishment, for sentimental reasons, as is Central Park, and out of funds derived from the people, by taxes in the one case and by interest from private capital in the other. Modern charity has sometime regarded the consecration of the very valuable land in New York to a public play-ground as not only meet but *necessary*. But the apotheosis of the Anglo-Saxon home feeling as epitomized in the restoration of a city's old colonial dwelling-houses for their influence upon the public mind is new and unique, and one step nearer to national devotion upon the steps of two altars—which, in their turn, shall effect the successful intercession for the species, let us hope, before a higher altar—the respective names of which two suppliants are charity and the normal mind. Salem, in this respect, is without doubt the most up-to-date town in the United States, and for all in quest of Anglo-Saxon home sentiments a perfect goal of delight.

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The Essex Institute—an historical society whose field and usefulness compare with that of the conventional historical society which exists in name in many centers as a live man's field and usefulness compare with a dead one's—publishes a very readable guide to Salem, in which numerous attractions are duly accredited; but oddly enough, the compiler notices only in the most perfunctory manner the real charm of the place. Another guide-book, still more defective, burlesques its title. For although it is called "Hearths and Homes of Salem," it is only the "Children's Home," the "Old Ladies' Home," and the "Old Gentleman's Home"—all public institutions—that are mentioned specifically. The Institute guide-book devotes a whole chapter to Hawthorne for those visitors who want to be sentimental without knowing exactly how, like Van Bibber's attempt to be economical. There is no authenticated "House of Seven Gables," the custom-house suggests nothing of the "Scarlet Letter," and Hawthorne's birthplace, like Poe's Fordham cottage, is only good for exercising the imagination, and painful reflection how we starve genius while it lives and try to feed it in its coffin.

As a summer resort Salem is meager and disappointing. We have so many beautiful drives most everywhere nowadays that those around Salem would not lure us, especially from afar. Then after one has spent a vacation at Block Island, or upon the eastern coast of Maine, and has made that wonderful trip through Digby gut, in Nova Scotia, aboard the royal yacht (for that is what it is like) "Prince Rupert," why, Marblehead and "the Willows" are not worth looking at. The guide apportions four chapters to the consideration of churches, public buildings, and grounds. This, I suppose, is as it should be. But there is no church edifice in Salem that is in the same category with St. Paul's Chapel in New York, or King's Chapel in Boston; no park that compares with Boston's Public Gardens; no library with the Public Library; no museum with New York's splendid Metropolitan. These comparisons may seem as manifestly unfair to Salem as it would be unfair to our gallant "cup" defender, "Columbia," to compare its speed with that of the White Star leviathan, "Oceanic." But wait! Salem *has* an exhibit which neither New York nor Boston, nor indeed any of the greater American cities are yet sufficiently cultivated and sufficiently charitable to appreciate, much less maintain, or these cities would not have immolated their historic and characteristic dwellings, for which they were noted, to the ruthless march of an oppressive, vulgar tyrant such as commercialism. It is a fact that New York has rescued Poe's cottage—it was so small and cheap, and so easily moved out of commercialism's way. But then, this could scarcely be considered an architectural exhibit. Whereas, besides the intense personality which lingers in every nook and corner of the residence streets of Salem, besides the personality of Samuel McIntyre—the Palladio of Salem's renaissance—the place is a veritable Athens to architectural students in that part of their training which pertains to Anglo-Saxon home-building.

As far back as 1802 Salem appears to have been a charming place to visit, upon this account if upon no other, which was not the case. To witness, we have those edifying "Letters of a Girl Eighty Years Ago" (now one hundred), written by Eliza Southgate. This enthusiastic admirer of whatever was at all beautiful devotes page after page to praise of the Salem houses, though that wonderful one of Hasket Derby's she describes in her inimitably vivid style, with the oval drawing-room and Italian terraces, has disappeared. Salem admits now that it was McIntyre's masterpiece; but can do nothing but mourn the vandalism of its destruction, as it reverently unrolls the original drawings of the architect that, by providential circumstances, repose in the safe-keeping of the Essex Institute. No doubt this generation is a loser by several instances of this kind even in Salem, where commercialism stole in during the benighted transitional period when we had no Harvard graduate at the head of

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national affairs, and could not expect as much as we do now, and ruthlessly leveled some of the historic piles for one expediency or another. The ancient town remains intact, though, to a remarkable degree, when we consider what the vandalism of New York has been and is, when we see the venerable and once magnificent Colonnade, on Lafayette Place, upon the extreme verge of demolition. And we cannot be too thankful that the age of commercial supremacy has forever quitted this enchanting antique seaport of New England to insure its permanency to us and ours.

I have called Salem the most up-to-date town. In another respect besides the one already cited does it merit the appellation. One could easily spend a year in Manhattan, and no idle courier or guide will volunteer a service, that is, barring the bunko-men, of course, and they are so extremely prejudiced in favor of gambling-joints as to serve the public very badly. But in no capital of Europe, not even about the corners of the Avenue de l'Opéra, in Paris, will a stranger receive more attention, more careful looking after by the guide seeking employment, than in Salem, Massachusetts. I must say that these couriers are, all of them, very youthful couriers, but they appear to be as competent and well informed as could be any fully grown couriers armed with credentials from Cook.

There is no great variety to the sight-seeing in Salem; but the interesting personality attached to everything more than compensates. Copied and filed away in the granite court-house are the wills that prove the descent and inheritance of many worthy Americans. I would not exaggerate a great deal to call it the Somerset House of America, and one where the public is not charged a shilling for a single consultation of the records, as in London. Then there are those wonders of the world invisible—the relics of the witches, the mine of legendary curiosities. But above all—the very things the guide-books slight—the "hearths and homes" of Salem, which owe their existence to no rate per cent of returns. Let us not miss such rarities in a remorseless age of expediency. It is such a relief to be able to escape commercialism for once! Here is a permanent exhibit to which no limited excursion tickets are sold "just good for over Sunday," with all the incident crowding and general misery of this awkward device of commercialism to make money for the railroads. Strange to say, the Boston and Maine corporation does not issue excursion tickets of any kind to local points, although I do not believe this policy can be pursued for sentimental reasons.

One dark spot upon the fair escutcheon is, that so perfect a dream of home as the Pingree-White house, on Essex Street, should have been the scene of a tragedy many years ago—so long ago, however, that there need be no fear of ghosts now; only one will naturally exclaim, "How inappropriate! How at variance with every charitable surrounding!" The reader may remember the elder Sothern, how he used to say, when he played Dundreary, "That's one of those things no fellow can find out!" If we sow the good wheat, then whence hath it tares? Where do the abnormal minds come from?—minds of no visible use except to lead their unhappy possessors into direful mischief and its consequences, apparently from no fault of their own. And why should any shame attach itself to what is undeniably misfortune, when we look into the dimly lighted future and see the possibility (not the impossibility, as proud folks like to declare) of one's own offspring developing the dread symptoms, even though its gentle parents may cherish for that child the aspirations of angels. It must be the artificial code of society that makes that shame which, in the case of Salem, has cast a deep mystery about a particular place of interest no guide-book mentions, no history elucidates, and photographers avoid as though afraid some sinister influence, still lurking near, might smash the glass in the camera. The accompanying illustrations are the only good ones of the subject I have seen. It required the eloquence of Daniel Webster to pass the rigid censorship in his celebrated

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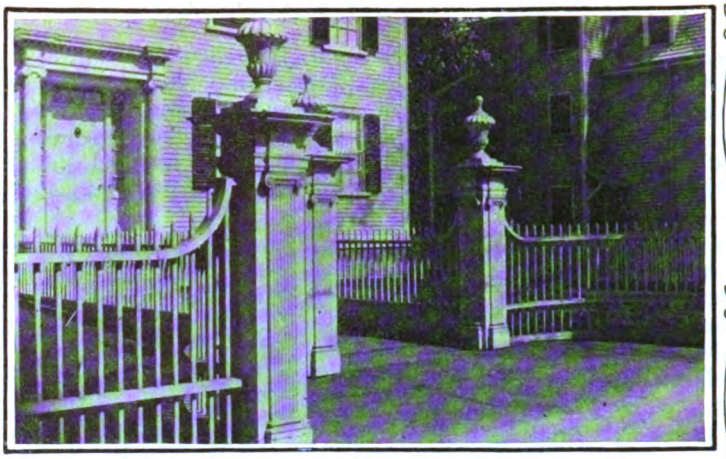
"Suicide is confession" speech, which every one knows by reputation, if not to what it refers. And because this was a classic—the brilliant excerpt from the court records—and because it costs so little to preserve classic literature, this concession great commercialism hath made us. There are also the files of the *Salem Gazette* in the archives of the Essex Institute, which are not to be bought up, shame or no shame.

Vividly yet that afternoon returns to the memory of one who, when a school-boy, sat before his desk in the class-room, impatiently waiting his turn to read the thrilling paragraph in Wilson's Fifth Reader, where the assassin enters, and in which occur the graphic lines, "Of this he moves the lock by soft and continued pressure till it turns on its hinges without noise." The brutal part is entirely effaced by the fascinating acumen of the analytical description leading up to and following the deed. What are the witches, the willows, and "House of Seven Gables" to that boy when he is grown up, and comes to visit Salem? His impulse is to fling the defective guide-books to the ground, as Cardinal Richelieu in Bulwer's masterpiece flings the books on philosophy when his messenger returns without the secret missive. The real shrine of his pilgrimage has been omitted, and he interrupts the intelligent little fellow who serves him for interpreter by exclaiming, "Never mind about Hawthorne! he wrote pretty enough romances, but *I* may invent *tales*, too. A *true* story is the thing! Can you not show me the spot where, some seventy years ago, the *real* villain scaled the wall of the garden, and crouching along in the shadow of the mansion discovered his way to the window mysteriously prepared for his entrance?" The diminutive guide winks rapidly during the delivery of so unexpected a harangue, but nods acquiescence. It appears he is thoroughly posted upon every conceivable point of interest. He leads first down a narrow street or alley, somewhat weird and gloomy, then turns abruptly out into the bright sunlight on Essex, crosses over, and when he pauses, to the unspeakable astonishment of the sensational exhibit hunter, it is before the loveliest place in all Salem.



CHARACTERISTIC DOORWAY — CHESTNUT STREET

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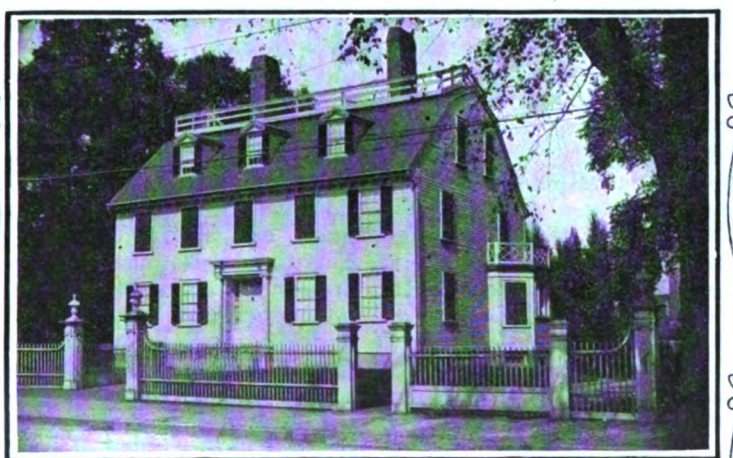




ENTRANCE — ORNE-ROPES HOUSE. Showing Semicircle and Colonial Posts
THE PINGREE-WHITE HOUSE
PORCH AND GATE — NICHOLS HOUSE. Designed by McIntyre

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THE ASSEMBLY HOUSE. Where both Washington and Lafayette attended dances
THE ORNE-ROPES HOUSE. Essex Street
THE PICKERING HOUSE. Erected 1649–51

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It is then, for the first time, that we cannot but sympathize a little with the impatience exhibited by the brothers Knapp to possess it, particularly if they knew good architecture from the miserable stuff of the transitional period that was beginning to be in vogue, and when we are informed in a whisper, moreover, that the old sea-captain who once lived there was not entirely like the innocent babe, "without an enemy in the world," it was unquestionably Webster's duty, as attorney for the state, to represent him; but for "ways that are dark and tricks that are vain" he was easily the peer of any unscrupulous financier who has since amassed a fortune. It would be difficult to find another specimen of early nineteenth-century domestic architecture as fine as the Pingree-White house. The beautiful ironwork of the outer court alone would distinguish it.

The next most beautiful estate in Salem is the Orne-Ropes estate, also situated on Essex Street, and also omitted in the guide-books. It is remarkable as being an instance where there has occurred a modern restoration and amplification of an old residence so cleverly and cunningly executed as to deceive an architect. For, as a rule, the uncongenial bungler in the pay of commercialism simply fails at a task that presupposes the nicest kind of artistic susceptibility. Here the impressive semicircular approach, sentineled by tall colonial posts of admirable proportions, seems to have been always part and parcel of the house design. Yet one meets with pictures in the collection of the Essex Institute that show the house to have stood originally close upon the sidewalk line, and from which it must have been moved, bodily, some fifty feet to the rear. There is a modern replica of this house—so commendable is its personality—in a street running at right angles with Essex near by, which is unmistakably modern, and has little of the charm that attaches itself in the original, which is credited with having been erected in 1720.

And now come four Salem houses between which honors are equally divided. These are the Nichols house and Assembly house, respectively, on Federal Street; the Emmerton-Pickman house on Essex; and that very ancient Pickering house on Broad Street. The latter should take precedence, though, by reason of its age, and indeed it would take precedence in a national review of architecture upon that point, for it is proven to have been erected between A.D. 1649 and 1651. This house receives a passing tribute from the guide. It should have a chapter devoted to it. From an architectural view it stands unique among colonial exemplars. Let us call its style pre-Ruskin. That is, its builder saw the merit of a Gothic motive for domestic needs a century and a half before the advent of the English author who is responsible for all the dreadful failures we once committed in trying to imitate him. The Pickering house is *not* a copy, nor an original invention, which we would now call, in less polite reference, "a freak," nor is it an untutored combination of styles, but a legitimate development, and a very logical one at that. This landmark also would deceive a professional architect as to its history, for, upon superficial observation, it savors strongly of the Transitional school of Ruskin imitations. It is investigation that turns indifference into the wildest enthusiasm. We find it to be an architectural gem of the first water, not only the best preserved building of its epoch in America, but the earliest exemplar of Gothic architecture in America.

The Nichols house has been exploited already, in several architectural publications, and it is illustrated in the Essex Institute Guide-Book. The inner court is its most remarkable feature, though two quaint porches, one of which is here shown, belong to the dearest bits of detail in Salem. When we approach as near as this to the Assembly house, standing several blocks below, one's steps naturally gravitate nearer, drawn by some irresistible magnet. Ah! what form of entertainment excels the dance, or indeed equals it? With all its frivolity and inconsequence, it remains the acme of social diversion, of attainment, and home peacefulness. No. 138 Federal Street, built in

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THE EMMERTON-PICKMAN HOUSE

1782, for the Salem Assemblies, designed by McIntyre, like the Pickering house, enjoys the distinction of being the only one of its kind in America. It confesses to an honest simulation of marble by our great national commodity, *wood*, in such a delicious way, however, to quote from Byron:

"As St. Augustine in his fine confessions,
Which make the reader envy his transgressions."

The echoes of the last assembly ball are faint within its walls by now, some hundred years after, for it has been a private residence for about that length of time. There is some modern detail that marks its vicissitudes, and that one has to regret. Dining in one of its historic apartments some years ago, a lady has told the writer that it seemed to her very odd and lonely, "just two of us at a small round table," where Washington, Lafayette, and many other noted and gallant personages of American history had gayly toasted their partners of the minuet. The clock in a neighboring steeple notifies us that time is still passing very rapidly. The last hour has stolen by without our knowledge, and we have that other engagament on Essex Street ere the short autumn twilight obscures all architectural development in somber silhouette against a pale sky.

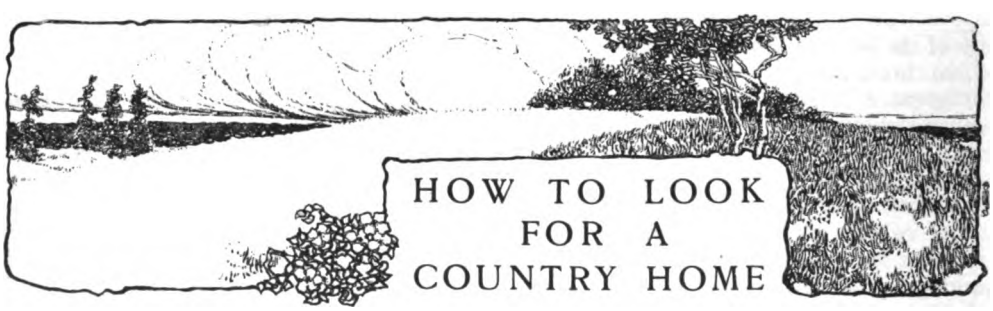
The Emmerton-Pickman house has had its picture in the Architectural Review, and I am not sure but that I have seen it illustrated somewhere else. It has not become quite such common property of the magazines, though, as has "Westons" and "Shirley," two James River plantations. The Salem house is kept in a perfect state of preservation, and has been amplified by an educated and competent architect in this specialty. I do not mean to say that he has been so skilful in obliterating traces of his modern aspirations as he who restored the Orne-Ropes house, for we do not have to be told what is new and what is old. The Emmerton-Pickman place illustrates the typical Salem mansion of the early nineteenth century.

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Replicas of it abound in Chestnut Street, Broad Street, about the Common, and on Essex, east of Washington Street, most of them in splendid repair. Then there are dooryards and gateways which, it is possible, owe their fascinating perspective to chance, as does the capitol at Washington. But with this we need not concern ourselves so long as the enchantment holds good.

It seems only fitting and proper that the famous beauty of Salem, Eliza Endicott, should have lived in its prettiest house; but such an ideal combination would have been disproportionate in nature, which loves to see a great splash in every tranquil lake, a blemish in every flower. So Eliza Endicott was relegated, by circumstances, to the Tontine block, which is not pretty at all.

To such commodious, imposing, and substantial houses as those of Salem, herein described, the average man and woman, unassisted by inherited capital or the beneficence of a relative, may not aspire. It is the tiny eight-room cottage only that is possible to them, though modern education has bestowed the capacity for thoroughly appreciating the more generous environment. It presupposes a very normal mind indeed, and boundless charity that may look upon the operation of such things dispassionately, that one does not long to divert a little of the earnings of other people into his own coffers, of course, not quite in so summary a manner as was proposed by the Knapps to divert the accumulated earnings of Captain White, but legitimately. That a certain failure of the apple crop in Eden in B. C. (the reader may compute the exact year for himself) should have inaugurated such direful consequences does seem at times wholly unnecessary, and that our patience and long suffering by now had merited the abrogation of some of the severer laws and conditions. The original suggestion of such an avowed agnostic as the late Colonel Ingersoll might not meet with a very kind reception before the Highest Tribunal; but one honestly believes, in this era of enlightenment, that for the initial concession, should one ever be deemed advisable, good health could just as well be made catching in place of disease, and without prejudice to any one.



WE think of country life in England as meaning large estates and handsome manor-houses, kept up at enormous expense, and affording hunting and similar recreations. To some extent the wealthy in our own country attempt to ape English country life, and it is a first-rate thing for our country that they do. But American country life must be essentially different from English country life, though there is much in England for us to study and reflect upon. England is small, and railroad communication with all parts is easy. The English people are natural lovers of the country, and all who are not tied to the city by their occupations apparently prefer to spend at least a greater part of their time near some small country town or village, where they can make the most of their limited incomes, and where they can enjoy life. They go

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to London merely for the "season." Then, too, holidays are frequent and well improved, and all the railroads make very low rates for "week-end" excursions during the entire summer. There is no doubt that our railroads would make similar low rates for "week-end" excursions if encouraged to do so.

The American for whom we are writing is well educated, ambitious, endowed with some taste and much liveliness, and limited as to income. He has some money and hopes to have more; but his business is always calling for nearly all the spare cash he can secure, or he has some investment that promises large returns in which he is interested. Any argument in the direction of curtailing these investments, and putting the money into a house in the country, would be wasted, for our hustling American never would do it. The best we can hope is to show him how he can spend the money he is obliged to spend to support his family in the city, and get more for that money in the country. So we must confine our attention strictly to what is cheap.

In a subsequent article we will undertake to show how a house may be built (eight rooms and bath), plastered, painted, papered, and furnished for $1,000. Taking the possibilities of our $1,000 house for granted, we must now consider the preliminary requirements of situation, size, and method of going about the business.

In the first place, the successful carrying out of any plan of this kind requires more or less special knowledge, and more than all, ingenuity and attention. No bill of lumber will be shipped exactly as ordered; unless closely watched the carpenters will slight their work, or, for greater ease in its execution, make slight changes which they should not have made. Then when all is finished, the work will have to be done over at double expense. Superintendence is necessary and economical. The best plan is, that some member of a proposed colony should give the business his personal and thoughtful attention, and should be rewarded for doing so. The employment of an outside superintendent will not be satisfactory. He will only be another of the laboring gang, trying to get all out of you the law allows—simply because he is a business man, and must conduct his business in the American business fashion. He is no robber—none of them are robbers—but if you want to save money you must save it for yourself.

The first thing is the selection of a site. Farming land in the neighborhood of Chicago may be bought for about $200 an acre. It should always be possible to get a good lot for this price. But what is a good lot?

If I were to select a home for myself I should look first for trees. In New England these are not hard to find, and there are many beautiful wooded hills and valleys as far west as Ohio. Then we come to rolling, open prairies, and trees are to be found only on the banks of some stream or the borders of a lake. Next to trees, water is the item of consideration, and nothing will give the delight of a flowing brook, a pond or lake, or the grander shores of our great inland seas, or of the ocean itself. These objects of nature—trees and water—seem to be nature's means of uttering her secrets, and except where they are found we never seem to find a revelation of her inner heart. In any case a good well is essential, if springs are not where they may be utilized. Where there is running water, or water that falls some distance, a "ram," or hydraulic pump, may be used to raise the water to a tank in the attic of the house.

I have made use of a plan for storing rain water, that is both convenient and cheap. I have a galvanized iron stock tank in the attic; it holds twenty barrels, and is supported by two upright columns in the walls, running up from cement foundations under the house. The water runs directly from the roof into the tank, from eaves flashed under the shingles, part way up the side of the roof. The pipe (a two-inch one) has its inlet lower than the top of the tank, and enters the side of the tank half-way down. It thus serves the purpose of inlet and overflow, for the water can never rise higher in

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the tank than the top of the inlet. This attic tank supplies the bath-room. Farther down is a second set of eaves, which sends water into three oil barrels set on a small platform at the back of the house, high enough so that a small piece of pipe and a faucet may bring their water over the kitchen sink. In dry weather the tanks are filled with water from an artesian well, or might be so supplied from any well by the use of a force-pump.

Sewers are not the unmitigated blessings they are represented as being. Nothing is more sanitary than an earth-closet, which is so built that it can be moved over a fresh excavation by the side of the old one when necessary. In a few years the old excavation will yield the best kind of fertilizer.

Danger from drains can exist only when the drains are neglected. There is every reason why the drainage from the house should be utilized to water and enrich the garden. In the summer a shallow sewer-pipe leading to the garden may be so managed that it will be of the greatest value. The only important point is to take great care that the drainage does not make a foul spot, because of neglect for several years. When the waste is conducted into a cultivated garden there is no danger of this.

The person who undertakes to build a house will find a long line of temptations to introduce what are called "modern improvements." Instead of the simple arrangement for the disposal of waste described above, the plumber will advocate a catch-basin, a cesspool (which must be frequently cleaned at considerable expense), a cistern from which the water must be pumped, the cost of all of which will mount up to a fabulous sum. The same thing will be found when you meet the architect and builder. Modern machinery turns out, at comparatively moderate cost, a great variety of moldings and ornaments of different kinds. An architect will doubtless tell you that gable ornaments, grilles, and fancy friezes cost little and add a thousand per cent to the appearance of your house. The truth is, they are the curse of American cheap architecture. They not only add nothing to the appearance of the house, but really destroy the beauty of simple proportions and harmonious colors. But you will be lucky if you can in these days escape some of this "gingerbread" architecture. Lumbermen and builders will force it upon you unless you are as stubborn as iron—making you buy "beaded drop siding," for instance, in place of the plain, old-fashioned weather-boards, or "beveled siding"; casings and baseboards full of crevices for the dirt, with all the paraphernalia of "corner blocks," etc., instead of the plain, sensible, old-fashioned "O. G." casing and base; and a variety of grilles, fancy porch ornaments, etc. These things all cost money, and the total is large, while the result of the use of them is to spoil the house.

A great deal can be done with paint, but a hankering after novelty is fatal. No painters (or very few) have any real sense of harmony and appropriateness of tints, and when delicate shading is required for success, it is very safe to count upon a botched job when the work is done. It is much better to select some one of the standard combinations of durable colors, such as dark red with light trimmings (a basis of white lead tinted with the red of the body and chrome yellow) with dark green baseboards and roof, and dark gray porch floors and steps; or light green toned to the color of water among foliage, with trimmings of dark green almost the hue of dark green leaves, and a very subdued red base and roof; or dark olive-green with white trimmings, a base a few shades of green lighter, the same serving for roof, porch floors, and steps; or white, with light yellow trimmings, green roof, and some nondescript, unobtrusive base, leaf-brown for instance. A slate-colored or light brown house is too modest and dirty looking. It lacks cheer and life and distinction.

The lumber as soon as it is received should be given its first or priming coat of paint as it lies on the ground, before the carpenters touch it. It saves the painter's time, preserves the wood from exposure, and in every way is advantageous.

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CLAY PAINT AND OTHER WALL FINISHINGS

By MADELINE YALE WYNNE

"IF you are going to the mill, John, you better go by the clay bank and bring me home a pail of clay, the buttery needs a coat." Thus must the housewife of a hundred years or more ago have often spoken to her good man as he drove to mill.

The soft yellow-gray clay, mixed with water till it was of the consistency of thin cream, made a most excellent coating for the walls; it was clean—clay is not dirt—and it could be renewed as often as needed at the cost only of labor. When the cooking was done on the hearth, over an open fire, the smoke soon blackened ceiling and wall, and it was only the most shiftless that did not have a freshened kitchen in the springtime of the year.

The thrifty, inventive New Englander was never at a loss to find means to any end in view.

One day I was showing, to an appreciative, city-bred dame, an exquisitely shaped ladle that had been cut from a close-grained block of wood. "How lovely!" she exclaimed; "and do you mean to tell me that this is all made with a whittle?" Since then I have often thought, as I have looked at the manifold things made with the jack-knife, by the light of the hearth fire, how valuable a thing was that "whittle" of the pioneer—a whittle that had a mental prototype, which did equally expert work in things theologic and things political.

Clay paint was not unlike calsomine in its effect; it had even a more pleasing, fuller tone. The clay bank also played another important rôle in the household economies of the early days; chimneys were chinked with clay, many of those vast piles of brick with the adjacent dome of an oven were entirely laid up in clay which has not even to this day been replaced by mortar. Chimneys of that time were not the attenuated apologies that go by that name now; they were generous to a fault, and monopolized a fair proportion of the ground room; a chimney twelve feet square was a common thing, and a hearthstone was a veritable stage, whereon was enacted the comedies and the tragedies of those stirring days.

The clay bank remains, and it plays a part in our day quite other from its former one. Embedded in it is a deposit known as the clay stone; it varies in size and in shape, but one peculiarity it always maintains: it looks like a batter cake not thoroughly baked, as if it had been dropped from a spoon and had dried in the sun.

These stones were of no interest to our earlier generations, unless they served as playthings for the children; but to scientists they have an interest, their formation is puzzled over, and they are a theme for lecture and learned speculation.

When I was last at the clay bank it was in the company of a scientist. This scientist was a woman, and this woman was the decendant of one of the forehanded mothers who had probably often painted the buttery with clay; what would she have thought and said could she have seen this great-great-great-granddaughter climbing the steep and slippery bank to gather these clay stones, poising herself in precarious attitudes after a rich find, while she discoursed learnedly of chemistry and of force. What would the housewife think of this modern woman who had published a treatise on these same worth-

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less stones, illustrated by another modern maiden versed in photography? Would it seem an advance or a retrogression?

Aristocratic folk used to send over the seas for their wall hangings, while the humbler folk solved their æsthetic problems as best they might.

The front room, or parlor, was often painted by hand in oil colors, sometimes put on in one flat tint all over the wall, sometimes stenciled and sometimes paneled off, each panel containing a design made to suit the space, and after some scheme original with the decorator: fruit, flowers, marine views, and landscape, all were essayed.

These wall paintings, like the embroideries, were derived from the India prints or the Chinese and other crockery. Whether the dweller in this far-off New England atmosphere were conscious or not, he was indebted to many ancient peoples for the way in which he intertwined his spray, or translated his flower and bud into a decorative whole.

Odd and amusing are many of the efforts, and they have often taken on a certain individuality that makes a curious combination with the Eastern strain.

An old house in Deerfield has the remains of an interesting wall, and a partition of another done in blue, with an oval picture painted over the mantel-tree; the picture was of a blue ship in full sail on a blue ocean.

The other wall was in a small entryway, and had an abundance of semi-conventionalized flowers done in red, black, and browns. The design was evidently painted by hand, and evolved as the painter worked; a border ran round each doorway, while the wall spaces were treated separately and with individual care; the effect was pleasing, though crude. Tulips and roses were the theme.

This house had at one time been used as a tavern, and there is a tradition that this was one of several public houses that were decorated by a man who wandered through the Connecticut Valley during Revolutionary times, paying his way by these flights of genius done in oil. Tradition also has it that this man had a past; whether he was a spy or a deserter from the British lines or some other fly-from-justice body was a matter of speculation, and never determined. He disappeared as he came, but behind him he left many walls decorated with fruit and flowers less perishable than himself.

We find his handiwork not only in Deerfield, but in Bernardston; there are rumors that there was also a wall of his painting in a tavern which stood on the border line between Massachusetts and Vermont. In Connecticut, too, there are houses that have traces of his work.

In Bernardston, Massachusetts, there is still to be seen a room containing a very perfect specimen of wall painting which is attributed to him; this work may be of later date, but no one knows of its origin.

This design is very pleasing, not only because of its antiquity and associations, but because in its own way it is a beautiful and fitting decoration. The color tones are full, the figures quaintly systematic and showing much invention.

The body of the wall is of a deep cream, divided into diamond spaces by a stenciled design, consisting of four members in diamond shape; the next diamond is made up of a different set of diamonds, there being four sets in all; these are repeated symmetrically, so that a larger diamond is produced. Strawberries, tulips, and two other flowers of less pronounced individuality are used, and the colors are deliciously harmonized in spite of their being in natural tints, and bright at that. Now, this might have been very ugly—most unpleasing; on the contrary, it is really beautiful.

There is both dado and frieze, the latter being an elaborate festoon, the former less good, made up of straggling palms and other ill considered and constructed growths.

One suspects the dado to be an out-and-out steal from some chintz, while the tulips and strawberries bear the stamp of personal intimacy.

The culminating act of imagination and art was arrived at on the chimney-breast decoration; there indeed we do strike the high-water mark of the decorator; he was

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not hampered either by perspective or probability.

We surmise that Boston and its harbor is the subject; here are ships, horses and coaches, trees and roadways, running like garlands which subdivide the spaces, many houses in a row, and finally a row of docile sheep that for a century have fed in unfading serenity at their cribs in inexplicable proximity to the base of the dwellings. All is fair in love, war, and decoration.

The trees are green, the houses red, the sheep white, and the water blue; all is in good tone, and I wish that it had been on my mantel space that this renegade painter had put his spirited effort.

Between the windows there is a panel of flowers, the stems rising from a vase, so Eastern in its shape that we again must acknowledge and recognize the East Indian influence.

The clay paint having given away in part or wholly to the oil-painted wall, the floor took on more sophistication, the bare floor and the sanded one, done on gala-days in a "herring-bone" pattern, was much too primitive.

Designs were used on floors not unlike those on the walls, borders carefully divided off, and centerpieces elaborately painted by hand or stenciled. One floor is described as having taken six weeks in the painting, and was not walked upon for another six weeks. The border was of roses, and the center an intricate arrangement of the same.

And so it was that the homes took on the appearance of luxury, for luxury is but comparative. A mud floor and a pig in the sty seem the height of luxury to the pigless and the hutless; the gay walls whereon the tulip flaunted in flirting intimacy with the strawberry, the rose, and the palm was the visible sign of prosperity and luxury in the times when the shadow of the Indian in enmity had but lately ceased to be cast in sinister gloom on the threshold of the New England pioneer home.

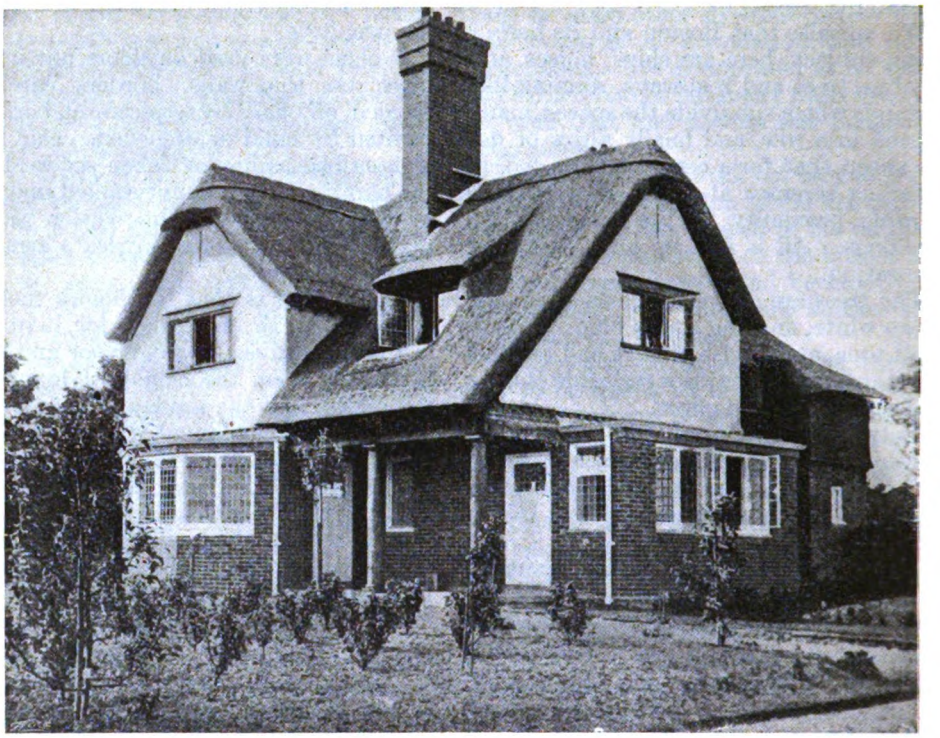
AN ENGLISH SUMMER COTTAGE

By C. H. B. QUENNELL

NOT a little of the charm of English country scenery is due to the picturesque old cottages, spotted all over the country, and partly hidden among clusters of shady trees. They scarcely have the look of things invented by the human mind and erected by human hands, but seem to be part and parcel of the landscape itself, sprung up—so to say—from the ground, and grown gradually with the trees and hedges. Time has rounded off the shapes, and has painted the walls and the roofs with mellow tints that blend harmoniously with the natural surroundings. From mere reasons of economy the domestic architect of a past age has, perhaps in complete ignorance of an imperative request of a fundamental rule of æsthetics, used exclusively such materials in the construction of his buildings as were easily obtainable in the district; hence this complete harmony between the cottage and the surrounding landscape. The building material depended entirely on the geological formation of the country-side.

It is the neglect of this important principle on the part of our architects that makes many modern country houses an eyesore, an ugly blot in an otherwise delightful landscape; but fortunately there are some among the number of our modern architects who understand the importance of using appropriate material, and who—whilst giving full scope to their inventive faculty—model their plans on the lessons taught by the delightfully picturesque aspect of these old home-

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THE COTTAGE FROM THE SOUTHWEST

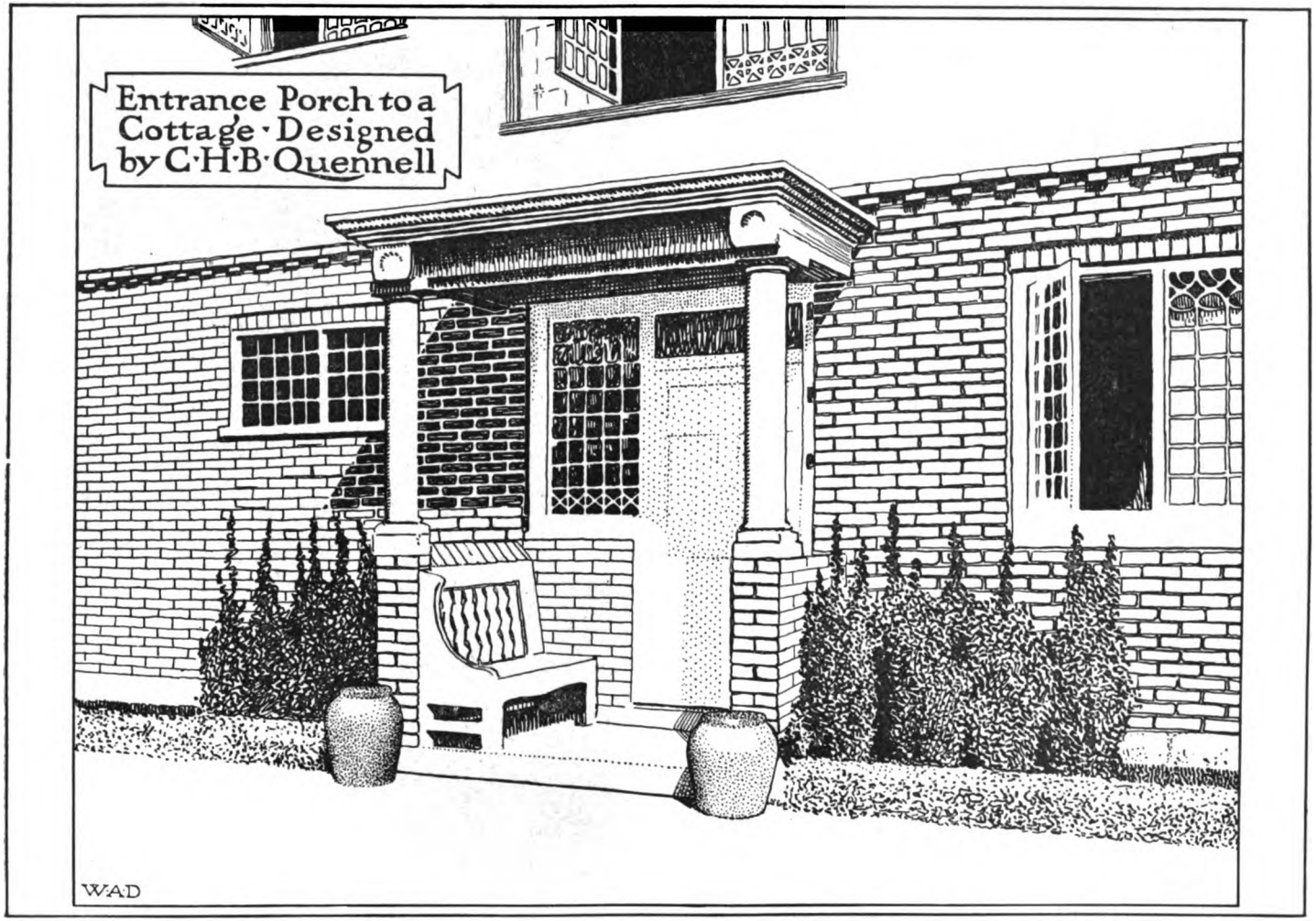
steads. To this group of architectural artists belongs Mr. C. H. B. Quennell, and a summer cottage erected by him in Sussex, on some high land in the Weald, is the subject of the illustrations accompanying these notes.

The cottage has not the pretensions of a country house for permanent residence, but is rather intended for a place in which to spend "week-ends," or for the summer holidays of a town man in want of an occasional glimpse of the country. It is essential, therefore, that there should be characteristics about the design which go to foster the feeling that here one is really in the country and away from town —there should be no pretensions or any resemblance to a cockney villa. Externally your cottage should be built of local materials to take its place naturally in the landscape—internally it must be beautifully simple and restful—nothing cunningly intricate.

As to internal accommodation, it is taken for granted that most of the time will be spent out of doors, and the house used only for eating, sleeping, and an occasional rest. What is then required is only a small dining-room and a good large living or sitting room, where all can meet in the evening. The kitchen and offices need not be large: two servants should keep the house running. The bedroom accommodation is limited to family requirements, with perhaps an occasional visitor squeezed in; it is a summer cottage, not a country house designed to give accommodation to large house parties and retinues of servants.

The cottage is so arranged that there

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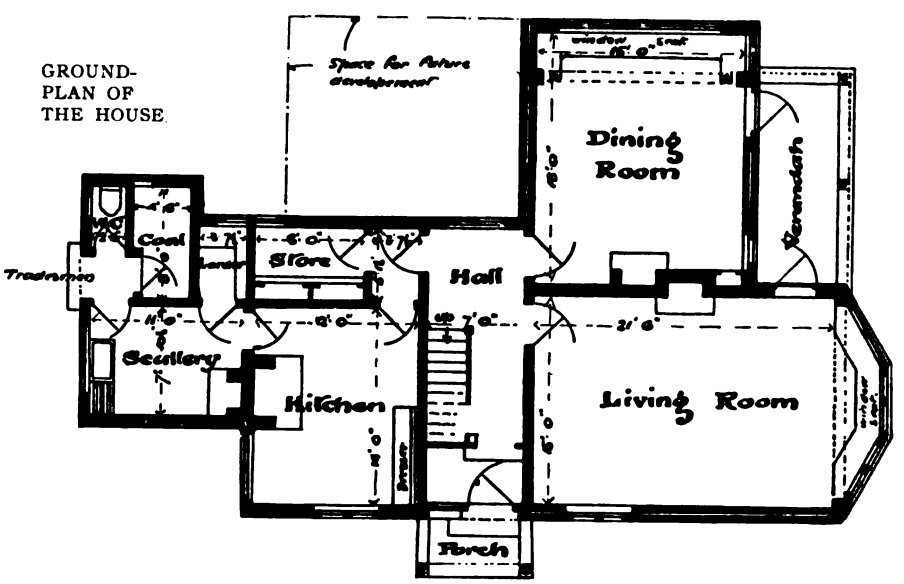


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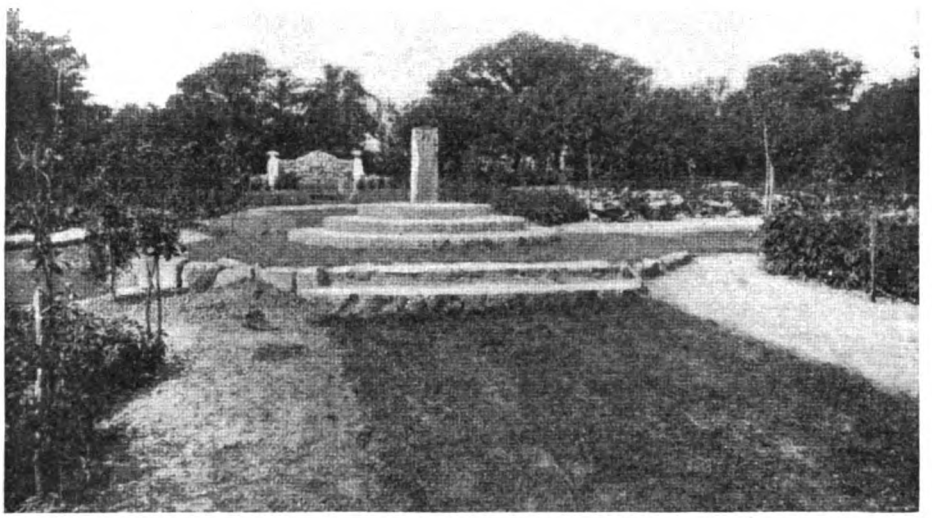
THE COTTAGE FROM THE SOUTHEAST

GROUND-
PLAN OF
THE HOUSE

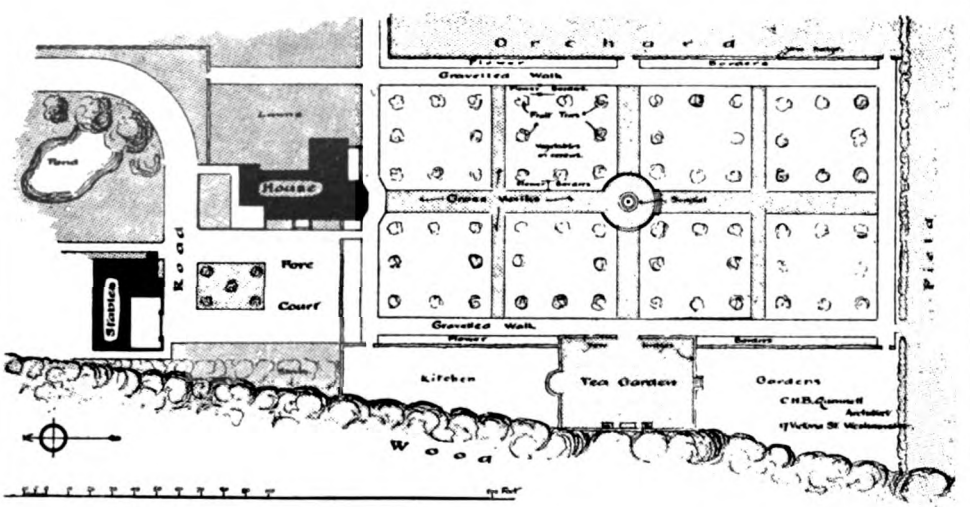


Ground Plan of House

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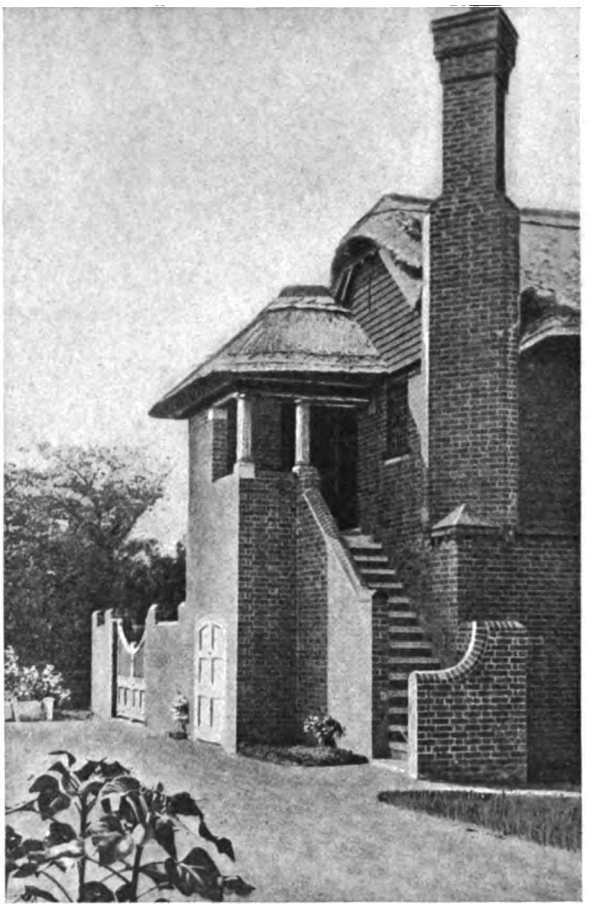


THE SUN-DIAL IN THE GARDEN



PLAN OF THE GARDEN

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ENTRANCE TO THE STABLE

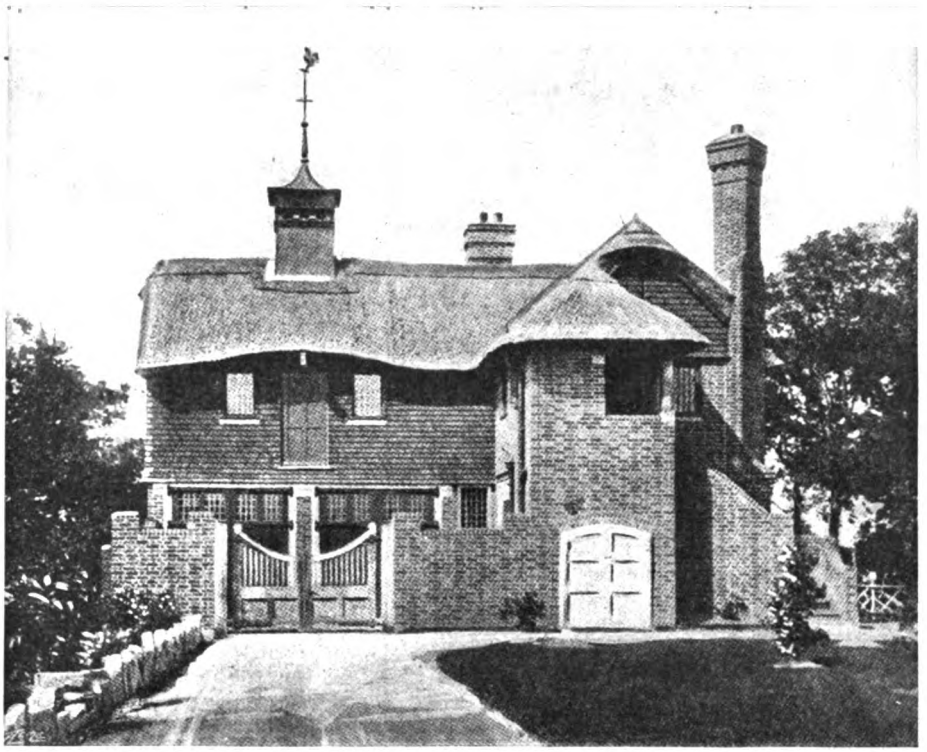
are views from the dining and living room windows of the long line of the South Downs, on the left, to a cutting where the old coach road crosses, on the way to Brighton, on the right.

The house is planned so that a third reception-room and bedroom even could be added, if desired, and the contract price was under $5,000, to which must be added $1,000 spent on a deep well and well-house, decorations and fittings, etc. The land belongs to the owner, and was originally part of a farm. It is admirably adapted to its present purpose.

The ground floor accommodation of the cottage is shown by plan, the general arrangement of which was designed in accordance with the ideas above enunciated. The veranda is a noticeable feature, of good width, giving shelter to the doors into both rooms, making a good place for afternoon tea.

On the first floor of the cottage are four bedrooms, bath-room, and linen cup-

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THE STABLE FROM THE FORE-COURT

board. Internally all fittings are very simple. A photograph is given of the dining-room fireplace, where the actual brickwork is allowed to become visible.

Externally the ground-floor walls are faced with local red bricks, picked for soundness, but with a pleasant diversity of color. The brickwork is stopped by a dentil course, and over to the first-floor walls part is in rough cast and part tile-hung. The roofs are thatched with good wheat straw, which already has weathered a charming gray. The chimneys are brick again. The actual windows are wrought-iron casements hung in wood frames, and glazed with leads, in plain squares, with here and there a little simple patterning.

The block plan shows the position of house and the stables fronting another side of the fore-court. If one is fond of horses, it is wise to have them within easy access; their too close proximity might be considered by some a nuisance, but it has not been found so here, and instead of being poked away in some corner, the stables have been designed to help the general effect.

The ground-plan of the stables is quite utilitarian, meant for real use, but lends itself to a picturesque exterior. There is accommodation for three horses, and a good coach-house, and the harness-room is fitted with a cooking-range, so that it may be used also for a men's mess-room. On the first floor there is a loft over the coach-house, and coachman's living and bed rooms over the stables. The latter communicates with the loft, and thence by step-ladder directly into the stable, in case of the horses being ill.

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THE DINING-ROOM FIREPLACE

The outside stair gives general access, and under affords space for bicycles.

The contract for stables was $2,900, which cannot be considered an extravagant price. The elevation was carried out on the same lines as the cottage. The sum of $2,000 was spent on gardens and long lines of fencing, which do not appear on the plans.

A word as to sewage disposal, which, though not a savory subject, is most important. The drainage, both from cottage and stables, is connected with a ventilated, disconnecting chamber, and taken thence into an automatic scavenger, the action of which is to break down all solids and render the whole fluid, after which it is passed into a cesspool, from which it can be pumped up into a sewage-cart for use on the land. If this is not desired, it is passed through a filter-chamber, when the affluent becomes quite harmless, and can be drained away by land drain.

EDOUARD MANET

BORN 1833; DIED 1883

By JAMES WILLIAM PATTISON

Class Lecturer on the Collections of the Art Institute of Chicago

MANET was a Parisian born, bred, and buried. There is a difference: no provincial who arrives in the sacred city at adult age does or can make a "Parisian of Paris." Some taint of his native province lingers in the blood and affects bearing, point of view in thought, and manner of conduct. Probably description cannot elucidate this peculiar "something," but those who know are keen to detect the flavor of any city-born person, especially a Parisian.

People who admire Bouguereau's rose-tinted wax Venuses, or vapory affectations which pass for peasant children, are horrified over Manet's truthful presentations of humanity as it is. Some of my lady friends maintain that it is not admissible to write about or paint anything excepting those properly groomed articles and individuals who pass muster as

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respectable. Manet did not think that way. He had the Frenchman's keen perceptive faculties, and the ability to depict all that occurred or came in his sight. Many good people deny that extraordinary ability gives its owner any rights or freedom of action denied to those who belong in the level stratum of average talent. But the extraordinary man or woman takes the right whether or no, and the rest of the world permits him. We don't burn in these days: the heretics and other sinners are given free course—if they have genius.

Manet painted some things which were not entirely "proper." Still, there is a difference in improprieties. Manet managed to paint improprieties so deftly that no one could accuse him of pandering to baser natures. No one is tempted to wrong-doing by his liberties; no one sins because of anything he produced. His improprieties were never made attractive or pretty. He dressed up no vices.

What right has such a picture as the *"Déjeûner à la Campagne"* to exist? That depends upon the point of view. Not alone is it allowed to exist, but it is placed conspicuously in the government gallery of the Luxembourg, where every visitor can see it, one of the greatest masterpieces of French art. It is a masterpiece, and therein is found its right to exist. There is nothing seductive about it; no one is harmed.

It is a picture of *protest* against the long-continued habit of painting pretty artificialties: nymphs with sylvan gods, and the like. The corner-stone of Manet's art doctrine was exact and unaffected truth. Of course, he never secured actual truth. No one can, because in stating one truth many others escape. But it was nearer the literal truth to values, exact tonality, the colors of nature, than any one had as yet attained.

One of the most valuable results of the moment was, that it proved clearly and to the satisfaction of thinking people that high finish was not an essential to good art. Manet was for six years in the studio of Couture, but never made a good pupil because he insisted upon having his own way. After his figure was well laid in, he liked it. When it was carried to the point of completion, he found it stale and lifeless. We all know how that is, and many an artist proves his talent in the first showing of his rapidly expressed idea, who becomes disgusted with the same work when completed. Manet insisted that the first "impression" was the only alive work that a man could do. In order to make this rapid presentation of a first idea valuable, he concentrated his mind on the work, made this little statement exactly true, as no one had as yet made truth, and this was his claim to distinction.

Naturally, these "impressions" were roughly executed. As Manet was in full tide of protest, he insisted upon selecting unheard of motives. The academical artists and the public imagined that he was simply putting on airs, and doing this to secure notoriety. Many other artists, and numberless ardent young men who were honestly searching for the truth, discovered that the man was sincere; that it was a principle, not a fancy, which actuated him. Then there arose a vigorous party in support of this new doctrine. It has created a revolution scarcely equaled in the history of art. Its influence is visible all over the world and in every exhibition. So accustomed are we to it at this moment that few know how much we owe to Edouard Manet.

Several figures gather about Manet in an interesting way. There is Courbet, the declared "realist" and a man of extraordinary ability to see correctly. He was fourteen years older than Manet. It may be that he considered himself the only literalist, and the new man's success disturbed him, but for some reason he disliked this new doctrine. The truth was, that Manet had carried his search for literal truth much farther than Courbet dreamed of—reason enough for the older man to deny that there was any new principle involved. Courbet was a brute in feeling, a coarse nature with talent. Manet was a gentleman who in no way broke the laws of conventionality, except when they interfered with his principles. If these laws of conventional life did

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interfere, Manet broke through them, while still counted a well-regulated man.

In the following of Manet we find two remarkable characters — Bastien-Lepage and Monet. The great similarity of names (Manet and Monet) has caused considerable confusion with those who do not give close attention. Monet it was who carried out the doctrines of Manet to their ultimate results. Manet, with his new ideas and the difficulties attending their realization (the securing of exact values), confined himself to effects in which there was no sunshine. Monet studied and conquered the difficult problem of rendering not alone correct values, but also color values in the brilliant light of the summer sun. There is not space here to expound the doctrines of this searcher for truth of color effects in full sunshine. Monet admitted no black in his picture, substituting purple for it in black cows and other dark objects in order to establish his color scale on a color basis, and that is the reason for the purple shadows which puzzle school-girls. But it will require another article to elucidate this theory. Edouard Manet painted for only twenty-eight years, just enough to set the principle in motion. Claude Monet is still alive, by no means at the end of his useful career.

The other important character is Jules Bastien-Lepage, the one often mentioned in the journal of Marie Bashkirtseff, and in many more important writings. Bastien also attempted to paint truth. But he never was so serious in exact truthfulness as Manet. Also, Bastien was a more pleasing painter, and he introduced "subject" into his motives—a matter repugnant to the founder of the school. Bastien never attempted to paint sunlight, contenting himself with the simpler effects of that "beautiful gray weather" so common in France and so almost unknown in America. It is the livelong day when the sky is luminous and the air soft and warm, but no actual shining of the sun. Bastien's "Joan of Arc" picture would have disgusted Manet, because an effort at the hated "story picture." To the young men who were a little shy of Manet's severe, almost brutal truthfulness, the coming of Bastien was very welcome, and the lineage of these two painters is a long one. The celebrated portrait and figure painter, Zorn, exists because Manet was, and his work is a cross between the two men we are talking about, plus a good deal of Zorn. The entire line of painters of pictures in the open air (*plein air* school) is descended from the leader and his two followers here considered.

I dare not undertake to say how much Whistler owes to Manet. It is something surely. But Whistler has been so much a law unto himself, that no one knows who is his art god-father. Many things in Whistler's product remind the careful student of Manet's paintings, but to this we must add the Japanese influence and Goya, the Spaniard, which Manet never knew, or at least never paid attention to.

Manet's well-known picture, "Bar at the Folies Bergères, Jeanne," can be seen among the carbon prints of the autotypes in any collection. Jeanne is the bar-maid who stands amid the bottles, ready to dispense liquid refreshments to the habitués of a Parisian music-hall. She stands with hands leaning on the edge of the shelf, full face, and hair "banged," an example of the characterful characterlessness of her class. Still, she is a bright-looking body, who would be attractive if more cultivated. Every Parisian knows this type. We must not forget that Manet painted for Parisians, and not for Americans, and the *café chantant* is an institution over there, bar-maid and all. However, the interesting matter in the picture is not alone Jeanne. Behind her is a mirror, so large that its frame is not visible on the canvas, as it makes the entire background. In it the woman's back is rendered, and a man with whom she talks, also the gallery of the concert-hall with the crowds of people. To do this, and maintain the impression of the existence of the surface of the mirror, while the electric globes and the varied colored garments of the multitude are expressed, was a problem to make the most skilful observer of truths shrink from the task. The multitude in the gallery is reduced

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to spottings, but these are wonderfully correct in values.

Another of his pictures in the Luxembourg gallery is called "Olympia." It is the most criticised of all his works. It is a nude woman reposing on a couch, a black cat at the feet, and a negress bringing to her mistress a bouquet of flowers. The cat is nearly in black silhouette, the nude figure in full light—a difficult effect to secure. Is she pretty and nymph-like? Not at all. This is a protest against the too common imitations of Titian's Venus, as it resembles the Italian picture in pose. Titian made his Venus quite as literal as Manet's, but it is still a beautiful woman with strong indications of character. Many of the imitations of Titian's picture are pretty and without a redeeming trait. Manet's woman has decided individuality, and its literalism is startling. Certainly, people rarely admire it, but this artist did not seek for admirers. He was in earnest in his protestations.

I have before me as I write a reproduction of one of Manet's smaller pictures, done by three-color photo-process, the most accurate manner of rendering the colors of a painting by mechanical means. It is a Parisian publication, made two years ago.

The matter represented is a young woman in Watteau costume, standing, holding aloft a glass of champagne, as if proposing a toast to some others, who may be in the room but not included in the picture. The left hand rests on a sofa, over which is thrown a white, fur-lined cloak, and there are what may be flowers and a vase on the table.

There is no effort whatsoever to create "effect" by means of artificially placed darks, as the black hair and the shade under the table are the only dark spots. Let us keep in mind that in no case does Manet use the purple shadow, or any forced color for color's sake, or to maintain a principle, as Claude Monet always did. This is merely a literal rendering of the colors as any one might see them. However, it is probable that the tyro could never have dashed in the sheeny glance-lights on the rose-tinted silk of the over-dress, or the peculiar tint of the petticoat. The blue of the table-cover is also wonderfully subtle, such as is rarely seen in most works. It might almost be said "in no works at all except this artist's." Between the table-cover and the drapery background there is scarcely any contrast, so subtle is it. There is no forced light in the picture; nothing but the white on the broad collar and about the sleeves, this being carried down to the floor by a line of white fur on the before-mentioned cloak. Most artists seek for effect by making the flesh quite light. Not so this one. It is so quiet that the background scarcely contrasts with it except in color, and that but little.

Absolute truth is his aim, and in order to do this rapidly, the execution is frank, swift, and rather rude. The flowers are merely hinted at; nothing at all made out.

Manet had a small income, which kept him in good clothes (which were invariably maintained in the best of order) and supplied his wants. At the age of forty-eight, two years before his death, he was given the only medal granted by the Salon. His supporters and admirers insisted upon it. The picture that year was "The Lion-Hunter," a portrait of a sportsman friend, with gun, in the woods, not remarkable in any way. The medal was given because of the influence emanating from this true genius, not for this particular work, and it was so publicly stated. The next year he received the Cross of the Legion of Honor, and the next year after that he died. He did not live long enough to really carry out his schemes. Albert Wolf (the celebrated critic of the Figaro) said of him, "Manet was only a sign-post." But those to whom he showed the road traveled very far.



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COMFORTABLE APARTMENTS FOR PEOPLE OF LIMITED MEANS

"I HAVE an architect friend," said the man who knows a good many people, "who has a design for an apartment-house that will work a revolution in accommodations for those persons who cannot afford to have more than one room. He has fitted up an apartment in his own house as a sample, and it really promises amazing results. I was talking to him the other evening of the problem of city living for people of small means, bachelors and bachelor maids, and that kind principally, when he asked me to come with him and see what he had evolved on that line. We went up to his third floor—he is able to own a house of his own—and he ushered me into an apartment, which was not twenty feet long and ten feet wide, with a fine large window at one end and a small door at the other. He asked me what I thought of it, and I looked around a minute to reach a conclusion.

"It was nicely carpeted, there was one chair, and there was a two-light chandelier about the center of the ceiling. The room was nicely papered on one wall and at the ends, but the opposite side wall was entirely wainscoted, as I thought. I told him it looked all right for a sitting-room for one, but beyond that its usefulness seemed to me to be somewhat restricted. He laughed, and asked me if I really thought so, and going over to the wainscoting he turned up a little handle—really opened a door. It revealed a closet big enough to accommodate all the clothes an ordinary person would care to have. Below it there was a drawer for shoes and things of that sort.

"Then he went right on with his revelations, leaving me to stare at him. He turned down a nice bed similar to the sleeping-car variety; adjoining it was a chiffonnier with half a dozen drawers in it and a glass at the top, the glass being concealed by a lid which drops down, making a shelf for toilet articles. Beyond was a wash-stand opening up in the same way, with water-tank, bowl, slop-jar, and all. In another place was a door that fell down, making a small table, and revealing a cupboard, where dishes and food might be kept; in still another a similar lid dropping made a writing-table, and revealed space and shelving for a good-sized library, with a nook for ink, pens, and such things. A half-dozen leather-covered seats were hidden in the same way, ready to be pulled down for use, and behind each of them was shelving, the depth of the wainscoting being about two feet. Above the bed and elsewhere about the wainscoting were drawers and shelves, room for a trunk, and little cubbyholes for storing things, until really in that one wall, twenty feet long and ten feet high, was room for more stuff than most people possess.

"I forgot to say that the inside of the high closet for clothes was a mirror 2 feet by 6 feet in size, and hung just right to see one's self in when ready to go out. I looked at the layout of household conveniences in amazement, and when he had shut it all up again, leaving the handsome, well-lighted sitting-room, I could scarcely realize that I was not in the home of a magician who touched the walls and brought forth what he wished. My friend told me he had more conveniences in mind for rather larger rooms, one being a shower-bath to take the place of the wash-stand. He said his idea was, that this sort of room could be used in houses of any kind, but he

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designed it especially for the apartment-house of the future, where in small space a man or a woman might get some of the comforts of a home in a room that would cost only fifteen dollars per month rent, and still be a good investment for the real estate owner. The Lord only knows when that good time is coming," concluded the talker, "but thousands are waiting for it."

UNPAPERED BEDROOMS

By MILDRED CHEEVER

THERE are times when it is necessary for people who have put their little all into the building of a home to economize in the interior decoration. Naturally this economizing is done in the bedrooms on the second floor, in order that whatever money can be spared from absolute necessities may be used in making the dining-room and living-rooms as homelike and artistic as possible.

At first it may seem rather difficult to make bare, white rooms look cozy and comfortable, especially in the winter-time, but this was done in one room I know of with much success, and at very little expense—no additional expense if the accessories of the room must be new in any case.

Rugs made of old carpets cut into strips and rewoven may be as bright as their owner wishes, but a neutral color is more desirable, as it serves to set off the flowered covers and curtains. Matting, though a good substitute for carpet, is so cold in appearance that it adds to the bareness of an unpapered room, while a rug, no matter how dull it may be, adds warmth. In the room of which I write the rug is in red and brown tones. The bed-cover is a cream-colored cretonne marked off by double stripes of olive green, about four inches apart, between which runs a sprawly pattern of pink roses, their undecided edges fading into the background. Two widths of the goods, sewed up the middle, just covers the top of the bed. The ruffle around this reaches to the floor, and is left open at the two corners (which are rounded to prevent the ruffle dipping) at the foot of the bed. As a bolster was not available, the pillows are placed upright and covered with an oblong strip of the cretonne finished around the edges with a narrow ruffle. The price of this material was twenty cents a yard, and twelve yards was required to make both pillow-cover and spread.

The shirt-waist box, placed beneath a window to form a seat, is covered with denim in which the predominating color is terra-cotta, the pattern being a geometrical design in many colors. Four yards was used for this, the flounce in the body of the box being box-pleated. To make the lid soft enough for a seat, a cheese-cloth slip was stuffed with cotton wadding. This was tacked to the lid, which was then covered as snugly as possible with the denim.

The dressing-table consists of a rough board box, purchased from the groceryman for fifty cents, and a small looking-glass, taken from the top of an old chiffonnier; this is hung by wires from the picture molding over the table. The drapery covering the box is white penang, with narrow bands of Dresden roses two inches apart, running both ways and marking the white ground into squares. The goods is gathered and stitched to a narrow band, which is tacked to the sides of the top of the table. The cover is finished with a ruffle about three inches wide, which hangs over the sides. Four yards was plenty for this, and cost but a dollar. White sash curtains are hung in the windows, and

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the shades are dark green, making an agreeable rest for the eyes where there is so much white.

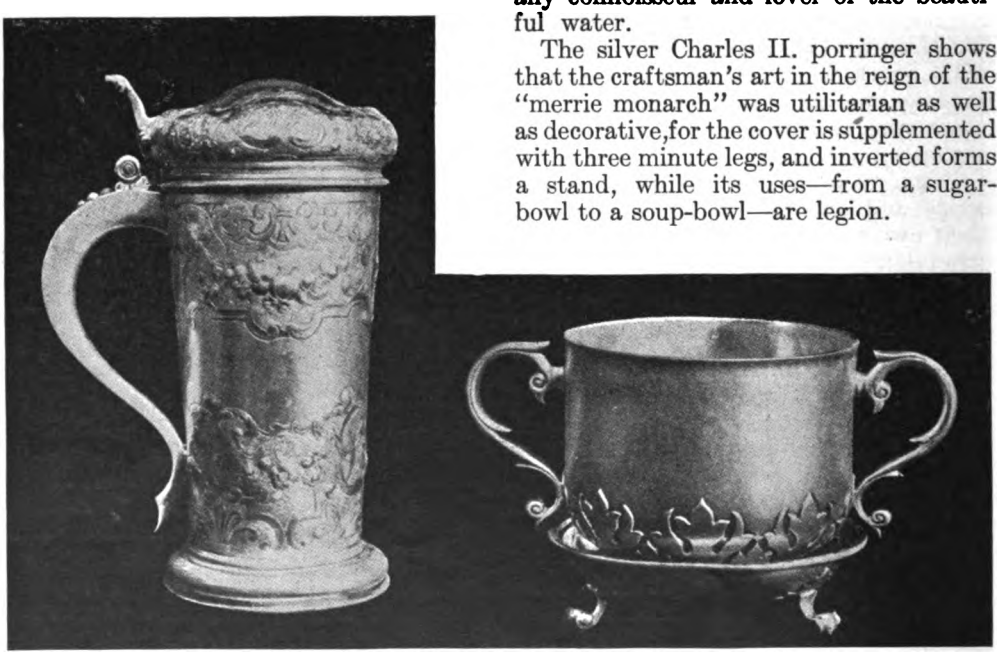
Of course there are pictures, a few in colors, but most of them black and white prints. The double bed makes a large decorated spot in the room in contrast to the plain wall, and with windows, doors, book-shelves, the mirror over the dressing-table, and pictures to break the white spaces, what might have been a cheerless room is transformed into a place where any one would be glad to pass her time.

NEW COPIES OF OLD ENGLISH SILVER

AS far as fashion is concerned—fashion in chiffons, furniture, jewelry, or in silver—time may be said to have turned back quite a number of pages to meet the taste of present-day folk. Anything that suggests "the days that are no more" is bound to give satisfaction, and with a good deal of taste, some English silversmiths have reintroduced several lovely antique designs that are calculated to have a wide appeal.

The wonderful copy of an Elizabethan covered tankard, with a richly chased design of fruit, is quite a curiosity in itself, and represents a splendid sideboard ornament or piece of presentation plate. Obviously our ancestors took their refreshments in large measure, and spared no pains in the beautifying of their drinking-vessels, for the tankard, besides being both massive and colossal in size, is a work of art which might make the mouth of any connoisseur and lover of the beautiful water.

The silver Charles II. porringer shows that the craftsman's art in the reign of the "merrie monarch" was utilitarian as well as decorative, for the cover is supplemented with three minute legs, and inverted forms a stand, while its uses—from a sugar-bowl to a soup-bowl—are legion.



MODERN COPIES OF AN ELIZABETHAN TANKARD AND A CHARLES II. PORRINGER

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INDIAN BASKETRY IN HOUSE DECORATION

By GEORGE WHARTON JAMES

INTEREST in the North American aborigine is so markedly on the increase that ignorance upon the general subject is no longer tolerated. And as ignorance is dispelled and positive knowledge takes its place, they are wise who seek more than a general information; who, in fact, can add to the general sum of knowledge on a subject of growing interest. Hence the increasing literature on the Indian—his mythology, his legends, his history, his folk-lore, his ceremonies, his religion, his social and domestic life, his implements, his dress, his occupations, his industries.

A somewhat comprehensive survey of the Indian of the Southwest, extending over a period of many years, justifies the assertion that in few things related to the aborigine, perhaps, is there as much of himself as in Indian basketry. It is so closely associated with his every act, thought. and deed, from the cradle to the grave, that a careful and close scrutiny of the subject gives almost a complete survey of the whole of an Indian's life.

It is esentially his chief art manifestation. While other portions of his work have received greater attention from observers, it has been because the observer determined at what angle of vision certain things should stand, rather than studied to find the Indian's angle—a common error, and one that skilled observers too often fall into, especially when the things easiest gotten at make the most elaborate showing. But in his study of the ancient pottery of Tusayan and the historic region of Arizona, Dr. J. Walter Fewkes has conclusively proven that in the hitherto slightly studied decorative designs of these people is to be found an inexhaustible mine of historic, mythologic, legendary, and other lore of great ethnologic value.

Recent studies show the same thing in the basketry designs of the Southwest and California Indians. In my book on this fascinating subject I have endeavored to open up the mysteries of some of the symbols used, and to indicate how collectors may learn more about them. This work once begun will continue. It is not a passing fad. It is not a craze that will soon die away. As well call the study of history a passing craze. That man knows little of human nature who does not know that everything that has possessed human interest, everything in which human life has interwoven itself, is and must in its very nature ever be of interest to other human beings. Let it once be known that the Indian really has woven into her baskets her very soul, her religion, her hopes, her fears, her nation's history, her social and national aspirations, and those baskets can never again sink into mere chattels, mere pieces of workmanship. They become the poems, the sculpture, the literature, of a people who had no other written language by which they could make these inner and profoundly human feelings known.

Hence their place in house decoration, their natural, rightful, proper, and appropriate place. They have as much inherent right to be so used as a book of poems has to be on a parlor table, a canvas by a master to be placed on one of its walls, or a bust by an artist to stand on its pedestal. They are to be read, to be studied, to be enjoyed, as poem, melody, painting, sculpture, are to be read, studied, enjoyed.

This, to my mind, is the only proper way

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to regard the Indian basket's use in house decoration. The housewife takes a Hopi Indian plaque, and hangs it upon her wall. To her, bought at a curio dealer's, it has no associations, no meanings. It is merely an Indian basket. But could the intelligent collector see the basket made, know how the patient little bronze woman went out to gather the materials, soaked and dyed them to the colors she desired, thought and thought again as to what design she should incorporate into the woven splints, and then, when all was prepared, her blanket full of wet sand placed before her, the splints buried in the moisture to keep them pliant, her only tool an awl made from the thigh-bone of rabbit, deer, sheep, or antelope in her hands, see her begin to compel her fingers and the splints to obey the dictates of her silently working brain, then indeed would that simple plaque become eloquent, as one by one these pictures were recalled to his or her mind. But did the collector go farther, and see the basket used for the carrying of piki into the underground sacred chambers of one of the Hopi fraternities during a ceremony, did he see it used to hold the bahos, or prayer-sticks, placed before the sand altar and the idols and fetishes, see it bearing sacred meal in the hands of a devout-faced woman, while her husband, brother, son, or lover came by carrying a deadly rattlesnake in his mouth, then its interest would be increased.

If, further, he were permitted to see a Navajo shaman take a specially made basket, and stretch across it two "ropes" made by mixing corn meal and water together, in the form of a cross, and then place a small ball of the same mixture at each end of the "ropes," and one in the center of the basket where they crossed; and in the presence of a Navajo youth and maiden who were about to be married, take a pinch from each of these balls in succession, and sprinkle or throw them to propitiate the powers (good and evil) of the five cardinal points (north, west, south, east, and here), and then see the youth give the maiden a pinch of the same meal from each ball in succession, while she feeds him in the same manner;—I say, were the collector to see or know this, such a basket would possess a human interest, powerful and keen, especially if he were assured that no Navajo marriage ceremony is deemed complete without some similar use of such a basket.

Further still, if he were to see and know that a woman wove into her basket, as did an old mission Indian, the pathetic downfall of her people, from their days of pride and power, through the subjugation thrust upon them by the Spaniards, Mexicans, and Americans in turn, until from being large circles that surrounded the earth they were now but a small "dot," soon to disappear, such a basket would appeal to his sympathies as keenly as a poem of sorrow like "In Memoriam," or any other expression of deep, human woe.

And that Indian baskets do contain all these, and a thousand and one other appeals to human sympathy and emotion, I have elsewhere shown.

It is with evident pleasure and gratification, therefore, I see their growing use by intelligent people in the decoration of their homes. My friend Mr. Thomas S. Walker, in his cottage on one of the beautiful lakes of his Adirondacks estate, has several baskets arranged over one of the lounges.

It is not necessary that I should here describe in detail all these baskets, or tell the interesting stories that Mr. Walker has associated with them. Most of them were secured on one of his Arizona trips, when he visited the Pimas and Maricopas on their reservation in southern Arizona, and then accompanied me to the reservation of the Havasupais, in Havasu (Cataract) Cañon, in northern Arizona. He saw the carrying-basket used on the back of the squaw, full of a heavy load of peaches; he took the esüü, or wicker-work water-bottle, from the hands of the little girl who brought it full of the water from the creek—the Havasu, the blue water from which this *pai* (people) takes its name. I bought it from her father. He purchased one basket from its weaver, and learned from her that it was to have been used to bear sacred meal to a certain shrine where she and her friends were to go and

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pray that the springs would continue to flow freely during the year. And the design grew in interest when he had pointed out to him that the center black was the inner reservoir of the earth's springs, from which radiating streams flow to give life and nourishment to grass, fruit, animal, and human being.

This kind of design is diversely and wonderfully shown in many beautiful baskets of the Pima make. To the Pimas, as indeed to all Arizona tribes, water is one of the greatest of desiderata. Almost every prayer they make contains petitions for rain. To them water comes from two great central reservoirs — one in the heavens above, from which the rains descend, the other from the earth beneath, from which all springs arise. Hence there are two controlling powers over water— the powers of the Above, and the powers of the Below. When abundance of water comes from above and also from below, the joy of their hearts is reached, and they symbolize their thanksgiving in the designs on their baskets. Here we have the origin of a dance that Pimas, Maricopas, Apaches, and Navajos alike all dance. It is called the Dance of the Linked Fingers, and in the linking of the fingers one man represents the water coming from the Above, while the other represents it coming from the Below. Here, too, we have the origin of that wonderful design, so common in Pima basketry, the Greek fret and when the linking is done crosswise instead of perpendicularly, we have that mystic oriental symbol, the *swastika*. Thus by pure imitation, the Pima Indian basket-weaver produces these two classic and much discussed symbols or designs. To her they mean water, pure and simple. This law of imitation is the first characteristic of Indian art. Constant intercourse with Nature, and constant dependence upon her for daily food and safety from enemies, make the Indian the observant creature he is.

Every mood of the heavens he is familiar with, lest he be caught in the storm; every habit and habitat of the savage beast he knows, that he may avoid the danger of ignorance; every act of fish, flesh, or fowl that he desires for food he studies, that he may not go hungry; every day of growth of seed, plant, or fruit he is aware of, that he, his wife, and children may be fed. Hence the development of his powers of observation. He sees things that only the trained eye of the scientist notes, and is familiar with things the ordinary white man and woman would pass over as too subtle to cognize. So that when the art instinct demands expression there is a vast store of natural objects, all with mysterious powers attached to them, that suggest imitation. For it must not be forgotten that the aboriginal mind looks at things very differently from the educated, civilized mind. For instance, the Indian hears the thunder. It is the cry of a large and wonderful bird. The Indian sees the serpent move to and fro with a stealthy noiselessness that he longs to emulate when he seeks to steal upon his prey. His reasoning tells him the serpent is a god and he is a brute; the serpent is his superior, so he worships it and prays that its godlike, gliding power be given to him. Even as I write I hold in my hand a Hopi Indian fetish, which the man who sold it to me believed in for years as the stone incarnation of a mountain-lion. He never went hunting without appealing to this mute stone, that he might have the stealthy tread, the powerful muscle, the persistent energy to follow his prey as the lion did his, with the certain knowledge that success would crown his efforts. The mountain-lion is a god to be worshiped because he possesses powers man desires and longs for. The Colorado River roars as it dashes madly through its confined, rocky walls in the heart of the Grand Cañon. It is a god of power because of the noise it makes and because men are drowned when they try to cross its angry waters. The clouds appear and disappear. They are woven by a goddess according to her will, so she must be propitiated or rain will never come. The rattlesnake is dangerous when he bites, so he must be soothed by kindly words and acts. Thus when the Indian man or woman begins to decorate, this kind of objects of superstitious fear or reverence

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is drawn upon, and we find imitations of the lightning, the clouds, the falling rain, the beasts, the birds, the flowers, the rivers, and the like, *ad libitum*.

Take the beautiful collection of Mrs. T. S. C. Lowe, of Pasadena, California, in which there are over one thousand Indian baskets, all of remarkable manufacture, shape, or design, and an expert could spend hours in showing to a learner the signs and symbols I have referred to. Here is a most beautiful basket, made by a woman of the Yokut nation, and its chief design is of the diamond-backed rattlesnake. It was made to hold mush for a dance, at which a celebrated shaman was to offer prayers for the propitiation of the evil powers behind the rattlesnake which make him bite helpless women and children as well as strong and vigorous men. There is pathos in this simple belief and in the hopes and fears experienced while the weaver wrapped splint over splint.

In the Plimpton collection in San Diego, California, there are baskets more interesting than many a library. They *are* books to be read, and Mr. Plimpton will discourse most interestingly when a genuine inquirer desires to know of the story centering around or woven into any particular treasure of his collection. Let any one who denies these statements read the story of the Taboba basket, which is too long to be reproduced here, or that of Ramona's "star" basket, or the "bat" basket of the Cahuilla woman.

They have served to awaken in many scores, nay, I can truthfully say in hundreds and thousands, of intelligent minds a new and sympathetic interest in the humanity of the Indian, and a recognition of our duty to him. This must result in benefit to all concerned. And this, I trust, will be in some measure the effect of this somewhat cursory and merely suggestive article on the use of "Indian Basketry in House Decoration."

ROMAN VILLAS

THERE was no limit in the size and no regularity in the construction of a Roman villa, says *The Architect*. The opulent patrician indulged in many, spread over the fairest districts of Italy, in situations either adapted to the changes of the season and to the taste of the owner, or dictated by his caprice and the fashion of the times. The arcaded substruction of numerous ancient villas still remains, while the buildings above are in ruins, either by the depredations of those who, in after ages, demolished them to erect other buildings, or by the silent waste of time on such as were erected of the soft tufa. On many of the Roman villas convents and monasteries were erected, as materials were at hand, and the arcades of the substructions formed convenient storehouses and cellars. How long the Roman villas remained habitable after the many invasions of Italy is not easy to ascertain. One of the celebrated villas of Lucullus, formerly belonging to Marius, and afterwards an imperial residence of Tiberius, situated on the promontory of Misenum (Cape Miseno), existed in the year 480. To this retreat was sent by the clemency of Odoacer, King of the Heruli Goths, the last feeble representative of the Roman emperors of the West, called in derision, Augustulus. The villa had gradually been changed into a strong castle to protect it against the sea attacks of the Vandals. These invasions by sea of the Vandals, and subsequently of the Normans and Saracens, ruined probably the crowd of Roman villas on the Neapolitan shores. The villas on the fertile plains of Italy would suffer by the invasions by land; but many villa castles, or fortified residences, remained after the tenth century in the hilly districts of the Vicentine and Veronese territories, as

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their rural nobility descended into the cities of Padua, Verona, Vicenza, and Trevisa, and took part with the Guelph faction. In the thirteenth century 150 castles were computed to be in the Milanese. It was probably to a Roman villa that Avitus, lieutenant of the Emperor Maximus, and afterwards himself a short-lived emperor, retired in the year 460. It was situated near Clermont, in Auvergne, on the margin of a lake, into which rushed a mountain torrent of cascades. The villa contained baths, summer and winter apartments, and porticos. Sidonius, the son-in-law of Avitus, has, in imitation of Pliny, given a prolix description of it.

PLANTING IMITATION ANTIQUE FURNITURE

OCCASIONALLY one hears of an apparently honest countryman who plants sham antique oak in inns, farm-houses, and cottages to insnare the unwary; and then the prices that are obtained, after the reluctant consent of the family to part with the treasure "that belonged to grandmother," or "came from the big house," would gladden the heart of many a poor, struggling broker who is trying to earn an honest livelihood. One of the leading English artists told a writer in *Chambers's Journal* that he had been "had" by a man dealing in pigs in X., a small village three miles from any railway, a very quiet place, and certainly one where the victim did not expect to find guile. This countryman would have dower-chests made from old oak, taking care that parts showing rottenness and age could be pointed out as a proof of genuineness, a place having been cut out for one of the large old locks and then partly filled up, a small lock some forty years old fitted, and half-broken old hinges added to secure the lid. These pieces would then be exposed in the yard leading to the sty, as though of no value in their owner's eyes, and the action of the weather, mud, and filth soon completed the artistic effect. Now, oak chests with quaint carving are always desirable pieces to possess, and when the artist, who was in the neighborhood sketching, casually asked a resident if he knew of any old oak, he was told that the pig-dealer had a rare old chest in his yard, which, no doubt, could be bought cheaply enough. Away went our connoisseur of oak, and found what purported to be a fine old chest, decorated with most unusual carving, and having, moreover, linen pattern panels. From the position it occupied, he imagined he could buy it for a sovereign, but the owner, used to dealing with men in various markets, chaffed the artist in bluff, honest fashion, and told him plainly he had thought nothing of it, but he was a dealer —a pig-dealer—and sharp as any one, and knew an artist chap wouldn't want to buy an old thing like that if it wasn't worth more than he knew, and so on, until eventually he extracted £12 for the *trouvaille;* and after an attempt to extract another five shillings for cartage, delivered it to the railway company, who forwarded it to the artist's address in London. When, in the privacy of his studio, it was thoroughly washed and cleaned, it stood revealed a "fake," and a dealer who eventually purchased it from its disgusted owner for £3 candidly observed that he had given a very good price, as such things cost from the maker, when new and in proper condition for sale, £4 10*s*.

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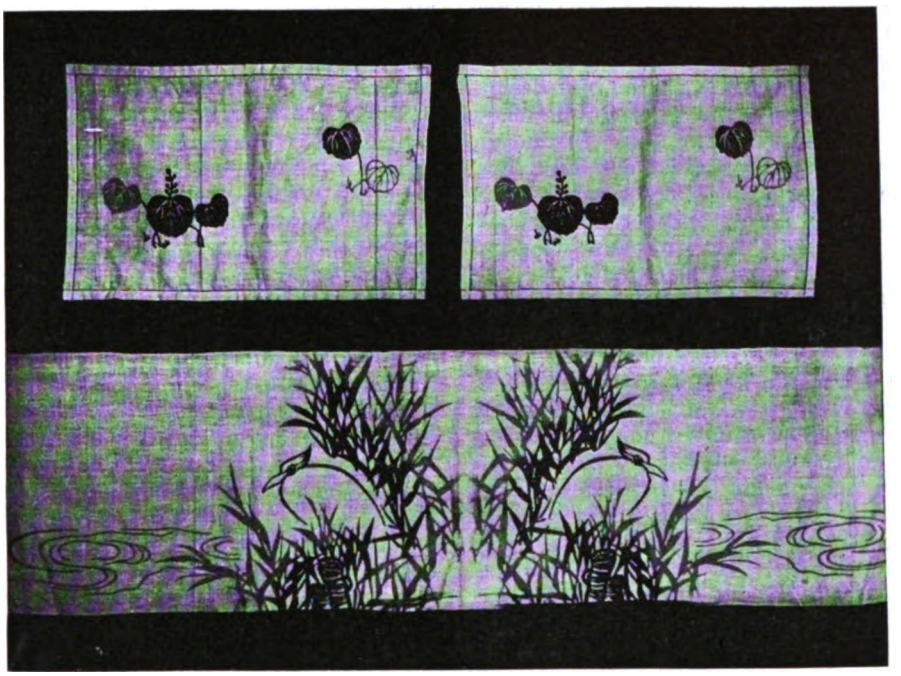
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JAPANESE TOWELS

By MARY T. VANDENBURGH

THE Japanese take a long, narrow piece of coarse cotton, print on it a design, which is repeated at intervals, cut it in lengths of about a yard, and use the lengths for towels. If we in this country prefer linen towels of a more generous size, decorated across the ends instead of in the center, there are many other uses to which we may put the Japanese strips, for the designs they bear are beautiful and of great variety. They range from a simple spray of wistaria to the red lacquered sacred bridge at Nikko; from Fujiyama by moonlight to a few scattered maple leaves. During the war between Japan and China they were decorated with patriotic scenes of Japanese naval victories. Some patterns cover the whole towel; others but a small part of it; some commence in the middle and extend toward the ends; others begin back to back at the ends and reach to the middle. The lengths may be cut, not according to the cloth, but according to the design. There are white grounds printed with gay colors; there are

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TOWELS IN TWO SHADES OF BLUE ON WHITE



DESIGNS IN BLUE A BIRD DESIGN IN GRAY

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light blue or white grounds printed with one or two shades of blue. These blue and white pieces are the prettiest, and will go through many washings without fading.

With the exception of the bird design, which is in gray, the photographs show white towels printed in blue. In one the flower and the butterflies are dark blue, the buds, leaves, and border light blue.

Frolicking across another are thirteen little men with big hats and wing-like sleeves. The color is plain indigo.

A small leaf design is printed in two shades of blue, and a long repeating pattern is in light and dark blue.

These give an idea of some of the different towels; now for suggestions as to their use. For country houses, and for those in the city which are simply furnished, they make pretty draperies and curtains. They are particularly suitable for small windows. Wherever a cover is needed for tray, bureau, or sideboard, they will be found serviceable. For this the long strips like the repeated pattern may be used, or two or more towels may be joined by thread stitches. They are excellent for fruit napkins, the stains washing out easily. For school lunch-baskets, for picnics, and for all occasions when one does not care to risk damask, these little cotton napkins are convenient. The short designs, cut either square or oblong, and hemstitched, make beautiful doilies, which of course can be used in many ways. For cushions and pillows they form a covering which is not too fine for every day, yet is as pretty as need be.

If one has the towels it is not necessary to hunt for something to do with them, for ideas follow thick and fast upon their possession. They might well be collected just for the joy of it, and—though like most things Japanese, the old is better than the new—it is not too late to begin. Many people to whom porcelains and bronzes are forbidden may own by the dozen these inexpensive towels. Last, but not least, use them for presents to those who do not know them, and so bring a new pleasure to friends.

TWO HANDS

The hand that worketh
 The will of life
Is the means of peace
 And the strength of strife;
It plows and builds,
 Invents, gives gifts,
As ever the scene
 Of wonder lifts.

And a something guides it
 Stronger than fate—
A dream that derides it
 While workers wait!
It rears the temple
 And fills the mart,
Servant of science,
 Maker of art,
And always the friend
 Of a loving heart.

CHARLES W. STEVENSON.

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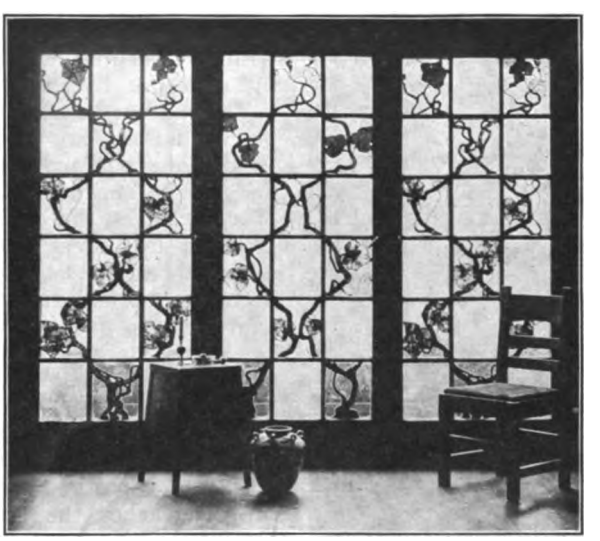
A DEN ABOVE A SHOP

By ISABEL McDOUGALL

ABOVE a certain florist's establishment, the second floor has recently been converted into a most attractive suite of reception-rooms, studio, and two workrooms, where matters concerning his business may be planned out, and where also upon occasion bachelor entertainments may be given. The four rooms connect with wide doors, all upon the same axis, so that on gala-days the entire floor may be thrown in one, making from the rear a vista of 64 feet, that terminates delightfully with the beautiful grape-vine window of the front. When a punch-bowl fills the sink in the laboratory, and the attic of the studio is screened off with a trellis of smilax studded with Japanese lanterns, one would hardly suspect the presence of two entirely practical workrooms, measuring, respectively, 12 and 14 by 18 feet. One of these is a neatly fitted printing-shop, with several fonts of type, and samples of pamphlets and posters galore. In the other experiments may be conducted as to the effect of different chemicals on the coloring of flowers; it contains a sink and a small gas-stove for such uses, a carpenter's bench, and a dark room for photography. In front of these are what a woman would call her two parlors. They are, however, utterly and properly devoid of feminine frills. They express masculine strength, solidity, and ease.

Mr. Weinhoeber might say, like the wicked spider, "The way into my parlor is up a winding stair."

The stair was made winding partly to economize space, and partly, one fancies, because a winding stair tickles the imagination with hints at life in "an attic aloof," or the "tower chamber" of romance. The stair is lighted with small mullioned casements; the rail against the wall, instead of slanting with the ascent, is kept even with the windows, so that the rough gray plaster wall is cut into panels at each turn. On the outer side the core rises straight from below and finishes above with a wooden case at least two feet across by five feet high. This case, or counter, forms the straight side of a semicircular entrance. It is brown, with a dull waxed finish, like all of the woodwork. On it, in a handsome jar, stands a flourishing little Norfolk Island pine, its healthy green making a note of color along with the dim scarlet costume of Nich-

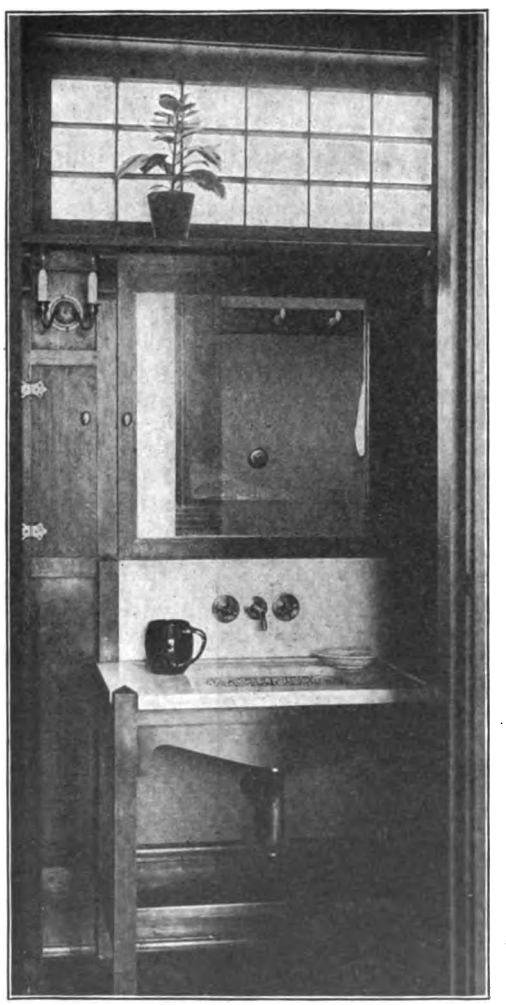


GRAPE-VINE WINDOW

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olson's "Beef-Eater," and the blue-and-white lilies of a tiny Magdalen College shield that hangs over a huge, rusty iron key. This is the veritable key of heaven—"la clef du ciel"—if one may believe "St. Peter," the doorkeeper of the "Café du Ciel," known to all Parisians. He has parted with it for a consideration.

And this reminds one that the doors and keys here have been a matter of some thought. Two doors are set in opposite arcs of the semicircle; being straight planes cut in a curve they are much recessed at the sides, thus cheating the eye with an effect of very deep doorways that is in keeping with the plain, mediæval sturdiness of sand-finished walls, brown woodwork, and small, thick-paned casements. Moreover, the door stiles are full two inches wider than common. The black knobs and knocker outside, the Dutch lever door-handles inside, the finger-plates studded with heavy nails, the escutcheons and hinges, are all of wrought iron, making the cost of the hardware for each door something like thirty dollars. Tasteful simplicity, one learns to one's sorrow, is generally costly.

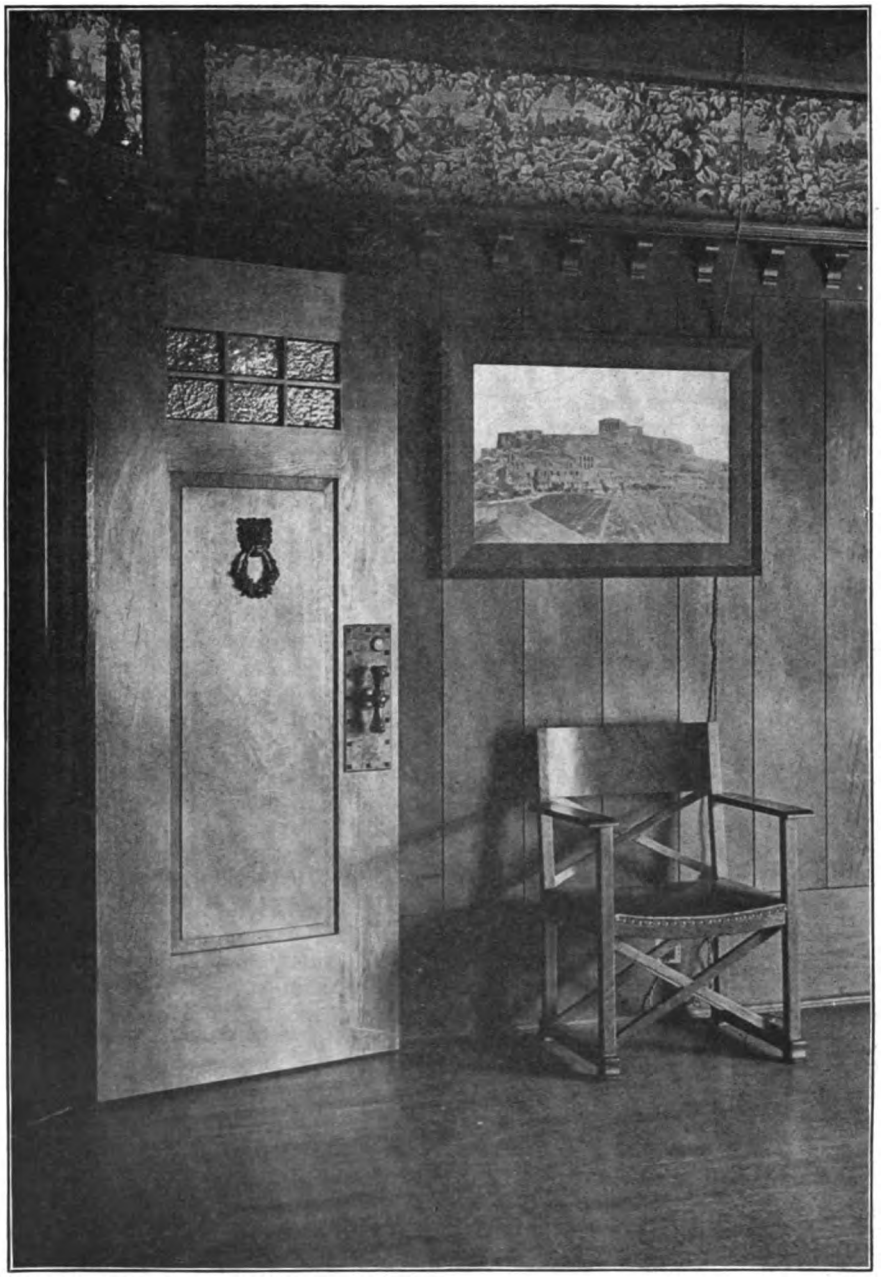


IN THE LAVATORY

Still this money is well spent, for the entrance is a splendid place to arouse interest in the rooms within. Past the door one steps into a reception-room measuring 23 by 23 feet, with a beautiful window that fills half of the south wall, taking "its half out of the middle," as the little boy complained of his bedfellow. There are really three large French windows, reaching nearly from the ceiling to the floor. A grape-vine design of twisted stems and broad leaves, ranging from light to dark green, is worked out in separate panes of leaded glass, alternately clear and of the "bubble" glass, the "bubble" being a less expensive kind of frosted glass. The wooden bars of the sash give strength and are a pleasant combination with the leading, which is delicate and full of feeling by contrast.

The window-boxes are overflowing with yellow daisies and pink begonias. Sunshine pours through the broad opening, and viewed through the stained network of vine leaves, the ordinary street scene acquires an unreal charm. Glimpses of scanty foliage, red brick or brown paint, become almost alluring, while in winter the white sheets of snow and the keen blue sky fairly dazzle. This is the brilliant side of an otherwise sedate apartment, for the walls are wainscoted to a height of eight feet, where they finish with a narrow ledge, above which what appears to be a border of tapestry in greenish blues and browns reaches the fine beamed ceiling. On investigation one finds this frieze to be cut out of a German wall-paper. doubt-

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DOOR AND WALL TREATMENT IN RECEPTION-ROOM

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less with ingenious planning and considerable sacrifice of paper. The result, however, is highly successful.

On the west side, over a hearth nearly eight feet wide, of dark red tiles, rises a fireplace built of the coarse, uneven bricks technically known as "culls," because they have been culled out for rejection. An old bricklayer took pains to lay these in a pattern utilizing both the dull yellow ones and those incrusted with a reddish brown that tones in well with the woodwork. The iron andirons were made at the forge of a friendly ship-builder, from a design by the owner.

Similarly, the principal pieces of furniture were made, not at a regular factory, but from the owner's designs, by the firm supplying the millwork, and were stained and finished with the rest of the trim. They are two plain, heavy tables of the same height and width (3½ feet), but different lengths. They can be placed end to end when required, and two benches of the same style put together with wooden bolts. With a cabinet and a chair or two, covered in russet leather, these complete the furnishing, leaving the room its spacious air. Nor are there too many often miscalled ornaments. On the ledge that finishes the wainscoting some indigo and blue Chinese "good luck" plates, some bits of pewter, a quartette of brown-striped Japanese bowls, with a high glaze that catches the light and brightens a dark corner; on the long table a multitude of magazines, principally dealing with gardening and fine typography; on the short one a tall copper tankard and a last-century clock with a painted face; on the wall a picture or two—the Cornell crew, the Cornell buildings, the venerable quadrangle of New College, Oxford, an Oxford college shield, with its bold heraldic quarterings, one of Cecil Alden's gay sporting prints, a pipe-rack, a pleasingly hideous gargoyle; over the mantel, the place of honor given to a Cornell shield, flanked by two cupboards in the paneling. It is easy to guess what American and what English universities have helped to educate the owner of these quarters.

The second of the two doors on the landing leads into an agreeable studio, 15 by 18 feet. It has a large window fitted with shades—hung from below as well as from above, for better control of the light—in which the radiator forms a long, low seat covered with oriental drapery and cushions. Near by stands a work-table, littered with colors, brushes, pens, text-books on printing and illustrative processes, and the neighboring book-shelves are laden with similar literature, interspersed with botanies, standard works on horticulture and landscape-gardening, and a few popular novels. The walls are covered with green burlap to a height of eight feet, where there runs around them a narrow frame of the fancy postal-cards so popular and often so artistic in Europe. Above they are rough plaster, rising to a sort of attic story, with a slanting skylight. Sketches, etchings, book-covers, tacked on the walls, lively French posters adorning the attic, set a more careless Bohemian stamp upon the studio than the reception-room bears. Along one side of the studio and connecting with it are a small buffet, with ice-box and china-closet, and a small dressing-room with every convenience. The wash-stand here has the air of being a separate table, for the plumbing is put out of sight in the wooden paneling behind it, while same paneling above contains cupboards and shelves for toilet requisites. The walls are covered with dull blue burlap, the lights are in the form of wrought-iron candle-sconces on either side of the large mirror. The pretty window, both here and in the workrooms, is set high so as to allow plenty of space for shelves or fixtures below.

It is unnecessary to describe these workrooms, but it should be mentioned that between the reception-room and studio are four doors that close as one. They are indistinguishable from the rest of the paneling when shut; when open the two rooms appear as one, the more so as the floors of both are continuous, without a threshold. They are of quarter-sawed oak, stained to a natural-wood color with a greenish cast, a rather light surface

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DOOR AND WALL TREATMENT IN STUDIO

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WINDOW IN THE STUDIO

which shows off the darker furniture and the paneling, which is also of oak, first stained, then shellacked, then waxed to a rich mat finish. Details are simple, but the woodwork throughout is carefully executed, well seasoned before using, nicely fitted, and planned for its especial place, even to the least piece of molding.

There is no denying that such work is expensive. The fine beamed ceiling alone is a luxury which must have cost $175. On the other hand, the rough plaster walls might be called an economy. They were made with brown sand to harmonize with the brown woodwork, and needed no tinting, and will far outlast any possible paint or paper. The effective fireplace was built of the commonest brick, while the admirable tables and benches cost but $32.

Not every business man can afford a den and a reception-room in connection with his office, although among physicians, lawyers, architects, editors, and the like, the practice is growing of having some comforts in the places where they spend three-quarters of their waking time. To them and to the home decorator may be commended the simplicity, spaciousness, and honest workmanship of these successful rooms.

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DOMESTIC SCIENCE DEPARTMENT

Conducted by MARION TALBOT

Dean of Women and Associate Professor of Sanitary Science at the University of Chicago

THE HOUSEHOLD FILTER

By ERNEST E. IRONS

Assistant in Bacteriology, The University of Chicago

THE frequency with which disease is caused by infected drinking-water emphasizes daily the importance of an unpolluted supply to the health of a community. Many municipalities are favored with a pure local water-supply, or are able to obtain one by purification plants; in other cities, however, either the question of the purity of the water has been disregarded, or the purification methods employed have proved inadequate. In the latter instances it devolves upon the consumer to introduce some system of domestic purification.

Three methods are commonly employed: boiling, distillation, and filtration. With each a water may be rendered free from disease germs, and the choice depends largely on the practical consideration of obtaining an adequate supply at the minimum expenditure of money and time. We shall consider here only the problem of domestic filtration of water, with a view of showing some of the principles upon which the choice and subsequent care of a filter should be based.

Numerous devices have been advocated for filtering water in the home, varying in complexity and cost from a piece of flannel tied over the kitchen faucet to the intricate contrivances on the market to-day. Among the diverse array of filters offered for sale many are absolutely worthless, and others which would be efficient fail for lack of proper attention. It is not surprising, therefore, that the layman has come to wonder whether the results accomplished by a filter repay the cost and trouble involved in its use.

The effect of an improvement in the general water-supply of a community is readily demonstrated by reference to the lowered mortality from water-borne diseases, but it is a much more difficult matter to show that the introduction of a domestic filter has been the means of averting illness in the family. Numerous instances are on record, however, which prove the efficacy of domestic filters in improving the general health of small communities. A notable case, often referred to, is that of three French garrisons in which for two years the average annual number of cases of typhoid fever per garrison was one hundred and ninety-seven. During the three years following the installation of filters, the average number of cases per garrison fell to five. It may be accepted as a fact, that disease germs can be removed from water by proper filtration, and that such filtration can be applied, in a practical way, to the drinking-water of the home.

Before examining the types of filters, it will be well to note a few facts about the water we wish to purify. The impurities which may be present are of two kinds: those visible to the eye as a more or less marked cloudiness, consisting chiefly of minute particles of clay and other finely divided mineral substances suspended in the water; second, those invisible, consisting largely of bacteria, some of which may be capable of causing disease if taken into the system. The suspended matter, which makes the cloudi-

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ness, offends chiefly from an æsthetic point of view, and is easily removed by most filters. The bacteria, on the other hand, are more difficult of removal on account of their minute size, and by reason of their possible pathogenic properties, are the real source of danger in an impure water. While it is true that a large amount of suspended matter in a water is often accompanied by a considerable number of bacteria, and that many clear, sparkling waters are almost free from bacteria, it must be remembered that a transparent, apparently pure water may contain countless numbers of disease germs. Our problem is to secure some method of filtration which will surely remove not only the visible but the invisible impurities from the water we are to drink.

Household filters are of two types: the gravity, or low-pressure, and the high-pressure filter. Of the first type is the charcoal or sand filter, which consists essentially of a vessel with a compartment above for receiving the unfiltered water, a layer of filtering material such as sand or charcoal, and a compartment below for storing the filtered water. The water percolates slowly through the interstices of the filtering layers, and the suspended particles become lodged between and upon the fine grains of which the layers are composed. During the first few hours of use, not only the visible, suspended matter, but also the minute bacteria, are removed, and the water is actually purified. But soon the bacteria multiply in the body of the filter, pass through and out with the water, which now contains more bacteria than before it was treated, although to all appearances it is clear and wholesome. Such a filter is obviously worse than useless, for while it apparently purifies the water, it in reality offers an opportunity for the disease germs to increase in number. If the aim of the filtration is merely to remove an unpleasant color or cloudiness from the water by passage through sand or charcoal, a filter of this type might be employed, but it must be borne in mind that only very frequent cleaning can render it in any degree efficient for the removal of bacteria.

Filters of the second type are designed to operate under direct pressure from the water main. The filter layer is composed either of unglazed porcelain, or of some finely divided mineral, as diatomaceous earth, pressed into suitable shape. The tubular form of this class of filters consists of a hollow cylinder of porcelain or porous stone closed at one end and fitted by water-tight connections inside a metal tube, or jacket, which in turn is connected with the water main. The water passes first into the space between the jacket and the tube, and thence is forced through the porcelain into the interior of the inner tube. The suspended matter and the bacteria are thus left on the outside of the filter-tube, while the pure water passes from its interior to the reservoir. A number of filters of this pattern are on the market, and when properly constructed and cared for prove efficient. Care should be taken that the filter-tube be without crack or flaw, for the smallest crevice is large enough to allow the passage of bacteria.

Experiments show that porcelain filter-tubes will remove completely the bacteria from water for some time, but eventually organisms begin to appear in the filtered water. These have not been forced through by pressure, but have passed through the fine pores of the porcelain by a process of growth. The organisms lodged on the outer layer of the tube have multiplied, each successive generation occupying the pores a little deeper in the filter, till finally the descendants of the original germs reach the interior of the tube. The time required for bacteria to "grow through" a porcelain tube varies from a few days to several weeks, depending upon the species and upon the character and temperature of the water. A somewhat shorter time, varying with the nature of the material, would be required for organisms to pass through tubes of diatomaceous earth or porous stone. Too little attention is paid at the present time to this power of germs to grow through a filter. As a consequence, a

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number of filters of otherwise excellent construction do not provide for the easy sterilization of their filtering tubes.

Other forms of pressure filters are manufactured, but their principle is essentially the same as that of the tubular type. One of the chief difficulties in filter construction is the obtaining of easily adjusted but at the same time water-tight joints, and in this particular the tubular form has been found to present fewer obstacles.

In the choice of a filter the following points should be taken into account: First, the filter must be efficient for the removal not only of suspended matter, but also bacteria from the water. For this purpose a pressure filter is decidedly preferable. Second, the filter must be easily detachable, so that the exterior of the filtering parts can be cleaned and the whole thoroughly sterilized. A filter which does not permit of frequent and thorough cleaning is a source of danger.

The filter should be kept in a cool place, for at low temperature bacteria multiply more slowly, and so will not as soon grow through to the interior of the tube. It is a common error to suppose that when once the filter is installed it needs no further attention. If left to itself, the best of filters will fail of its purpose. With many waters daily cleaning will be found necessary to avoid the clogging of the filter-tube with the layer of dirt and slime that accumulates on its exterior; but in any case, the tube should be cleaned at least every second day. In addition, the filter-tube should be sterilized at least once or twice a week. This may be accomplished either by boiling for a few minutes or by heating in the oven. The care of the filter requires but a few minutes daily, and should be made a part of the household routine. With proper attention a good filter forms a valuable guard to the health of the family.

HOME ECONOMICS

THE Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association is holding its Twenty-first Exhibition in Boston, September 22d to November 1st, after an interval of several years. This ancient and honorable association has always given some place to so-called Woman's Work, which has been represented in earlier years chiefly by bread, cake, and pickles, tidies, quilts, and crochet-work. This year the woman's department has been placed under the direction of the Women's Educational and Industrial Union, with Miss H. I. Goodrich, director of the School of Housekeeping, in immediate charge. Two points of particular interest to women have been emphasized strongly; viz., the possibilities of the home, and the possibilities of work for women in the world outside the home. The exhibits have been classed under the four heads of the Home, with Suggestions for the Home-Maker of the Twentieth Century; the Work of Women in the Industrial World; the Work of Women in the Educational World; Movements for Social Betterment.

SPOTS AND STAINS

By S. MARIA ELLIOTT

AN eight-year-old philosopher said, "Papa, it isn't the big troubles of life that fret me, it is the little things." So in cleaning fabrics, it is often easier to do the all-over cleansing than to remove a stain so that the fabric shall retain its original beauty. Color, nap, or gloss is apt to be injured in the process.

While no two stains are ever just alike, a few general rules should be followed in removing them.

The spot should be first freed from loose dust.

Place a pad of cloth, preferably white, under the spot to prevent spreading the stain, and to absorb the excess of liquid and the staining substance.

Use any liquid sparingly, by drops, watching effects, and use only so much as is needed.

Apply liquids with a piece of the goods when possible, or with a soft tooth-brush. When none of the fabric is available, take cloth of nearly the same color and texture, or use a piece of fast black silesia.

Remove spots from the wrong side

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whenever possible, that nap and gloss may be preserved.

To avoid rings, rub with a gentle, circular motion from the circumference toward the center. Rub dry. Never leave the wet spot to dry of itself. To finish, raise the nap with a soft brush or press on the wrong side with a warm iron, according to whether the fabric is rough or smooth.

Stains on white goods to be laundered should be treated before soap touches them, and as soon as possible. Many a stain which yields readily when fresh becomes nearly indelible by long exposure to air and light.

Grease may be melted and absorbed. Place a piece of blotting or "butcher's paper" over and under the spot. Hold a hot flatiron above this, being careful that it does not scorch. It may be better to dissolve the grease in gasoline, benzine, or naphtha. These are all highly explosive, and must never be used near fire. Out of doors, in the shade, is the safest place.

Wheel-grease has much solid matter mixed with the grease. This must be brushed out.

The "dust spot," which so often surprises us in its appearance, is usually a neglected grease spot. Sometimes its base is water or saliva—the result of that filthy American habit of expectoration.

Treat like grease, after brushing out the dust. When the liquids used leave a mark, try chloroform or ether.

Vaseline makes a stain resembling grease, but which is set by soap. Soak such stains in kerosene, turpentine, or alcohol before putting into water.

Oil stains should be covered with soap and washed in *cold* water.

Inks vary so much in composition that no one can tell surely what will remove their stains. Carbon inks have to be left to wear out, which may not be until the fabric goes. A few inks will wash out in cold water or skimmed milk. More need an acid—lemon juice may answer, but oxalic acid is more likely to be effectual on white goods. Some colors also will stand this acid. Where all is problematical, perhaps the following method will bring the best results: Saturate the stain with strong ammonia water, drop by drop, then add the acid. Rinse thoroughly. Use a brush rather than the fingers for friction. The acid may irritate the skin and make the nails brittle.

Ink on heavy fabrics is often a surface stain, and should not be spread through the fabric. If an acid can be used, rub the stain with the cut surface of a lemon, using a fresh surface as soon as the other becomes soiled; or keep the spot covered with moist salt, removing as necessary.

If a liquid is used, add by drops, soaking up with blotting-paper or bits of cloth the soiled portions. Where the underside cannot be reached, as with carpets, place a circle of blotting-paper or cotton wool around the spot for the absorption process.

Iron-rust is possibly the most common stain on white fabrics. The wise woman studies prevention more than removal, but the latter is easy.

Spread the spot over an earthen dish of hot water. With a medicine-dropper, or in some similar way, drop on the stain *one drop* of hydrochloric — muriatic — acid. As soon as the stain turns light yellow, sink it into the water. Repeat if necessary. When all color is gone, rinse thoroughly in clear water. To be sure that no acid is left to eat the fibers, place the cloth in a dish of ammonia water for a few minutes before drying. This acid must not be used on silk; it can be used on some colors, but it should be tried first on a separate piece of the goods or on a part out of sight.

Buy the acid at the druggist's; have a rubber or glass stopper, or smear the cork with vaseline. Keep it away from metals, as well as from the children.

Pour *boiling* water through fruit, tea, and coffee stains. If they have been washed with soap, are old or obstinate, buy at the drug-store, or better, make at home, some Javelle water.

Dissolve one-quarter pound chloride of lime in two quarts boiling water. When

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nearly dissolved—it often has impurities with it, which are less soluble—add one pound sal-soda. Strain through flannel. When settled, drain off the clear portion for use on fabrics, and put all solid particles down the sink or other drainage pipes.

Place the stain to be treated over a pad of white cloth. Apply the Javelle water, using a brush to carry it among the fibers. Rinse in clear water, and finish with ammonia water, as when using acid.

Javelle water is excellent for cocoa, peach, and mildew stains, as well as for general bleaching. Mildew soon destroys the fibers, and then nothing will prevent a hole. Colored fabrics, of course, would be bleached by Javelle water.

Fresh paint yields quickly to turpentine; when old, repeated applications will be necessary. Dry paint can often be rubbed off from thick, heavy cloth, as it may not have penetrated the fabric.

Spots of wax should be scraped as clean as possible, then treated like grease. If any coloring matter is present, use alcohol.

Grass stains dissolve in alcohol. They usually yield if molasses be spread over them, and they are put into the sunshine until the green turns brown. The brown matter is soluble in water.

For any stain on white goods, no one thing is so surely helpful as direct sunshine after water. It will often finish what all known processes have failed to do.

If the following list be pasted upon the door of the laundry-closet, and the chemicals used with judgment and patience, success can be warranted in a large per cent of experiments:

Hydrochloric acid,	Iron-rust.
Oxalic acid,	Black inks.
Ammonia,	To neutralize acids.
Alcohol,	Grass, colored inks, dyes.
Javelle water,	Bleaching, tea, coffee, cocoa, fruit, mildew.
Turpentine,	Paint.
Benzine,	Grease, wax.
Kerosene,	Vaseline.

THE LAKE PLACID CONFERENCE

By HELEN LOUISE JOHNSON

THE fourth annual meeting of th Lake Placid Conference on Home Economics opened amidst the beautiful surroundings of the Lake Placid Club in the heart of the Adirondacks, Tuesday, September 16th. This conference is devoted to the scientific and sociologic study of the home, and has for its aim the concentrating of the best thoughts of leading workers along special lines, in order that the discussion may count as distinct progress in some limited part of the vast field of work. Its object was not understood by a guest of the club, who, upon noting the number of women in the office on Monday evening, remarked, "What's up?" "O, it is that economical meeting, where they are going to tell us how to make chicken croquettes out of veal." The central thought of this year's conference was that of "Ideals and Standards of Living," particularly as reflected in shelter. The first tangible result of the conference will be the syllabus on shelter, prepared by Mrs. Ellen H. Richards, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and Miss S. Maria Elliott, of Simmons College, Boston, for the use of private individuals and clubs. Its scope is great, beginning with shelter in relation to health, in which sense clothing may here take its place, and passing on through several suggestive divisions, such as Shelter in Relation to Income, the Twentieth-Century Home—What is It to Be? the Mechanics of the Home, the Civic Improvement, and the Making of Public Opinion.

The opening sentence of the syllabus is as follows: "Shelter is the outward expression of ideals, pretentious or practical, inclusive or exclusive, hospitable or hostile." It is granted, as we are now including clothing under the head of shelter, that the two great present needs of man are food and shelter; the former a great subject, and one upon which the conference prepared a syllabus last year.

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With a proper realization of the futility of living on an ideal, but knowing the impossibility of living without one, it is imperative that we cease to rebel against this force, and set ourselves conscientiously to work with it. This was the keynote of the conference, but its expression took many forms, for the practical, purely utilitarian, sociologic, and ethical sides were each and all emphasized in the papers and discussions, among which are to be particularly noted those of Miss Marion Talbot, Mrs. Alice Peloubet Norton, and Professor Charles R. Henderson, all of The University of Chicago; Dr. Thomas R. Wood, of the Teacher's College, Columbia University; Mrs. Ellen H. Richards and Dr. W. O. Atwater.

From Chicago, the home of THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL, comes a little story of a woman who said, "There is something, after all, in this domestic science, the name under which old-fashioned cookery is now masquerading." It may have been this which led Dean Talbot to say: "In pushing the interests of the home and the family, there are certain difficulties to be met, and certain forces to be reckoned with. Among them is the difference in meaning given to the term 'home economics.'" The man who thought it meant economy in the home, the woman who deemed it cookery, were only largely, not entirely, wrong. But again quoting from Miss Talbot's paper: "The demand for home economics which must be met in time is of a different kind. It is the demand which shows that the making of bread is not an essential part of the making of a home, that the problems connected with the stupid or slovenly housemaid are a part of a larger problem, not to be solved by any cut-and-dried formula learned in a single class-room, that the activities of the home are far wider than physical well-being, that the obligations of home life are not by any means limited to the same four walls, that home economics must always be regarded in the light of its relation to the general social system, that men and women are alike concerned in understanding the processes, activities, obligations, and opportunities which make the home and the family effective parts of the social fabric."

This is true; but before we can consider the problems of the home we must have the home, and this particularly means shelter. The demand is not only for the house beautiful, nor alone for the home healthful, but for a house suited to the demands and life of the twentieth century, and this we have not now. "The ideal home, which is perfectly feasible if all modern scientific knowledge were embodied in it, will be dust-proof, vermin-proof, fire-proof, yet sound-proof and beautiful." In such a home it may be possible to attain "vital efficiency."

The topic assigned to Mrs. Norton was, "What shall we do with the time set free by the modern methods?" During the summer Mrs. Norton had sent out a number of postal-cards bearing these questions:

1. Has the average woman to-day more leisure than twenty years ago?
2. If so, what use does she make of this leisure?
3. How ought she to use it?

The details of the replies were most entertaining, and the sum total of result was an opinion that the average woman had more time which could be called leisure than twenty years ago; that the tendency was to broaden, not to deepen, life and its results; but that she ought to use this leisure for "vital efficiency." Vital efficiency is not the particular ability to make or to save money, but its result is human wealth, a wealth that cannot be expressed in ordinary commercial terms, but which can and will be expressed in the home; in the home as a shelter, and in the home as a place where the fullest opportunity for self-development may be found.

The work of the greatest home economists has a value far greater than is seen at first sight. If the sentence quoted by Dr. Atwater from Dr. Porter, of Yale University, be true, that those things have the greatest educative value which come closest to life, home economics, expressed in food, shelter, or standards of life, is already one of the great educational factors of the day.

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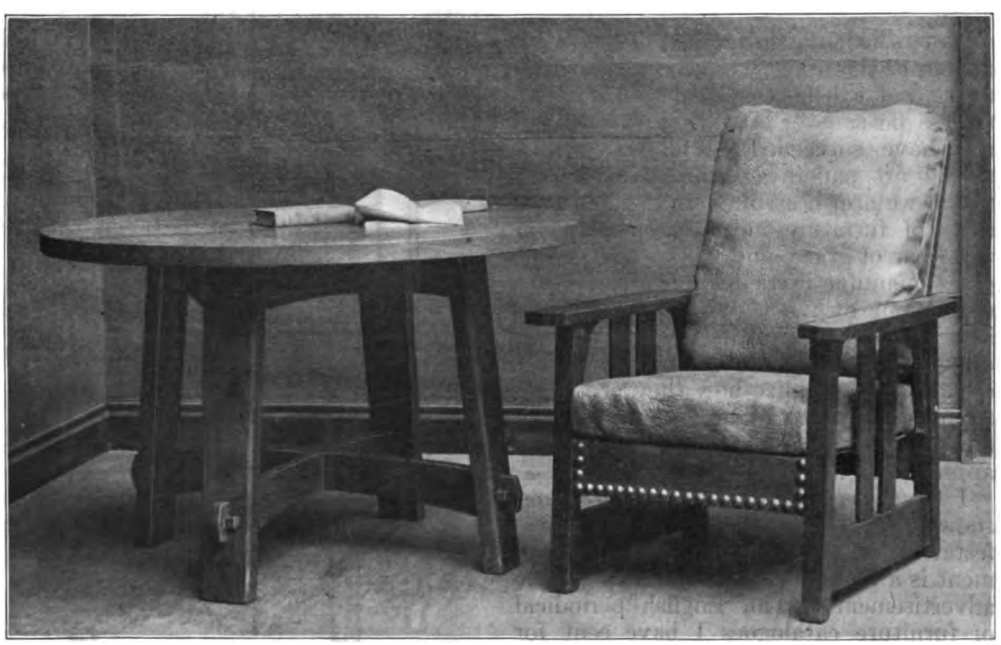
NOTES AND COMMENTS

By OLIVER COLEMAN

"READY-MADE" FURNITURE

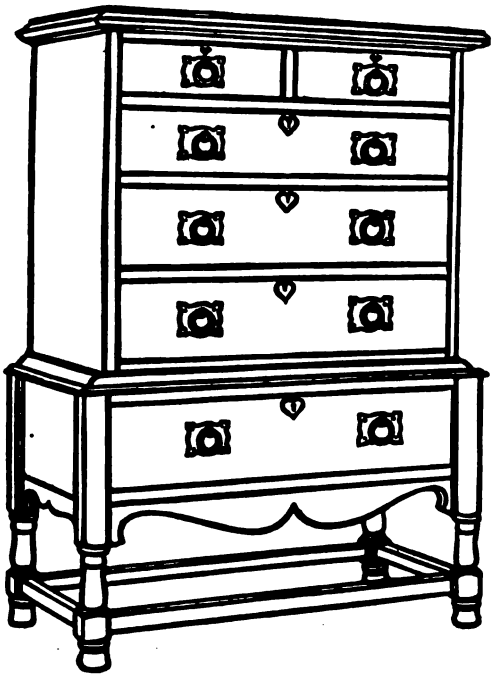
I ONCE belonged to an arts and crafts society, and I remember that only five years ago we spent much of our time discussing and arguing about the very bad furniture the big factories turned out, and the futility and hopelessness of trying to get anything even halfway good ready made. Some member discovered a very good chair at a large shop, and heralded it as a unique find, and many of us went a long way to examine the wonder. We had one or two unhappy manufacturers at one meeting, whom we took to task mightily for their shortcomings, and who had to resort to the well-worn expedient of pleading the fact that the public would not buy good, simple furniture, that they wanted jigsaw work, and imitation stamped carving, and finally they delicately intimated that they were not in business for their health.

Five years ago, speaking generally, one had but two resources if wanting to furnish a house artistically: one was to have the furniture made to order, and the other was to buy old furniture or its reproductions. I am greatly impressed by the change and advance made in the past few years, both in England and America. The New Art movement in France, which was taken up in Austria, Germany, and Belgium, may have something to do with it. Acting as a terrible example, it has with us excited, not emulation, but vigorous protest. Our



UNITED CRAFTS FURNITURE

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FUMED-OAK CHEST OR HIGH-BOY, WITH HAMMERED-STEEL HANDLES

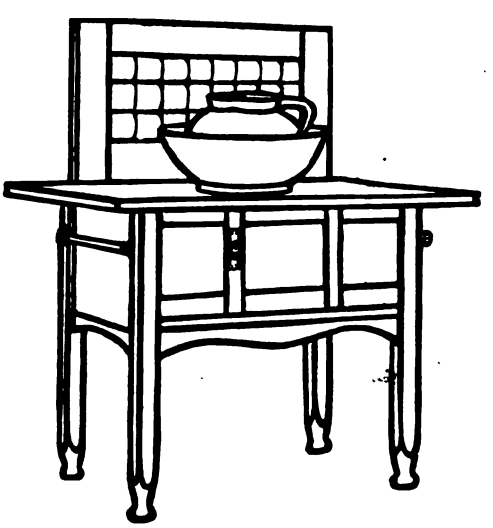
designers have evidently thought, "We can do better than that. We can make something that will be new, which will nevertheless be sane." And they have tried, and have succeeded. While the continental art papers are full of atrocities, which we are to assume are the accepted style of furniture in those countries in this year of grace, and while some of our great manufacturers have started in to deluge our own land with similar trash, it is a real pleasure to see what the best designers in England and America are doing, and to realize how they are being supported by the manufacturers—which means, of course, that the public itself is appreciating and buying.

I have been haunting the stores and show-rooms for some time, as the manifestation of this change and development is a real joy to me, and seeing some advertisements in an English periodical of furniture catalogues I have sent for these, to see what our cousins were about in the mean while.

They, too, have been deeply impressed by the influence of William Morris, and a host of young, vigorous, and virile architects who are creating in England to-day a veritable epoch in domestic architecture and furniture. Of the architecture I hope to treat at some future time, but a few examples from the catalogues which were courteously sent me will illustrate the tendencies. In writing, I very frankly stated that I was disgusted with the new art and new floral craze of the Continent, and that I looked for better things from England. One manufacturer replied, at some length, showing that he, too, was watching the movement, and that his product was a true protest against the new ideas.

I give two examples from the catalogue of Heal & Sons, London. The first is a high-boy of six drawers, standing on solid legs, well braced with bars near the floor. It is of fumed oak, with hammered-steel handles and escutcheons. It is perfect in its way—solid, substantial, everlasting; large, deep drawers, which will hold an entire trousseau, make it fulfil its purpose without evasion.

Again, take the little wash-stand, called "St. Ives," by the same firm; the top is marble, which will defy water or soapsuds to mar or deface it; the back is of tiles,



"ST. IVES" WASH-STAND

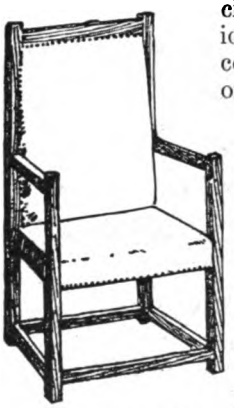
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"TWYSE" SIDEBOARD

which may furnish color and design, if you will, but which allows the bather to splash with little reserve. A useful piece, and to my mind a very attractive, charming one too. Several years ago THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL published many more designs by this firm, and an essay by the late Gleeson White, on Simplicity of Design. There is no space for further examples of this work, but those given are a fair indication of the excellence of the designs and *motifs*. At the same time, the prices are very reasonable; the wash-stand, for example, selling for twenty-five dollars. Mr. Henry Twyse, of Arbroath, puts forth another catalogue of furniture of a distinctly different cast. The lines are frequently very similar, but the surfaces are more decorated, either by carving or inlay of metal. Messrs. Heals' furniture may be stained or painted various colors, to suit the scheme of one's room, but this of Mr. Twyse must be taken as given.

A sideboard of oak, with inlay panels of metal in a grape and leaf design, is an example of the idea Mr. Twyse carries out. "The first necessity of a piece of furniture is, that it shall be useful; and not only so, but for the space it occupies it shall be of the utmost value"; I quote from the catalogue in question. Some of the furniture is, to my mind, over-ornamented; some is neither new nor startling, but very good, as this chair for example. The second chair has the peculiar air that any one following the Studio publications will associate with the Glasgow school. So I am not surprised to find that the designer was educated there; and further, that he has in the past won twenty-three awards in the Studio competitions.



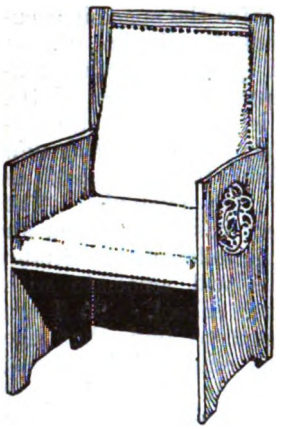
"TWYSE" CHAIR

Coming nearer home, but associated by the same fundamental ideals of the race, utility and common sense, we have the work of the United Crafts at Eastwood, near Syracuse, New York. This work is strongly patterned after Morris; his legacy is seen even in the magazine, "The Craftsman,"



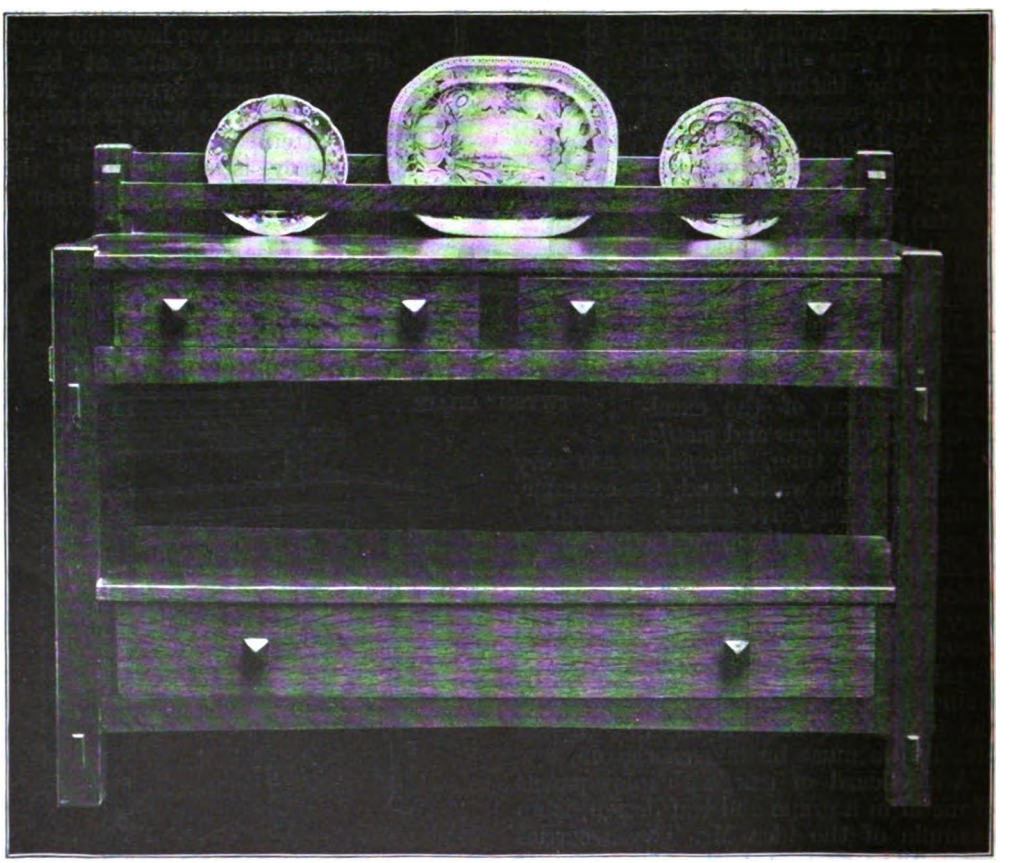
DRESSING-TABLE, WITH MIRROR

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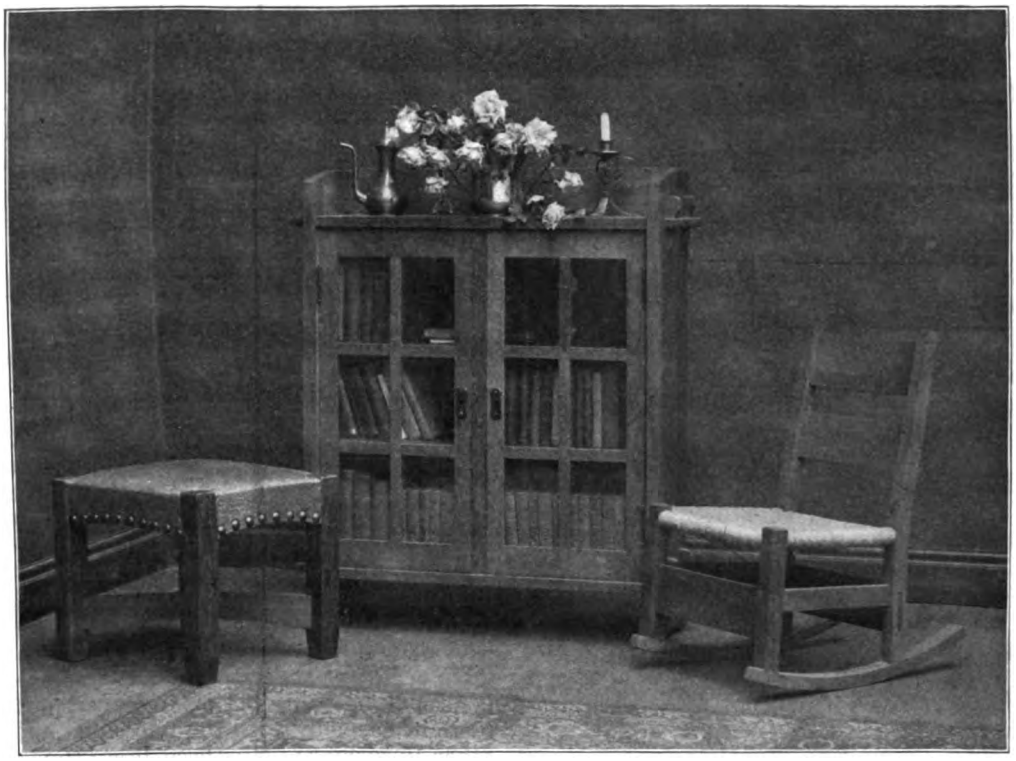
"TWYSE" CHAIR

published by the same society, and in which the black letter and the same social science are exploited. Some of their furniture is heavy—heavy to see, and very heavy to move. A Frenchman would scoff at it doubtless. "No design at all," he would say; "it is simply chopped out with a hatchet; it is barbarous; it is the cave furniture of our ancestors in the stone age." It is very comfortable to sit on nevertheless; its joints neither come unglued, nor creak when a stout yokel sits upon it. Its lines are structural, frankly proclaiming their object to support weight in the simplest, most direct of ways. Its workmanship is perfect, its finish smooth, waxed, and pleasant to stroke. It seems to me a very fine, strong influence, the result of clear thinking and well-trained craftsmanship. Not chopped at all. Of course it is not for all places. On the same lines, but heavier, and hence not so admirable, is the so-called "Mission furniture," much of



SIDEBOARD MADE BY THE UNITED CRAFTS

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FURNITURE MADE BY THE UNITED CRAFTS

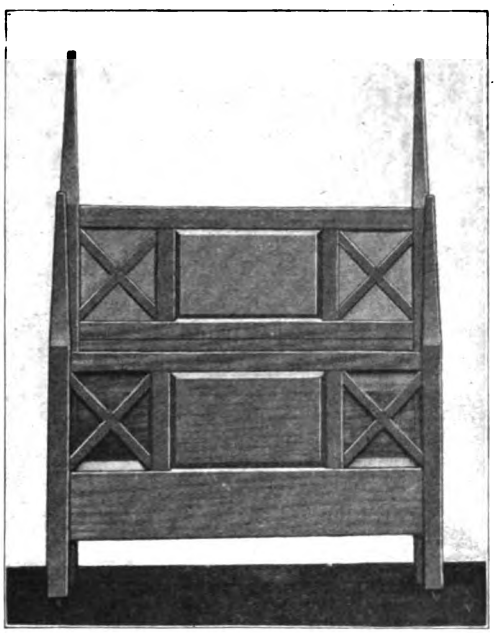


DESK
Courtesy of George C. Flint Co



BUREAU
Courtesy of George C. Flint Co

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BEDSTEAD
Courtesy of George C. Flint Co.

which is very good for clubs, billiard-rooms, and more or less rough-and-tumble living. These are both obtainable in any of our large cities.

But even the plain, every-day manufacturer is falling in line. George C. Flint & Co., of Twenty-third Street, have loaned me these pictures of a bedroom set, which impress me as most excellent. The pictures speak for themselves, as the colors of the natural wood or the fumed oak can well be imagined. Another set I saw was of oak finished in a gray, and the three pieces were only fifty-six dollars.

Not long ago I secured for a friend from a cheap Sixth Avenue furniture-store some oak chairs with cane seats, that were really splendid in shape and sturdiness. They were ordered unfinished from the factory for two dollars apiece, and when stained to match the other dining-room furniture they were a great success.

All these examples are very encouraging, and though not so widely distributed as yet as to make it no trouble at all to find the right thing, there no longer exists any fair excuse, except sheer, besotted laziness, to warrant the purchase and use of the miserable shoddy stuff formerly sold so universally.

A NEW USE FOR OLD BRASS

The brass-shops of New York, hidden in the narrow streets of the East Side, among the Russian and Polish Jews, have often been written up; and they are very alluring to the lover of brass and copper. The sensible, simple shapes are useful for so many purposes, and the splendid color and gleam make them distinctly ornamental. But sometimes copper and brass utensils are not good to eat out of or drink from, and for some purposes not dainty enough or quite suitable. For example, a tea or breakfast service for use in a conventional house is better in silver, and more in harmony with the fine china and other furnishings. In these brass-shops, and occasionally in the regulation antique-shops, may be found a shabby old pewter tea-pot, or sugar-bowl, or creamer. One lucky man found the three pieces of the same period, George the Third, I believe, battered, crooked, and dingy, but delightful in shape. He did not want them for a collection, but for practical use, and he took them straightway and had them given three good coats of silver plate. Then he went to a small shop on the East Side, which has the largest stock of Russian brass in America, and there he bought a brass tray, 27 inches long, well-shaped, perfectly plain, and with a graceful, strong handle at either end. This also was triple-plated, and now the tea-service is complete and very beautiful, and yet cost little. Plating is like painting. One shabby chair given a coat of paint makes its neighbor, the table, look so dingy that it, too, must be touched up; and when one has a tea-service, why not a coffee-pot? and why not a pair of silver candlesticks for one's dressing-table or desk, all of which can be found in these "brass-shops"?

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THE FLOWER BEAUTIFUL

Conducted by

CLARENCE MOORES WEED

DISPLAYING ROSES

WITH the approach of winter a much larger dependence must be placed upon greenhouse flowers for interior decoration than is necessary during the open season. Nothing can be more beautiful than roses, if properly displayed, and these flowers lend their beauty to almost any sort of receptacle that is at all simple and fitting. The shorter stemmed varieties are attractive in low rose-bowls, while the medium-stemmed ones go well in the expanding rose-vases, or in simple Japanese jars, as in the picture of brides and bridesmaids herewith, and the long-stemmed ones, like the American Beauties, require tall cylindrical vases, which will conform in some degree with the straight lines of the stem. But one should not use the cut-glass vases, in which the outer lines are so broken up that any harmony and continuity of line are out of the question.

BULBS FOR WINTER FLOWERING

DURING the early weeks in November is an excellent time to get started a good supply of bulbs for winter blooming. This is so simple a process, and leads to such delightful results at a time when flowers are so gratefully appreciated, that it is a pity more people do not make a practice of it. A supply of flower-pots is not even necessary, nor any special facilities in the way of a window-garden. If nothing else is at hand, plain, wooden boxes will serve as receptacles, though more artistic results are, of course, to be obtained through the use of simple jars or jardinières.

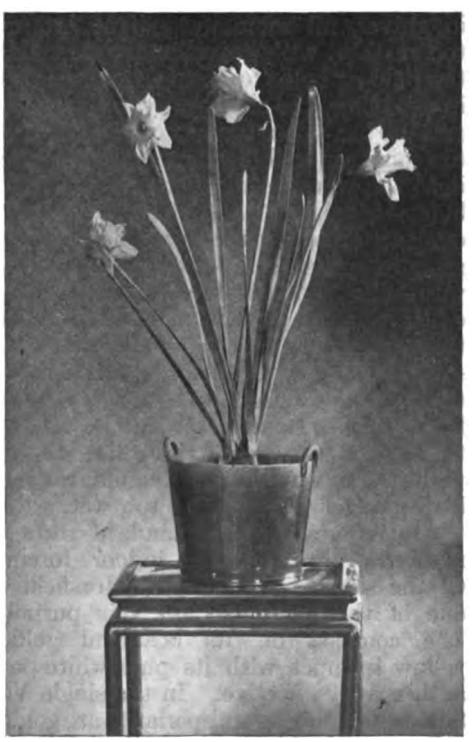
In my own experience I have found the narcissus and its allies the most satisfactory plants for winter forcing in the home. One is almost certain to get good results with them by the simplest means, and their beauty is very refreshing during the dreary days of the later winter season. Select the largest and best bulbs you can get, seeing that they are fresh, and not withered. You can grow them in water or in gravel, or in soil from the garden or greenhouse. To grow in water, treat the same as hyacinths are treated when grown in water, being sure to keep the plants in a dark, cool place until a good root-growth is established. To grow in gravel, fill some water-tight jar, not too shallow, with gravel and water, place the bulb or bulbs upon top, resting firmly in one place, and set it away in the coolest part of the cellar for several weeks, until the roots are well developed. Then bring it to the warmth and light of one of the living-rooms, and watch the gradual development of the leaves and flowers. To grow in garden soil—and this is the best way—fill a good-sized receptacle with rich earth from the garden, plant the bulbs in the moist soil, and let them stand for several weeks, as before. Then bring them up, as desired, and force them into bloom. The earth must not be allowed to become too dry in the cellar, though with these water-loving plants there is little danger of its being too wet.

Almost any of the standard sorts of narcissus are good for indoor forcing. Of the single trumpet sorts Horsfieldi is one of the very best for this purpose. The contrast of its beautiful golden yellow trumpet with its pure white perianth is very effective. In the single Von Sion both trumpet and perianth are golden yellow, and this is generally of better color and a better bloomer than the old Trumpet Major, which it much resembles.

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The Emperor is a particularly attractive flower, with its two tints of yellow—the trumpet is deep yellow, the perianth sulphur-yellow; the flower is very large. The Henry Irving is also a beautiful flower, with its golden yellow trumpet filled in a very attractive manner. Princeps is a variety with the trumpet sulphur-yellow and the perianth lighter yellow.

Of the double daffodils, the Von Sion is the leading sort. It probably is forced for winter blooming more largely than any other sort of narcissus. The very double blossoms are of a pure golden yellow color, and are very attractive for indoor use. Of the other types of narcissus, the Poeticus Ornatus is very desirable, with its pure white flowers, each having a scarlet ring on the miniature trumpet. The Paper White Grandiflora is one of the best of the polyanthus types; of the jonquils, Rugulosus is the best variety.



TRUMPET NARCISSUS GROWING IN A JAPANESE JAR

THE BOSTON FERN AND ITS TREATMENT

A RECENT issue of *American Gardening* contains some excellent illustrations of the Boston fern, which it well says is one of the very best ferns for interior use, and adds this suggestion as to treatment: "It is a good practice in handling these ferns to have the ordinary pot placed inside of an ornamental jardinière, packing the space in between the two with moss, which can always be kept damp. The drying out of the pots containing growing plants is one of the chief troubles in home floriculture. Surrounding this by the damp moss overcomes the difficulty, and it keeps the vessel moist. If the pot becomes really dry there is danger that the ball of earth inside will lose its contact, and a thin air-space be created between the soil and the inside of the pot. When water is given, in such a case, it will run rapidly down the inside of the pot and escape at the bottom, passing through without wetting the ball of soil. Amateurs will find it a very good practice to water their ferns by plunging the pots into a deep vessel containing water, and allowing them to stand there for some considerable time—several hours."

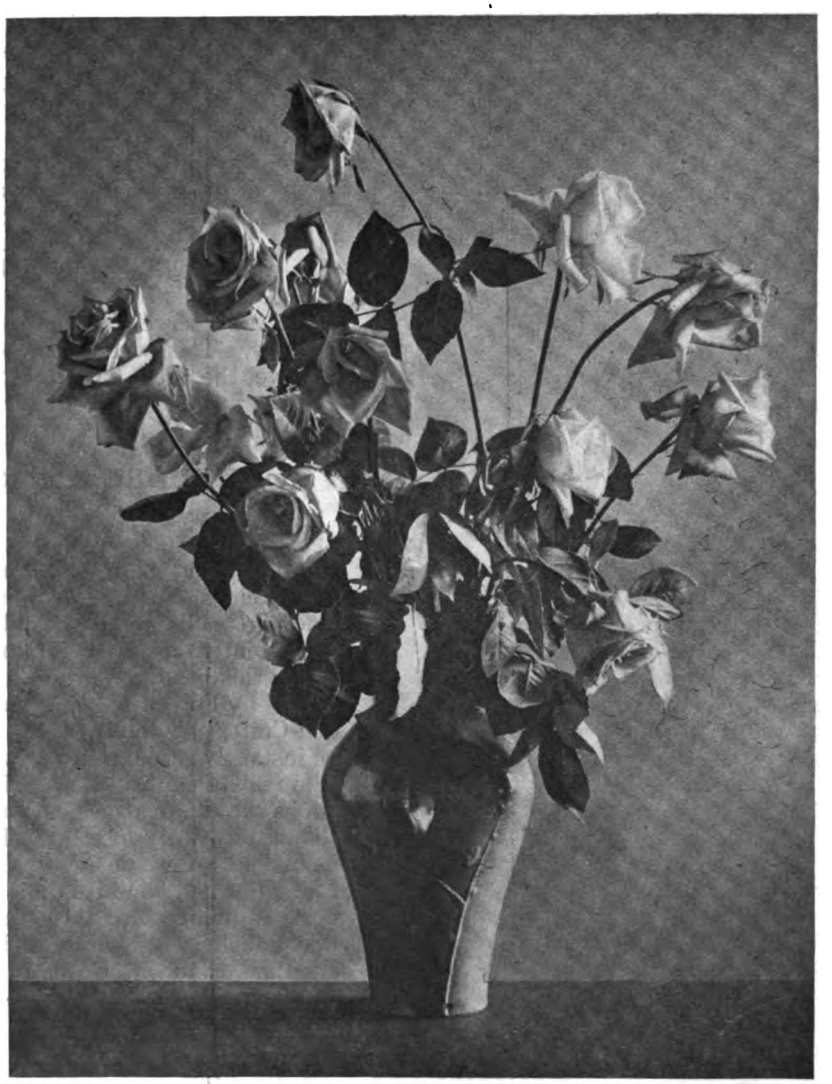
Two interesting new varieties of the Boston fern have recently been introduced. One of these, the Pierson fern, was awarded a gold medal at a recent meeting of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society. The other has been named the Anna Foster fern.

IZUMO VASES AND JARDINIÈRES

A NUMBER of readers of THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL have asked me for more specific information regarding the flower receptacles illustrated in these pages. In response I will briefly discuss from time to time some of the more important sorts of pottery in which forms suitable for use with flowers are made.

If you go to the better Japanese shops in the larger cities, one of the makes of

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BRIDE AND BRIDESMAIDS ROSES IN A GOSA JAR

pottery which you are most likely to find is the Izumo, so-called, I think, from the province in Japan, where it is made. The most attractive line of this pottery is a beautiful combination of yellow and green, the greater part of the vessel being yellow, with a little of the soft green, perhaps, at the top. In another line the green predominates, touched to lightness here and there by yellow. And I think there is

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IZUMO VASE

one line of this pottery entirely green—and rather too bright a green at that. For nearly all the Japanese potters nowadays seem to be catering to the demand for showy things, created through the European and American markets. So one must always use judgment in selection.

The Izumo potters are particularly happy in the forms of their vases. I have several different types of vases in the yellow and green ware, and all are of excellent design. The jardinières of this sort are also of good shape, and serve their purpose admirably. This ware is rather inexpensive, the ordinary sizes of vases costing from seventy-five cents to two dollars.

TWO GARDEN CLASSICS

IT is always a pleasure to call the attention of lovers of flowers to really good books in which their favorites are discussed. And two books which Mr. John Lane has recently reprinted certainly come under this head. "Flowers and Gardens," by Forbes Watson; and "Garden-Craft," by John D. Sedding, will be instantly recognized by every one who reads them as the sort of garden books that have a permanent rather than a transitory interest. The first named has for subtitle, "Notes on Plant Beauty," and its table of contents is divided into three parts, the first and longest dealing with Flowers, the second with Gardens, and the third with Vegetation. The flowers discussed include the snowdrop, the yellow crocus, the violet, the cowslip, the primrose, the globe-flower, the poet's narcissus, the white lily, the daffodil, and a few others. The two chapters in Part II. discuss Faults in Gardening, and Gardeners' Flowers; while the two chapters in Part III. treat of Spring and Summer Vegetation and the Withering of Plants.

It is easy to see the influence of Ruskin upon the writer of these delightful essays, which is indeed freely

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acknowledged in the preface, written just before the author's death. But there is much here that is not to be found in Ruskin, and one can but follow with wondering delight the analyses of the beauty of these various blossoms. Very few writings about plants display so sympathetic and discriminating an insight as to their fragile beauty.

The gospel of discrimination that Forbes Watson would teach us is one which our generation sadly needs to learn. How much more real appreciation of floral beauty there would be if we could all look at our flowers with the spiritual insight displayed in the chapter on Gardeners' Flowers. Take, for example, this conclusion of the discussion on double blossoms:

"What, then, is the general conclusion to which I would lead? I would say that the doubling of a blossom, whatever advantages may accrue from it, tends on the whole to destroy individuality, to sweep away the differences between flowers, and to bring them all down to uniformity; and worst of all, it detracts from the life of the expression. The stamens and pistils, which are half the character of the flower, which are as the very eyes in the human countenance, are removed to make room for more showy color, and for a fuller and more massive, but as a whole inferior, form. For we should pause before saying that any of these gains is a gain in the highest sense.

"How rich is the crimson of the double peony—how delicious to wander from fold to fold of those innumerable petals, almost as if amongst the clouds, and see how the ever-changeful tints deepen and graduate between them! Do I blame the gardener for creating this? Not at all; but I would have you observe what has been lost. The single peony had not that lavish wealth of crimson, that wide play of a single hue, but in true splendor it surpassed. For the quantity of its crimson was determined by a given purpose, was carefully arranged, and accurately proportioned so as to contrast with the central crown. The one blossom gives a rich, sensuous pleasure which steeps the soul as in a bath; the other a pleasure of a much higher kind, and embracing far wider compass. Color, it has been said, is life—that which gives vitality to form. It exists not only for itself, but to carry out an object. And the color of the single peony most beautifully does this. The actual range, too, of color, as generally happens, is much wider in the double flower, for the orange and green of the stamens and pistils are superadded to the crimson—not, perhaps, those oranges and greens best calculated to show off separately, but those best adapted



DOUBLE DAFFODILS GROWING IN A FERN-DISH

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to the particular effect here required, to light up the parts by striking contrast, and to give the look of a living thing. In the double peony, on the contrary, the less brilliant colors are refused. There must be nothing inferior to crimson. And we can have any quantity—the more the better; for there is here no nice balance to be preserved, no form to be set off, but that of a large round ball, massive and handsome enough, but by no means highly individualized. And what is the consequence? The fully opened flower of the single peony is like the countenance of a living creature; that of the double has a form so vague and featureless that we might easily forget that it was a flower at all, and think that we were looking at a magnificent bunch of delicately colored ribbons. Yet when I speak of color being subordinated to a purpose in the single flower, I do not mean that it is in any wise of less importance. Color is nowhere more brilliant and precious than in flowers, but the best effects must be got by judicious use, and not by lavish exuberance."

The handsome volume entitled "Garden-Craft, Old and New," by John D. Sedding, is very different from "Flowers and Gardens" in its scope, though there is much in its method to remind you of the latter book, much of the same keenness of insight and independence of thought. In the 215 pages of "Garden-Craft," these topics are discussed: The Theory of a Garden; Art in a Garden, Historical and Comparative Sketch; The Stiff Garden; The Landscape Garden; The Technics of Gardening; A Plea for Savagery; In Praise of Both. The book also includes a brief memoir of its author, by the Rev. E. F. Russell.

"In this matter of floral beauty and garden-craft," writes Mr. Sedding, "man has ever declared himself prey to the 'malady of the ideal.' Everywhere and in all ages of the civilized world, man spares no pains to acquire the choicest specimens, the rarest plants, and to give each thing so acquired the ideally best expression of which it is capable. It is as though Eden memories still haunted the race with the solicitude of an inward voice that refused to be silenced, and is satisfied with nothing short of the best.

"And yet, as some may point out, this homage of beauty is not done for naught; there enters into gardening the spirit of calculation. A garden is a kind of investment. The labor and forethought man expends upon it must bring adequate return. For every flower-bed he lays down, for every plant or shrub or tree put into the ground, his word is ever the same,

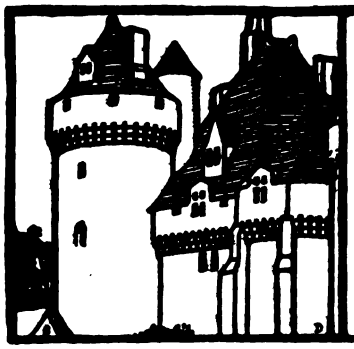
"Be its beauty,
Its sole duty."

"It was not simply to gratify his curiosity, to serve as a pretext for adventure, that the gardener of old days reconnoitered the globe, culled specimens, and spent laborious days in studying earth's picturesque points: it was with a view to the pleasure the things would ultimately bring. And why not? Had man not served so long an apprenticeship to nature on her freehold estate the garden would not so directly appeal to our imaginations and command our spirits. A garden reveals man as master of nature's lore; he has caught her accents, rifled her motives; he has transferred her bright moods about his own dwelling, has tricked out an ordered mosaic of the gleanings of her woodland carpet; has, as it were, stereotyped the spontaneous in nature, has entrapped and rendered beautifully objective the natural magic of the outer world to gratify the inner world of his own spirit. The garden is, first and last, made 'for delectation's sake.'"

[Flowers and Gardens by Forbes Watson. Garden-Craft, Old and New, by John D. Sedding. New York: John Lane, 1902.]



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Castle Craneycrow

George Barr McCutcheon

A STORY OF ADVENTURE

By the author of GRAUSTARK

CHAPTER VII

THE WOMAN FROM PARIS

FOR two weeks Phil Quentin did not allow Dorothy to forget the old association, and then came the day of her departure for Paris. Mrs. Garrison was by no means reluctant to leave London—not that she disliked the place or the people, but that one Philip Quentin had unceremoniously, even gracefully, stepped into the circle of her contentment, rudely obliterating its symmetrical, well-drawn lines.

Mr. Quentin had much to overcome if he contemplated an assault upon the icy reserve with which Dorothy Garrison's mother regarded his genial advances. She recalled the days when her daughter and he were "silly, lovesick children," and there was not much comfort to be derived from the knowledge that he had grown older and more attractive, and that he lost no opportunity to see the girl who once held his heart in leash. The mother was too diplomatic to express open displeasure or to offer the faintest objection to this renewal of friendship. If it were known that she opposed the visits of the handsome American, all London would wonder, speculate, and finally understand. Her disapproval could only be construed as an acknowledgment that she feared the consequences of association; it would not be long before the story would be afloat that all was not smooth in the love affairs of a certain prince, and that the fires of an old affection were burning brightly and merrily in the face of a wrathful parent's opposition.

In secret, Dorothy herself was troubled more than she cared to admit by the reappearance of one who could not but awaken memories of other days, fondly foolish though they were. He was still the same old Phil, grown older and handsomer, and he brought with him embarrassing recollections. He was nothing more to her now than an old-time friend, and she was nothing to him. She loved Ugo Ravorelli, and until he appeared suddenly before her in London, Philip Quentin was dead to her thoughts. And yet she felt as if she were playing with a fire that would leave its scar—not on her heart or Quentin's perhaps, but on that of the man she was to marry.

It required no great strength of vision to see that Ravorelli was jealous, and it was just as plain that Quentin saw and enjoyed the uneasiness he was causing. She could not know, of course, that the American had deliberately planned to play havoc with the peace and comfort of her lover, for she recognized no motive. How could she know that Giovanni Pavesi, the tenor, and Prince Ravorelli were one and the same to Philip Quentin? How could she know that the beautiful Malban was slain in Rio Janeiro, and that Philip Quentin had seen a handsome, dark-eyed youth led to and from the murderer's dock in that far-away Brazilian city? How, then, could she understand the conflict that waged with herself as the battle-field?

As for Quentin, he was bound by no

Begun in THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL, September, 1902. Copyright, 1902, by Herbert S. Stone & Co.

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law or duty to respect the position of Prince Ravorelli. He was convinced that the sometime Romeo had the stain of blood on his delicate hands, and that in his heart he concealed the secret of Carmenita Malban's death. In his mind, there was no mistake. Quentin's composure was shaken but once in the fortnight of pleasure preceding Dorothy's departure for Paris. That was when she indignantly, almost tearfully, called his attention to the squib in a London society journal which rather daringly prophesied a "break in the Ravorelli-Garrison match," and referred plainly to the renewal of an "across-the-Atlantic affection." When he wrathfully promised to thrash the editor of the paper, she shocked him by saying that he had created "enough of a sensation," and he went home with the dazed feeling of one who has suffered an unexpected blow.

On the evening before the Garrisons crossed the channel, Lord and Lady Saxondale and Philip Quentin found themselves long after midnight in talk about the coming marriage. Quentin was rather silent. His thoughts seemed far from the room in which he sat, and there was the shadow of a new line about the corners of his mouth.

"I am going to Brussels next week," he said, deliberately. The others stared at him in amazement.

"To Brussels? You mean New York," said Lady Frances, faintly.

"New York won't see me for some time. I'm going to make a tour of the continent."

"This is going too far, old man," cried Lord Bob. "You can't gain anything by following her, and you'll only raise the devil of a row all round. Dash it! stay in London."

"Thanks for the invitation, Bob, but I've always had a desire to learn something about the miniature Paris. I shall spend some time in Paris, and then go up there to compare the places. Besides, there won't be any row."

"But there will be, Phil," cried Lady Saxondale. "You must keep out of this affair. Why, all Europe knows of the wedding, and even now the continent is quietly nursing the gossip of the past two weeks." She dropped into a chair, perplexed and anxious.

"Let me tell you something, both of you. The events of the past two weeks are tame in comparison with those of the next two months," said Quentin, a new light in his eye. His tall figure straightened and his nostrils expanded.

"Wha—what do you mean?" floundered Lord Bob.

"Just this: I love Dorothy Garrison, and I'm going to marry her."

"Good heavens!" was the simultaneous gasp of Lord and Lady Saxondale. And they could not dissuade him. Not only did he convince them that he was in earnest, but before he left for Paris he had made them allies. Ugo's experience in Rio Janeiro shocked Lady Frances so seriously that she became a champion of the American's cause, and agreed with Lord Bob that Dorothy should not be sacrificed if it were in their power to prevent. Of course Dickey Savage approved of Quentin's campaign and effectually disposed of Lady Jane's faint objections by saying:

"America for the Americans, Brussels for the Americans, England for the Americans, everything and everybody for the Americans, but nothing at all for these confounded foreigners. Let the Italian marry anybody he pleases, just so long as he doesn't interfere with an American. Let the American marry anybody he pleases, and to perdition with all interference. I'm for America against the world, in love or in war."

"Don't forget, Mr. Savage, that you are a foreigner when on British soil," remonstrated the Lady Jane, vigorously.

"My dear Lady Jane, an American is at home anywhere in this world. If you could see some of the foreigners that land at Castle Garden you wouldn't blame an American for absolutely, irrevocably, and eternally refusing to be called a foreigner, even on the shores of Madagascar. We are willing to be most anything, but I'll be hanged if we'll be foreigners."

A week later Quentin was in Paris.

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Savage was to join him in Brussels about the middle of August, and Lord and Lady Saxondale promised faithfully to come to that city at a moment's notice. He went blithely away with the firm conviction in his heart that it was not to be a fool's errand. But he was reckoning without the woman in the case.

"If you do marry her, Quentin, I've got just the place for you to live in, for a while at least. I bought an old castle in Luxembourg a couple of years ago, just because the man who owned it was a friend and needed a few thousand pounds. Frances calls it Castle Craneycrow. It's a romantic place, and would be a great deal better than a cottage for love. You may have it whenever the time comes. Nobody lives there now but the caretaker and a lot of deuced traditions. We can discharge the caretaker and you can make fresh traditions. Think it over, my boy, while you are dispatching the prince, the mamma, and the fair victim's ambition to become a real, live princess."

"Don't be sarcastic, Bob," exclaimed Quentin. "I'll not need your castle. We're going to live in the clouds."

"Beware of the prince," said Lady Frances. "He is pretty high himself, you know."

"Let the prince beware," laughed back the departing guest. "We can't both live in the same cloud, you know. I'll push him off."

* * * * *

On the day Quentin left Paris for Brussels he came face to face with Prince Ugo on one of the Parisian boulevards. The handsome Italian was driving with Count Sallaconi and two very attractive ladies. That the meeting was unexpected and undesired was made manifest by the anxious look which the prince shot over his shoulder after the carriage had passed.

When Quentin left Paris that night with Turk and his luggage, he was not the only passenger bound for Brussels. At the Gare du Nord two men, one suspiciously like the Duke Laselli, took a compartment in the coach just ahead of Quentin. The train was due to reach Brussels shortly after midnight, and the American had telegraphed for apartments at the Bellevue. There had been a drizzle of rain all the evening, and it was good to be inside the car, even if the seats were uncomfortable.

Turk and his master were the only passengers in the compartment. The watchful eyes of the former had seen several persons, men and women, pass through the aisle into which the section opened. One woman paused at the entrance as if about to enter. She was fair to look upon and Turk gallantly moved, presenting a roomy end of his seat to her. She passed on, however, and the little ex-burglar glanced sharply at his master as if to accuse him of frightening the fair one away. But Quentin was lying back, half-asleep, and there was nothing repellant about the untroubled expression on his face.

Before reaching Le Coteau the same lady passed the entrance and again glanced inside. Turk was now asleep, but his master was staring dreamily toward the aperture leading to the aisle. He saw the woman's face for an instant, and it gradually dawned upon him that there was something familiar about its beauty. Where had he seen her before? Like the curious American he was, he arose a few minutes later and deliberately walked into the aisle. He passed two compartments before he saw the young woman. She was alone and was leaning back, her eyes closed. Quentin observed that she was young and beautiful and possessed the marks of fashion and refinement. As he stood for a moment looking upon the face of the dozing Frenchwoman, more certain than ever that he had seen her recently, she opened her eyes with an affrighted start.

He instantly and in some embarrassment turned to escape the eyes which had caught him in a rare bit of impertinence, but was surprised to hear her call softly:

"Monsieur!"

"Mademoiselle," he replied, pausing, "can I be of service to you?"

"I must speak with you, M. Quentin. Come inside. I shall detain you but a

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moment, and it is so very important that you should hear me." She was now sitting upright, visibly excited and confused, but very much in earnest.

"You know my name," he said, entering and dropping to the seat beside her. "Where have we met? Your face is familiar, but I am ashamed to admit—"

"We have no time to talk of that. You have never met me and would not know who I am if I told you. Had it not been for that horrid little man of yours I should have boldly addressed you sooner. I must leave the train at Le Coteau, for I cannot go on to Quevy or Mons. It would not be wise for me to leave France at this time. You do not know me, but I wish to befriend you."

"Befriend me? I am sure one could not ask for a more charming friend," said he, smiling gallantly, but now evincing a shade of interest.

"No flattery, monsieur! It is purely a personal matter with me; this is by no means a pleasure-trip. I am running a great risk, but it is for my own sake as much as for yours, so do not thank me. I came from Paris on this train because I could not speak to you at the Gare du Nord. You were watched too closely."

"Watched? What do you mean?" almost gasped Quentin.

"I can only say that you are in danger, and that you have incurred the displeasure of a man who brooks no interference."

He stared at her for a moment, his mind in a whirl. The thought that she might be mad grew, but was instantly succeeded by another which came like a shock.

"Is this man of noble blood?"

"Yes," she almost whispered, turning her eyes away.

"And he means to do me harm?"

"I am sure of it."

"Because?"

"Because he fears your power."

"In what direction?"

"You know without asking, M. Quentin."

"And why do you take this interest in me? I am nothing to you."

"It is because you are not to be treated fairly. Listen. On this train are two men who do not know that I am here, and who would be confounded if they were to see me. They are in one of the forward coaches, and they are emissaries sent on to watch your every movement and to report the progress of your—your business in Brussels. If you become too aggressive before the man who employs them can arrange to come to Brussels, you are to be dealt with in a manner effectual. What is to be done with you I do not know, but I am certain you are in great danger unless you—" She paused, and a queer expression came into her wide eyes.

"Unless what? You interest me."

"Unless you withdraw from the contest."

"You assume that there is a contest of some sort. Well, admitting there is one, I'll say that you may go back to the prince and tell him his scheme doesn't work. This story of yours—pardon me, mademoiselle—is a clever one, and you have done your part well, but I am not in the least alarmed. Kindly return to the man who sent you and ask him to come in your stead if he wants to frighten me. I am not afraid of women, you know."

"You wrong me, monsieur; I am not his agent. I am acting purely on my own responsibility, for myself alone. I have a personal object in warning you, but that is neither here nor there. Let me add that I wish you success in the undertaking which now interests you. You must believe me, though, when I say that you are in danger. Forewarned is forearmed. I do not know what steps are to be taken against you; time will expose them. But I do know that you are not to win what you seek."

"This is a very strange proceeding," began he, half convinced of her sincerity.

"We are nearing Le Coteau, and I must leave you. The men of whom I speak are the Duke Laselli and a detective called Courant. I know they are sent to watch you, and they mean you no good. Be careful, for God's sake, monsieur, for I—I—want you to win!" She was standing now, and with trembling

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fingers was adjusting a thick veil over her face.

"Why are you so interested in me?" he asked, sharply. "Why do you want me to win—to win, well, to win the battle?"

"Because—" she began, but checked herself. A deep blush spread over her face just as she dropped the veil.

"The cad!" he said, understanding coming to him like a flash. "There is more than one heart at stake."

"Good by and good luck, monsieur," she whispered. He held her hand for an instant as she passed him, then she was gone.

Mile after mile from Le Coteau to Quevy found him puzzling over the odd experience of the night. Suddenly he started and muttered, half aloud:

"By thunder, I remember now! It was she who sat beside him in the carriage this morning!"

CHAPTER VIII

THE FATE OF A LETTER

AT Quevy the customs officers went through the train, and Quentin knew that he was in Belgium. For some time he had been weighing in his mind the advisability of searching the train for a glimpse of the duke and his companion, doubtful as to the sincerity of the beautiful and mysterious stranger. It was not until the train reached Mons that he caught sight of the duke. He had started out deliberately at last to hunt for the Italian, and the latter evidently had a similar design. They met on the platform, and though it was quite dark, each recognized the other. The American was on the point of addressing the duke, when that gentleman abruptly turned and re-entered the train, one coach ahead of that occupied by Quentin, who returned to his compartment and proceeded to awaken the snoring man-servant. Without reserve he confided to Turk the whole story of the night up to that point.

"I don't know what their game is, Turk, but we must not be caught napping. We have a friend in the pretty woman who got off in the rain at Le Coteau. She loves the prince, and that's why she's with us."

"Say, did she look 's if she had royal blood in her? Mebby she's a queen er somethin' like that. Blow me, if a feller c'n tell w'at sort of a swell he's goin' up ag'inst over here. Dukes and lords are as common as cabbies are in New York. Anyhow, this duke ain't got no bulge on us. We're nex' to him, all right, all right. Shall I crack him on the knot when we git to this town we're goin' to? A good jolt would put him out o' d' business fer a spell—"

"Now, look here, young man; don't let me hear of you making a move in this affair till I say the word. You are to keep your mouth closed and your hands behind you. What I want you to do is to watch, just as they are doing. Your early training ought to stand you well in hand for this game. I believe you once said you had eyes in the back of your head."

"Eyes nothin'! They is microscopes, Mr. Quentin."

Quentin, during the remainder of the run to Brussels, turned the new situation over and over in his mind. That the prince was ready to acknowledge him as a dangerous rival gave him much satisfaction, and inspired the hope that Miss Garrison had given her lover some cause for alarm. The decisive movement on the part of Prince Ugo to forestall any advantage he might acquire while near her in Brussels was a surprise and something of a shock to him. It was an admission, despite his position and the pledge he had from the girl herself, that the Italian did not feel secure in the premises, and was willing to resort to trickery, if not villainy, to circumvent the American who knew him in other days. Phil felt positive that the move against him was the result of deliberate intent, else how should his fair friend of the early evening know that a plot was brewing? Unquestionably she had heard or learned of the prince's directions to the

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duke. Her own interest in the prince was, of course, the inspiration. To no one but herself could she intrust the delivery of the warning. Her agitated wish, openly expressed, that Quentin might win the contest had a much deeper meaning than would appear on the surface.

From the moment he received the warning the affair began to take on a new aspect. Aside from the primal fact that he was desperately in love with Dorothy Garrison, there was now the fresh incentive that he must needs win her against uncertain odds and in the face of surprising opposition. In this day and age of the world, in affairs of the heart, an American does not look for rivalry that bears the suggestion of mediæval romance. The situation savored too much of the story-books that are born of the days when knights held sway to appear natural in the eyes of an up-to-date, unromantic gentleman from New York, that city where love affairs adjust themselves without the aid of a novelist.

Quentin, of course, was loath to believe that Prince Ugo would resort to underhand means to checkmate a rival whose real purpose had not yet been announced. In six weeks the finest wedding in years was to occur in Brussels. St. Gudule, that historic cathedral, was to be the scene of a ceremony on which all European newspapers had the eye of comment. American papers had printed columns concerning the engagement of the beautiful Miss Garrison. Everywhere had been published the romantic story of this real love-match. What, then, should the prince fear?

The train rumbled into the station at Brussels near midnight, and Turk sallied forth for a cab. This he obtained without the usual amount of haggling on his part, due to the disappointing fact that the Belgian driver could understand nothing more than the word Bellevue, while Turk could interpret nothing more than the word "franc." As Quentin was crossing to the cab he encountered Duke Laselli. Both started, and after a moment's pause greeted each other.

"I thought I saw you at Mons," said Phil, after the first expressions of surprise.

"Yes; I boarded the train there. Some business called me to Mons last week. And you, I presume, like most tourists, are visiting a dozen cities in half as many days," said the duke, in his execrable English. They paused at the side of the Italian's conveyance, and Quentin mentally resolved that the dim light, as it played upon the face of the speaker, was showing to him the most repellent countenance he had ever looked upon.

"Oh, no," he answered, quickly. "I shall probably remain until after the marriage of my friend Miss Garrison and Prince Ugo. Are you to be here long?"

"I cannot say," answered the other, his black eyes fastened on Quentin's. "My business here is of an uncertain nature."

"Diplomatic, I infer?"

"It would not be diplomatic for me to say so. I suspect I shall see you again, Mr. Quentin."

"Doubtless; I am to be at the Bellevue."

"And I, also. We may see some of the town together."

"You are very kind," said Quentin, bowing deeply. "Do you travel alone?"

"The duchess is ill and is in Florence. I am so lonely without her."

"It's beastly luck for business to carry one away from a sick wife. By the way, how is my dear friend Prince Ugo?"

"Exceptionally well, thank you. He will be pleased to know you are here, for he is coming to Brussels next week. I think, if you will pardon me, he has taken quite a fancy to you."

"I trust, after longer acquaintance, he may not find me a disappointment," said Phil, warmly; and a faint look of curiosity flashed into the duke's eyes. As they were saying good night, Quentin looked about for the man who might be Courant, the detective. But the duke's companion was not to be seen.

The next morning Quentin proceeded in a very systematic and effective way to locate the home of the Garrisons. He was aware, in the beginning, that they lived in a huge, beautiful mansion somewhere in the Avenue Louise. He knew

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from his Baedeker that the upper town was the fashionable quarter, and that the Avenue Louise was one of the principal streets. An electric tram-car took him speedily through the Boulevards Regent and Waterloo to the Avenue Louise. A strange diffidence had prevented him from asking at the hotel for directions that would easily have discovered her home. Somehow he wanted to stroll along the avenue in the early morning and locate the home of Dorothy Garrison without other aid than the power which tells one when he is near the object of his adoration. He left the car at the head of the avenue and walked slowly along the street.

His mind was full of her. Every vehicle that passed attracted his gaze, for he speculated that she might be in one of them. Not a well-dressed woman came within the range of his vision but she was subjected to a hurried inspection, even from a distance. He strode slowly along, looking intently at each house. None of them seemed to him to hold the object of his search. As his steps carried him farther and farther into the beautiful avenue he began to smile to himself, and his plodding spirit wavered. After all, thought he, no one but a silly ass would attempt to find a person in a great city after the fashion he was pursuing. He was deciding to board a tram-car and return to the hotel, when, at some distance ahead, he saw a young lady run hurriedly down the steps of an impressive-looking house.

(To be continued.)

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

By ELLEN JUDITH GOULD

FLOORS

THE great fortunes which have been acquired in this country during the past few years are leading gradually to the establishment of houses, destined in time to be looked upon as historic, and the fact that Italy has already legislated to prevent the rifling of her art treasures to furnish the homes of American millionaires, and that France is considering the wisdom of doing so, is the best possible proof of the fact that these Americans have at least the desire to possess the best that has been done in the world of household art. Our attitude is an appreciative one, and if we may not in the future be permitted to import bodily from France the furnishings, ceilings, walls, even the very floors, of our drawing-rooms, as was done for the Elkins home, it is just possible that this restriction may tend to the development of equally artistic effort within our borders.

Our homes are becoming year by year more permanent in their relation to family life. It is becoming so correct to have a family residence that the very New England farm-house in which he was born is often repurchased by some son of the house. The tendency is a wholesome one in this country of shifting fortunes, and must lead ultimately to better and more permanent methods of building among all classes of people. One looks forward with pleasure to a possible time when marble mosaic or brick floors shall not mean pretentiousness, but only permanence in house-building. Already these floors are seen in vestibules, halls, and dining-rooms, and in our well-heated houses there is no reasonable objection to them on the score of coldness, provided they are covered with a sufficient number of rugs.

It is no fleeting mood of fashion which dictates the use of wood floors instead of carpets, but rather a result of the general spread of good taste and ideas of hygiene, coupled with improved methods of woodcraft and transportation. The wooden floor, more or less covered with rugs, is here to stay, since it stands for cleanliness, beauty, and simplicity of living. Even a soft-wood floor, if well laid and finished, may be stained or painted with good effect a very attractive room showing dark green paint with Navajo blankets used as rugs. It is a good decorative idea, in the treatment of painted floors, to have no sill under the doors, and to paint alike in color all the rooms on one floor. An excellent result is obtained where the color of the woodwork of the room is like that of the floor, though a difference of tint is permissible, and the walls and ceiling are then colored in marked contrast to the woodwork.

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Next in endurance is the Georgia pine of our Southern states, whose ruddy veining is in beautiful lines and curves, with the excellent tendency of the wood to harden with use and exposure to the atmosphere. The use of this wood, properly oiled and waxed, but never varnished, can be recommended for inexpensive floors, particularly where no very heavy furniture, requiring to be moved about frequently, need be placed upon it. It becomes rich, dark, and shining under renewed applications of boiled linseed-oil and frequent polishing with any reliable kind of floor wax. Water need never be used on any except painted wooden floors, nor should the amateur be tempted by any cheap effects of varnish or shellac. The great beauty of European hard-wood floors is due to the energetic care lavished upon their waxing and polishing. Stains are washed with crude petroleum. Dirt is daily removed, that the delicate surface may not become scratched; the wax is renewed once a month, and a yearly overhauling of the entire surface is considered a necessity.

Ask any dealer what kinds of wood are in use for floors, and he will answer, oak, and occasionally maple for the kitchen and pantry, because it is easily scrubbed. Private inquiry develops the fact that, while the large size, close graining and relative cheapness of oak bring it to the notice of the average builder, other woods are sometimes used, such as walnut, mahogany, birch, cherry, and in the west California redwood, whose color, like that of cedar, is very beautiful for use with white woodwork, with mahogany or rosewood furniture, though it is costly, and as compared to oak, relatively soft. Rarer, yet not impossible, is the use of bird's-eye maple. It is not uncommon for the layman to suppose that bird's-eye maple is derived from some special variety of tree, but though the sugar-maple is to be preferred, the peculiar mottled effect, so much admired, is produced partly by the manner of cutting, partly by the use of only that section of the tree which is nearest the root. So small a part of the tree is thus available that bird's-eye maple is always a veneer and very expensive.

Oak, mahogany, and black walnut are the three open-grained woods which are used for floors, and are usually treated with a coat of filler, after being planed and sandpapered to perfect smoothness. This filler is a paste-like mixture, which, by filling the pores of the wood, makes a good foundation for the subsequent polish, yet, being quite transparent, does not hide the grain of the wood in the least. The filler, after being applied, should be wiped off the surface before it becomes too hard. With the close-grained woods, such as maple, birch, beech, or cherry, no filler is considered necessary, the old English floor wax, which is recommended for all hard-wood floors, being applied in the thinnest possible coat directly upon the smooth surface. The wax should be allowed to dry ten minutes, then polished with a soft cloth; cheese-cloth is the best. Then renew the application of wax, except in the case of quite new floors, when the second coat need not be applied until just before the floors are to be used. The polishing may be done by hand, or, more easily, by the use of long, weighted brushes made for this purpose. For ball-rooms a special kind of powdered wax is used, sprinkled on the floor, leaving the dancers to complete the work, though an amusing tale is somewhere told of a ball given by one of the Stevens family at Hoboken, where a military company had to drill all day in the ball-room to put the floor in good condition for the evening's dancers.

After floors have become dull from long use, a fluid called "Brightener" may be applied, which restores the brilliancy of the first finish, but that the evil day may be postponed as long as possible, a list of "don'ts" is included.

Don't use oil on hard-wood floors. It makes them spotted and uneven in color.

Don't use varnish on hard-wood floors. It darkens the wood and obliterates the grain, shows scratches and heel-marks, and flaxes off, leaving the floor bare in spots. This is true of any mixture of shellac or varnish.

Don't use beeswax, as it is soft, and a warm atmosphere makes it sticky. This is true of paraffine in a less degree.

Don't use soap and water, as most soaps contain alkali, and all contain grease, while water will in time discolor the wood. Use fluid brightener instead.

Live English oak, rarely found away from the seashore, is the best wood now available for floors, those seen in English mansions of an older day representing many a bent back, incurably twisted by the hard labor of old processes of hand cutting and finishing. These ancient methods, however wasteful of material, resulted in a careful matching of the grain and finish of the texture, much more desirable than our cheaper steam-power processes of to-day. Yet among careful dealers the process known as quarter-sawing requires no little skill for its accomplishment. The grain of well-matched oak boards has so much intrinsic beauty that it is less desirable for stained effects than many a cheaper wood, such as beech, birch, cherry, and maple. Black, to imitate the effect of age, or the brownish black of Flemish oak, green, and mahogany tints, are those most preferred, as they harmonize best with the furniture usually placed upon them. A blue effect upon the floor is quite possible, but demands the exercise of great care in the further treatment of the room.

To restore old floors, or those which have been unsuccessfully laid, without the expense of laying new ones, black is usually chosen. All cracks in the floor should first be filled with what is known to the trade as "B. B. Stop Crack." a hard, tough, elastic filling, easily applied, warranted not to shrink or fall out, and capable of being colored to match exactly the flooring boards themselves. This dries in about forty-eight hours, leaving a finish which in a

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week's time is as hard as the hardest oak. The floor should then be washed with soda and lime, no soap, and when dry the stain may be applied like paint. Use wax as for other hardwood floors to finish.

A decoction for producing black stain for inexpensive work is as follows:

One gallon water, 1 lb. logwood chips, ½ lb. black copperas, ½ lb. extract of logwood, ½ lb. indigo blue, 2 oz. lampblack. Put these into an iron pot and boil them over a slow fire. When the mixture is cool, strain it through a cloth, add ¼ oz. nutgall. It is then ready for use. Stains may, of course, be bought in cans ready for use, and these are safe, presumably, when put up by some reliable firm; but it is well to remember that alcohol stains are said to fade quickly, and that architects prefer the use of the hand-made decoction.

Among the soft woods recommended by a good authority, not for floors, but for woodwork, are poplar, whose adaptability for red, blue, or green stains makes it desirable, birch and cherry, which take a good mahogany stain, and tulipwood, a Brazilian growth, which takes a successful green. The first preparation of the wood is the same for all colors. To one quart of oil take two quarts of turpentine and one pint of drier, then add the preferred coloring matter. To produce a good green. use chrome-green, yellow, and black; for blue use Prussian blue, yellow, and black; for red, if a brilliant color is desired, use vermilion, otherwise Venetian red. The best mahogany effect is produced by purchasing, in dry form, and dissolving in hot water, about four parts mahogany to one part walnut for a strong, rich color. All these colors come in a dry powder, are soluble in water or alcohol, and become richer in tone if much rubbed after being applied to the wood. Among the woods should be mentioned greenwood or hazel, which is particularly beautiful for mahogany stain.

To stain Georgia pine to resemble bog-oak this being a safer choice than colors for so resinous a wood, cut ½ lb. bichromate of potash into a gallon of hot water, cover the bare woodwork with this and rub smooth with sandpaper. Then cover the wood with an oil stain made of linseed-oil, amber, and black, toned to the required shade.. Rub in enough to soak the pores of the wood, and rub off with cloths while still wet.

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN HOUSEKEEPING

A CLEVER American woman, married to an Englishman and living in London, waxes indignant over the widespread fallacy that household economy may be more readily practiced in England than in the United States. She rails at the English financial unit, a penny, which beguiles the unwary housekeeper into thinking that tomatoes at eight pence a pound are cheap, when it really stands for sixteen United States cents; and becomes almost blasphemous over the customary servant's fee of a half-crown, which, while you think of it as half a dollar, persists in being actually sixteen and a half cents more.

But not only must the American wife of the English husband, in order to be happy, conquer a difficult habit of thinking American money while she must pay English, actual prices of commodities and service are usually greater in England, where the scale of living remains the same as in this country. When the water rates, which are high, and the taxes on property are added to the nominal rent, as is the English custom, the rent is more than you thought, and £150 to £200 only pays the rent of a closetless, comfortless house, with poor heating apparatus, though in a desirable neighborhood. The houses are so high and narrow that more servants are needed to care for them. Speaking-tubes are unknown, and a dumb-waiter exceedingly rare.

When you have paid for service and supplies, you wake to find that all laundry work has been sent out, and all bread purchased at the pastry cook's—a very considerable addition to the running expenses of a household which plans to pay a total of £108 for domestic service each year. Meat, poultry, butter, and eggs are dearer in England than here, as well as flour and coffee, though other groceries, both dry and green, are about the same. Certain of our vegetables are almost unknown there.

Servants are as difficult to obtain there as here, yet once secured, the English servant takes far more pride in her work, and conducts herself with a more dignified acceptance of her position, than her American prototype. As to the relative amount of work accomplished by each opinions differ, and it is pretty safe to conclude that here, at least, the executive ability of the mistress counts for much. At least one American, who has made her home in London for the past fifteen years, has arranged her somewhat elaborate household on an admirable basis. The work of each department has been carefully planned and dovetailed with that of every other, and the details of the work of each servant written out on paper. Before a new domestic is engaged, she reads and understandingly accepts the conditions written down, and is informed that, though she will never be scolded, any infringement or neglect of conditions will be visited with dismissal. The result is a complete absence of friction in the house, and a conscientious pride in living up to the terms of the agreement. Is not the idea a suggestive one for the American housekeeper, too often a prey to petty irritation over unfulfilled duties? It should make for self-respect on the part of the servants as well as for dignity in the mistress, and might speed the day when the relations in the household of the employer and employee may have the importance of a business compact, not to be terminated by the caprice of either party to it.

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The HOUSE BEAUTIFUL

ADVERTISEMENT

The Publisher desires to call the attention of the readers of this magazine to its suitability as a gift for the holidays. Now that the Christmas season is approaching, it's well to keep in mind the fact that to most women no inexpensive thing could be more welcome than a year's subscription to THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL, and it is only fair to add that the coming year will show more in the way of improvement than any previous period, long or short. A prospectus of the features for 1903 is published, and may aid readers to decide.

HERBERT S. STONE
Eldredge Court, CHICAGO

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Questions and Answers



The editor of this department will be glad to describe in detail the decoration of a single room, or to give general suggestions for several rooms, in reply to each letter. But it is necessary to charge a small fee for detailed plans for an entire floor or for the house as a whole. Replies will be sent by mail if stamps are enclosed.

The editor begs that questions be as concise as possible and written on one side of the paper only. The name of sender should be written on plans and letters.

Backgrounds

Will you kindly give me some suggestion for interior decorations for my new house? It is in an Eastern city of 100,000 inhabitants, but is out just far enough to combine city and country. It is shingle, quaint and pretty, with diamond paned windows and doors everywhere. Hall is 8 by 30.6, with staircase so arranged as to cut it across, with landing running entirely across and railing half-way. Opening out from hall on south side is living-room, 17x23, with brick fireplace four feet long on south side, and window on each side of fireplace, three windows on east, and French doors (diamond paned) on west, opening onto veranda. Opening on north side of hall (very wide openings, to give appearance of more size to entire first floor) is dining-room, 16x19, three east windows, and two north windows. Between two north windows is to stand my old-fashioned sideboard, with long three-piece gilt mirror over it. This faces the entrance. On west wall, wooden mantel with brick facing and hearth for fireplace. All furniture for these two rooms is mahogany, and the hall-seat and mirror are Flemish oak. Furniture in living-room, draperies, etc., green and some old rose, but not very much. The dining-room chairs (Washington design) are covered with tapestry, rather on the blue. I have quite a lot of old American historical china, mostly Staffordshire, blue and white, and a lot of old pewter for the dining-room. What colors had I best use for these rooms and hall, for walls and for stain of floors, which are hard pine?

I have oriental rugs for all the floors, in soft colorings, such as Khiva, Bokhara, Monsoul, etc., etc.

At what height should plate-rail be with ceilings 9 feet high?

Upstairs on second floor there are four bedrooms and two bath-rooms. I would very much like your advice about colors for two of the bedrooms; and whether to stain floors or just shellac, and leave light. One bedroom is 21.6x14.6, with three east windows and one south window; open fireplace at south end of room; ceiling 8 feet 9 inches. Other room has two east windows, one north window (14.6x19 is size of room), and open fireplace at west side of room. One room has brass bed and one white enamel, brass trim, and both have mahogany furniture. All woodwork to be painted white—but would like your advice. H. L. W.

Deep yellow makes an attractive background for old blue Staffordshire, but is not so desirable for pewter, which is more effective against green. A green wall hanging would make a good setting for both metal and china.

Blue china and pewter should not be grouped together, as each detracts from the other. Green, pink, and mulberry china are more harmonious with the gray tones of pewter. The best result will be gained by placing the china in one part of the room and the old colonial metal in another. With walls nine feet high the plate-rail should be about six and one-half feet from the floor.

In the living-room, green with old rose would make a good setting for the old mahogany, and be in harmony with your draperies. In the hall a verdure paper, combining blue with green, would look well, and would lead up to the dining-room. A mahogany stain is best for the floors. Many reliable stains are advertised in our columns, also the wax or polish for keeping floors in order.

For the northeast bedroom a yellow paper would be bright and pleasing. There is an exceptionally fine "basket pattern" in this color which combines effectively with mahogany furniture and white paint. Another suggestion for a yellow room is to hang the side walls in a two-toned stripe, and use a ceiling paper in yellow roses. If you dislike a flowered wall this may possibly appeal to you. Pink and ivory, blue and green, mauve and green, are agreeable color combinations for a bedroom. If pink is a favorite shade with you, the remaining room might be pink.

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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Doing Over an Old House

Dining-room:—Woodwork is walnut. Cannot be changed. Beams cross the ceiling and there is a plate-shelf. Please suggest a mantel for this room. Do you think a brick one good style? This room is very large, and we want to treat it so as to give a well-filled appearance.

Hall as it now is:—Woodwork is now oak, but I can have this stained Flemish if you think best. The stairs are seen from front door. The back door I think of changing into a small palm recess.

Library:—Woodwork is cherry, but can be changed to mahogany by staining if you prefer. In the bay-window the effect is ugly with an arched cornice over it. I want a pretty treatment for this place, especially the draperies and window-seat. The book-shelves fill nearly all the wall space, being about six feet high. My idea is to keep this room classic.

Drawing-room, or music-room:—This is our hardest room to furnish. We thought of doing it in old ivory for the woodwork, and want suggestions for the mantel. The ceilings are all fifteen feet high with plaster cornices. We have no hard-wood floors, but may possibly put them in.

In all your suggestions we do not want extremely expensive things. We want more artistic and homelike an effect than otherwise. All rooms are very large. N. R.

For the dining-room, beamed and wainscoted in walnut, a walnut mantel is advised, rather than a brick one. In this room, which we note is of generous dimensions, a figured paper would better be selected. We send you a sample of a figured hanging in old blues, greens, and russets. The design is excellent, and the color scheme combines admirably with walnut.

For the hall, opening from the dining-room, a burlap of the green in the paper is suggested. A Flemish stain on the light oak would improve the hall greatly, and would bring the woodwork more into line with that of the other rooms. The library could be treated effectively in either russet or old blue, either color blending in with the scheme of hall and dining-room. Possibly the blue would be more harmonious with the woodwork. If it is real cherry, we see no objection to allowing it to remain *cherry*, instead of staining it mahogany. The arched bay-window should be kept very simple. No draperies are required at the arch. Taffeta hangings of a solid tone like the walls over inner curtains of net, and a window-seat upholstered in plain corduroy or decorator's linen, would make the window very attractive.

The drawing-room would be effective in yellow—either a deep chrome or a brighter tone. Whether a figured or plain paper is used here must be determined by the furnishings. If the room is of a formal character and not used as a living-room, a two-toned paper is advised. As you are planning to use ivory paint, we imagine that this room is to be a real "drawing-room," and that your large hall and library serve the purpose of living-room. Your old prints and paintings you will doubtless hang against the plain walls of hall and library.

Hard-wood floors in all the rooms are advised. The ceilings should be plain, and in a lighter tone than the walls. A wide, angle molding, to match the woodwork, would be a great addition in all the lower rooms.

We send you samples of bedroom papers, which are merely suggestive. The yellow hangings are charming in north bedrooms. All the patterns are quaint and uncommon. Several are colonial, and two are English cottage designs. Our publications, *Successful Houses* and the *Book of a Hundred Houses*, would doubtless be of service to you.

An Old-Fashioned House

We have purchased an old residence, which we are remodeling and putting in thorough repair. It is built of gray stone, and has large windows, with wide window-seats. We wish to retain the old-fashioned style of the house in every particular. We are putting in hard-wood floors, oak. The two largest rooms—drawing-room and library—connected by a horrible arched opening, are very finely proportioned rooms, with rather higher ceilings than the rest of the house. How can we secure a lower effect? and is there anything to be done with the opening except hang plain colored portières straight? They would be about ten feet high. The dining-room faces south, with a fine triple window; the hall is a good width, with a small triple window in the west wall, and a window-shelf to hold flowers; it is set high enough in the wall for a seat or table to be placed beneath it. We have some fine pieces of old mahogany for the dining-room and library. We are especially anxious to preserve the old-fashioned flavor of the house as it is now. What color scheme would you recommend? The dining-room will be a light, sunny room, the other two rooms and the hall slightly less sunny, but not dark rooms by any means. Would you recommend us to paint the woodwork in the hall, or would you recommend staining it? We have a few rugs, soft neutral tints. I will leave our floors bare until we can acquire more rugs of harmonizing colors. There is an old-fashioned cream-white marble mantelpiece in the drawing-room, and crystal chandeliers in that room and the library. What kind of window draping would you recommend? M. E. F.

In considering the treatment of rooms in your old house, we think that you will gain a

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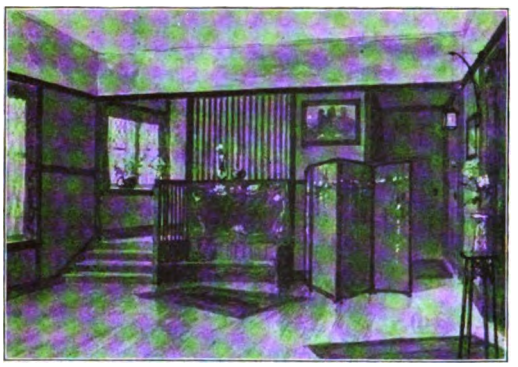
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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

better effect by not trying to lower the height of wall by papering the ceiling.

We think old papers, without friezes, and plain ceilings, will be best. The wide openings may be hung with plain portières, and when the rooms are papered and curtained, perhaps they will not seem so "horrible." Large-figured paper will tend to make the walls seem lower than they really are, and if old-fashioned patterns are chosen they will add much to the old-time atmosphere. White paint is suggested for the woodwork, and in the hall a hand-rail stained mahogany. We are sending you some old-fashioned papers as samples, which we have seen on the walls of "modern colonial" houses, and they were very effective.

The paneled paper is made from old blocks, and is particularly effective in a hall. The samples are, of course, simply suggestive.

Hall.—The paneled paper, or something similar in effect.

Dining-room.—Green stripe or small figure.

Library.—Golden brown (plain).

Parlor.—Yellow, in a figured paper (design large and decorative).

Windows.—Simple ruffled muslin would be quaint and effective at all the windows, with outer hangings in the parlor of plain yellow. The other rooms will hardly need hangings.

Decorating a New House.

The exterior of the house is of white stucco, and the cornice I want in yellow, and the outside shutters will be green; the combination being colonial. The window frames will be yellow and the sash white. There is a balcony over the front door which is supported by pillars. Ought that to be white? The door itself is to be of cherry. The inside woodwork in the hall, up and down stairs, in the drawing-room, library, and upstairs rooms will be white, while the dining-room will be in solid cherry. The large window on the stairs is to be of art glass. The dining-room is in cherry, and the furniture will be mahogany, but will that not be all right, or would you put a little stain in to make it match mahogany? Please advise me how to finish the cherry? I will have oak floors. How shall I finish them? In the dining-room with cherry woodwork and mahogany furniture, could I have the floor oak? I need your advice concerning the color-scheme for the dining-room. How would a yellow ceiling do? You see, it is of plaster, moldings divided in panels, and it seemed to me that I would like some color in the ceiling; and would you advise yellow tile for the mantel in this room?

I plan to paint the woodwork of the den dark, with perhaps red burlap walls.

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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

I think the mantel and seats on each side, as shown in THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL of August, 1899, page 131, Vol. VI. No. 3, would be very attractive for the den.

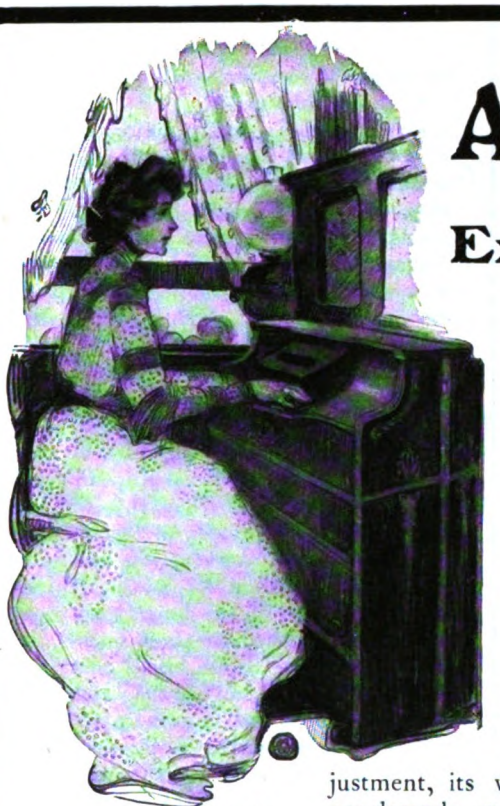
In bedroom No. 1, which is very large, 18x21, I want to know if it would not be pretty and attractive to make the ceiling like the one shown in your magazine of April, 1902, Vol. XI., No. 5, on page 297? I will have a wood cornice, no carving, as shown on the blue-prints. I want it in pink, as that is my favorite color, and want to ask how you like paneled side walls of paper, the panels being made of narrow wood moldings? I want mahogany for that room. In bedroom 2, I thought of yellow or blue, and for bedroom 3, where white furniture will be used, an old blue, and in No. 4 I had no thought except red.

R. G. E.

Exterior.—With a white stucco foundation, yellow trim, green blinds, and cherry doors, a somewhat variegated exterior will be the result. The yellow trim could be discarded and green blinds used with the white stucco. With this scheme, the balconies, pillars, railings, etc., should be white.

Interior.—Leaded glass is not effective when the lead is left in its natural color. The narrow lines of copper plating will not be of sufficient strength to add warmth to the hall. If so much white paint produces a cold effect, it may be remedied in other ways. In the drawing-room, where the sliding-doors are of cherry, the smaller doors *could* be painted white, but a greater feeling of unity will be obtained by making them of cherry. No hard and fast rule will be violated, however, if you carry out your preference. In the dining-room, paneled in solid cherry, all the doors should be of that wood. The mahogany furniture you are planning to use will not conflict with the woodwork of this room. The "rubbing down with pumice stone," mentioned in your specifications, will give to the floors the desired dull finish. The coats of varnish, to which you object, are a necessary foundation. Properly treated in the first place, the keeping in order of hard wood is a simple matter. The question of combining light oak floors with white woodwork and mahogany furniture is one that has often been discussed in these columns. Unquestionably the darker floors make for greater harmony. We note your reference to the hall, with its white woodwork and oak floors, its staircase with white balustrade, cherry hand-rail, and oak treads. This treatment is a favorite one with many architects. Cherry treads and a floor stained cherry would undoubtedly give more value to the beautiful

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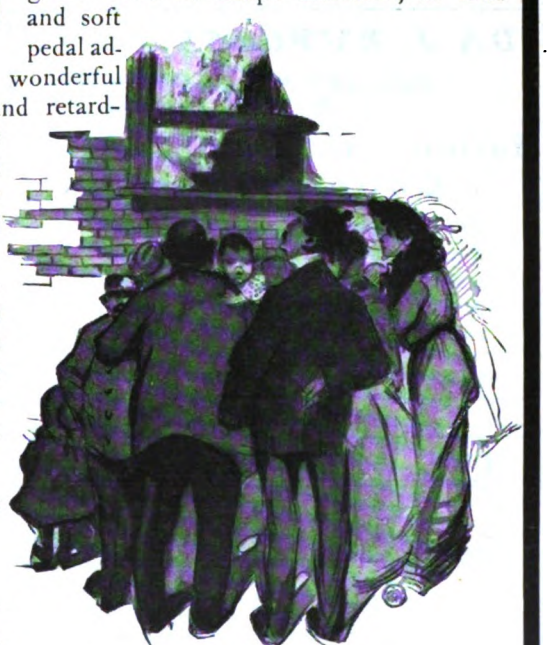
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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

paneled woodwork, and would be more in keeping with the colonial period.

Color Schemes.—In the dining-room paneled to the height of the doors in cherry, little wall space remains. A deep yellow stain covering cove and ceiling would be effective, so also would yellow tiles in the mantel, preferrably unglazed tiles of Grueby faience. White tiles are not advised for the mantels of the library and drawing-room. With so much white paint they would produce a very formal effect. The rooms need warmth, which may be agreeably introduced in the tiling. When the color schemes of the rooms are decided upon the tile question answers itself. Green is suggested for the walls of the library, and a colonial stripe in yellow for the drawing-room, a yellow that will lead up well to the deeper tones of the dining-room.

The illustration to which you refer us shows an admirable mantel for a den. Bricks will be more in line with the design than tiles. No properly constructed fireplace smokes, so you need not hesitate to use bricks on that score. If you are planning to hang the walls of the den in red, it would be well to work up the color from the bricks. Sometimes a pleasing result is secured by staining the walls the exact color of the bricks. Dark woodwork is rather a necessity in this case.

Your color schemes for the bedrooms are all good. Old pink is especially harmonious with ivory paint and mahogany furniture. Our advice in regard to curtains and other draperies can only be general. The choice of fabrics is largely a matter of personal tastes. It is usually best to repeat the colors of the walls in the draperies, sometimes using plain materials, sometimes figured ones.

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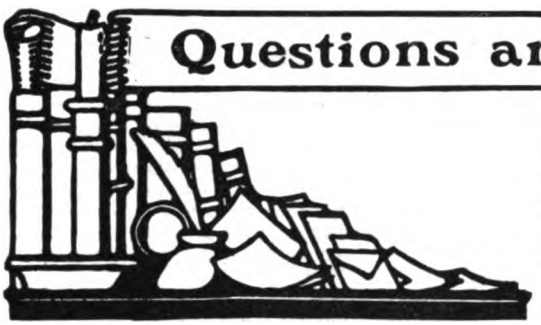
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Questions and Answers



The editor of this department will be glad to describe in detail the decoration of a single room, or to give general suggestions for several rooms, in reply to each letter. But it is necessary to charge a small fee for detailed plans for an entire floor or for the house as a whole. Replies cannot be sent by mail, but will be printed in these columns as soon as possible.

Furnishing a Den

We are soon to build a house, and one of the most perplexing things we have to decide is, how to finish one side of the room we mean to use as a "den." The room is 7 feet 6 inches by 10 feet 6 inches, southeast corner of house, second floor, and over the lower hall. The side referred to is 10 feet by 6 inches, and faces the upper hall and stairs coming from lower hall. We do not want it partitioned off with a wall like the other rooms, but wish it open, and yet not too much so. How would it look to have one pillar from floor to ceiling, three feet from corner of adjoining wall, space between for opening to be hung with curtains. The space from pillar to side wall (7 feet) would be built up three feet with paneling, finished with flat rail for plants or books. Midway of this rail there would be another pillar to ceiling. Between large and small pillars and small pillar and side wall there would be poles about one foot lower than ceiling, and we would hang silk or other suitable curtains. Pillars, poles, and paneling would be finished to match woodwork in hall. The open space above would make good ventilation. Would this look too much like some of the booths we see at fairs and expositions?

F. C. W.

In treating the den for which you ask advice, we think that you will obtain the best effect by using large pillars, and connecting side wall and pillars with a wood paneling about three feet in depth. Small pillars and draperies seem to us unnecessary. Panels and pillars should be painted to match the woodwork. Such a treatment presents several difficulties, and as your house is not yet built, we should advise a reconsideration of the plan.

A den is a place where a certain privacy is a necessity. A room separated from a hall by means of pillars and low paneling is in reality a part of the hall. It must be painted and papered in a manner to conform with its color scheme, and be furnished in a similar manner. "Oriental" effects would, of course, be quite out of the question. This is not a matter of regret, however.

If the room is to be a den, our advice would be to partition it from the hall and regard it as an independent room, to be decorated and furnished accordingly. If paneling and pillars are to be used in place of the partition, it must be regarded as part of the hall and the den feature discarded. Very charming effects may be obtained by arranging a hall as you have hinted.

A Library with Casement Windows

Last summer you very kindly gave us some suggestions in regard to our dining-room at Narragansett Pier. We are acting upon them, and expect to have a very satisfactory room.

We now have to bother you again, in regard to our library in the same house, a room about twenty feet square without a bay-window.

We propose to put in casement windows along the east end of the library, and would be glad to have your suggestion about number, height, arrangement, and the kind of glass. We could hardly afford to put in the leaded glass, which is rather expensive.

We also may wish to change the window on the north side of the house. At present we have one regular window, and we may wish to substitute two casement windows, if you should so advise, closing present window and putting one on each side.

We propose to widen the opening from the library to the tea-room, so that it will be eight feet instead of six, as at present, and we should put a colonial pillar on either side of the opening.

The woodwork of the room is painted white, and we should like your suggestions as to the paper, the proper kind of furniture, and coverings for same, also the sort of drapery at the windows, and what arrangement could be made for darkening the casement windows at night; that is, so that the room should not be visible from the outside.

We desire the effect of the room to be low and broad, of the kind we liked for the dining-room, where your suggestions were of great help.

The present location of the bookcase is not

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satisfactory, as it is tucked away in the corner, and we desire to have it an important feature of the room. It is of white wood to match the trimmings of the room.

We should also like your suggestions as to what kind of furniture would be desirable in such a room, and where it would be placed, having in mind that it is desirable to have a divan six feet long by three feet in the room. Also, we would like suggestions about the location of the electric lights. H. L. G.

In treating the library we would suggest a scheme similar to that we recommended for the dining-room. A paper in a large figure has a tendency to make the walls of a room seem lower than they really are. Certain colors will also produce this effect.

The verdure tapestry which you are planning to use for the hall has a decided blue cast in it. At least we gain this impression from the sample which you have sent us. On the walls this blue is doubtless quite prominent. We would advise repeating this color in the library, if, when the windows are rebuilt, the room has sufficient light to admit of the use of blue paper. Blue does not darken a room, but it produces a cold effect, which is not desirable in a room with a limited amount of sunshine. There is an attractive shade of brown in the tapestry paper that would also bear repeating on the walls of the library. Either the old blue or the warm brown would bring the library into an agreeable relation with the hall. A large colonial design in a two-toned paper would be excellent. The large figure would take away from the height of the room, and being in two tones instead of several shades, would have somewhat the appearance of plain background, which is desirable for a library, where a very decorative wall hanging is not quite in place.

Casement windows would be a great improvement over the windows now in the room. In a general way we would say that the single windows with diamond panes seem to us the most appropriate treatment, that they should be placed close together, and rather high in the wall. The exact placing, the relative position, etc., we feel should be decided by an architect or decorator who, being on the spot, could advise you much more satisfactorily than we can.

The furniture should be mahogany, and the upholstery in stuffs that would accord with the paper. The divan and large chairs would better be in plain velour or corduroy and some of the other pieces in figured material. The various subdued colors in the hall paper would be charming in cushions, pillows, etc.

The question of the electric lighting is a wide one. Low side lights are usually best, with a few artistic lamps.

A Mining Shack

I venture to ask your advice regarding stains for wood. We have just had built in a mining camp for temporary occupancy a small cottage—a "wooden tent," I might call it, and I cannot endure the bare, new look of the wooden walls. The living-room is a fairly large room with four windows overlooking the lake—a well-lighted room. The walls and ceiling are of wood, narrow tongue-and-grooved cedar of good quality. Door and window casings of some wood lighter in color.

I wish to give the rooms a pleasing, comfortable home look, but do not know what to do with so much wood. I have good Turkish rugs for the floors, Bagdads for couch-covers, and Kis-Kilims for table-covers. Now would you advise oiling the cedar, and staining doors, door frames, and window casings green, or staining the entire room green? Dull blue is the predominating color in rugs and Kilims, with some dull yellows, red, pale green, and very little creamy white.

The wood is not so good in the three bedrooms, being of pine, in the form of ship-lap, full of knots, but planed smooth. It should be painted, no doubt, but I would prefer staining it. Can you tell me of anything that will give a yellow stain, a soft pretty red, a pale green, a soft old rose, and a brown? I could combine these various shades in the different rooms possibly, and give them a better look than they have at present.

On page 378, of November number occurs the following: "Woodwork and stairway are stained with a 'greenery-yallery' tint, made by mixing burnt umber and dark green." It occurred to me that if you would tell me what is mixed with these colors, I might do some experimental work. J. E. MCN.

The "greenery-yallery" stain about which you ask is mixed with turpentine. We think that you will obtain a more satisfactory result by purchasing an olive-green stain which has been prepared and applying it without the use of turpentine.

It does not seem to us to be a wise plan to stain all of the rooms. Natural cedar is usually fine in color if not too highly oiled. In time a room walled in cedar would grow to be a thing of beauty, and something which many an owner of a big country house would envy you in possessing. As your stay in the camp is limited you will not gain the benefits of time.

A room walled and ceiled in wood is rather box-like. Staining the walls green will not change this. It will simply be a green box instead of a cedar box.

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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Our advice would be to leave the walls of the living-room as they are. The doors and window sashes being a lighter shade, some contrasting effects are already secured. Green stained furniture and green curtains will introduce sufficient color. The curtains should be of coarse material and perfectly plain, unless the blue in the rugs is prominent enough to make a dash of blue in the curtains effective.

Furnishing the Main Floor

I need help in furnishing four rooms. The hall is tinted dull pinkish red with rough plaster, hard-wood oak floor and stair-rail, seat-ends and bookcases of oak, and the other woodwork of pine. What shall I do with this? Is oak graining or stain satisfactory? Curtains, cushions, and stair carpet are of dull red, but the objection is, the parlor is dull blue, tiles in mantel, carpet, etc., oriental coloring. Can a carpet be dyed? This was an expensive Axminster, and must be used. I also want new furniture, all I need retain being mahogany piano and chair. Is there anything that will take away the commonplace look of most parlors? I have rough plaster throughout. Wouldn't paper give better effects? I have now in parlor a handsome oak writing-desk. Would it be better in library? I had thought of making library green, the dull pink tiles being the only thing necessary to consider in that room. In the dining-room the wood is stained dark green, walls are light green. Could pine woodwork in library be stained green after rubbing down?

D. F. L.

The "commonplace look of most parlors" is due to poor color combinations and too much bric-à-brac.

If the carpet and tiles in your parlor are not in accord, and the latter cannot be altered, it would be well to make some change in the carpet. As you are obliged to retain it, it would be well to have it dyed some harmonious color.

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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

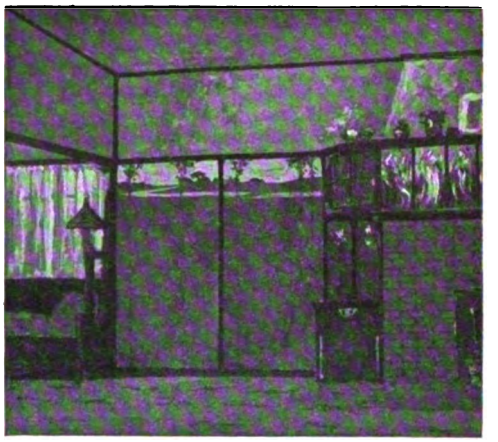
If the blue of the tiles can bear repeating, blue is advised for the carpet. It is rather expensive to have an Axminster dyed, but when properly done is very satisfactory. Mahogany furniture is most appropriate for this room, especially as you have several pieces in that wood with which to begin furnishing. Several straight-back chairs, a davenport, and one or two easy-chairs are sufficient. The oak desk is not quite in harmony here, and should be placed in the library.

The hall calls for no special comment, the general coloring being exceedingly good. With green already selected for the library, the dining-room alone remains for consideration. Yellow would be effective here, and would combine well with green stained woodwork. The mantel would have to be stained also, if wainscoting and doors were thus treated. In "Successful Houses," a book published by us, you will find several illustrations showing arrangements of bookcases in small rooms.

In a Warm Climate

We would like to have suggestions about wall-paper and hangings for our new cottage. The house is of brick, and the rooms are small. I particularly wish to know about furnishing hall and parlor. We do not want expensive fixtures. The entrance to parlor is an open archway without shutters. W. W. MCR.

For the hall of your house we should suggest a plain green fiber paper, and for the parlor, which opens from it, a figured hanging in green and old pinks. In the library a dull red fiber would be effective and in harmony with the hall and parlor. For the living-room, which is on the other side of the house, several schemes suggest themselves. If the woodwork will accord with a golden brown, this color would be attrac-



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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

tive on the walls, and lead up to the dining-room, in russets and yellow.

The woodwork of your house is not given in your letter. We therefore cannot advise you very definitely in regard to furniture.

In the parlor and hall, green stained or painted furniture would look well with the green and the green-and-pink backgrounds. Shapes should be simple. As you live in a comparatively warm climate, willow, raffia, and rattan are appropriate. These should be used judiciously. Too liberal a use of light furniture robs a room of character. The upholstery in the parlor should repeat the colors of the paper. Green linen taffeta is always good. One or two cushions in plain mahogany color and a few in which green and pink are blended are all that are needed.

Furniture stained brown would be effective in the dining-room. Burnt umber and lamp-black make an excellent stain.

Wall-Papers for a 1730 House

I am in trouble. I am a bachelor, thirty-one years of age, soon to be married, and the trouble is wall-papers. I have a house of fourteen rooms to paper. The house itself is a gem, just the house that an artist would delight in. It was built in 1730, in excellent style, and remains to-day practically as built. The wainscots, paneling, mantels, and fireplaces all preserved. The rooms are low, the windows deep-set with the original window-panes and shutters with window-seats in each. There will be very little paper required for each room on the lower floor, because of the wainscot in all the rooms, and panels in the parlor and offices, but I want that little right.

The carpet for the reception office is a black and red tapestry, with a bare green painted floor in the consulting office, and a green ingrain filling on the parlor with rugs having a good deal of red. The woodwork is white throughout. The dining-room carpet is not decided, probably a matting with a rug. This is a rather dark room, but the other rooms are very light. There is an old gold or perhaps maroon carpet for the front stairs with a green painted floor with rug. The furniture will be largely mahogany.

The painters are at work, and this paper question perplexes my waking hours and gives me the most inartistic though gorgeous nightmares at night. W. B. K.

In decorating a house as old as yours is, and one which has fortunately escaped remodeling, the first aim should be to preserve as much as possible the old-time atmosphere. The high wainscoting leaves little wall space, but that little needs careful consideration. Papers in old-

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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

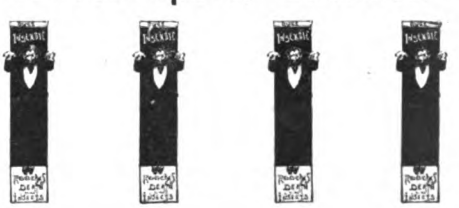
fashioned designs should be selected for most of the rooms. In the reception and consulting offices a plain wall effect is desirable. As red is the dominant color in the rugs and carpet, red of a corresponding shade would be effective on the walls. A paper in a narrow stripe of self-color would have the character of a solid background and be more in the spirit of the colonial period than a plain hanging. If the carpet will permit, a red on the claret tone is advised. Both offices should be alike.

The dark dining-room could take a yellow paper to advantage.

For the hall, a hand-blocked paper is advised. It is possible to find papers, reproduced from old blocks, and having the true colonial flavor. One lately seen was paneled in greens and browns with a conventionalized knot of roses in the same coloring. The ground was a deep ivory. The paper immediately suggested the New England hall of a century ago. It was perfect in its way. Lower and upper halls should be papered alike. In the living-room, green would accord with the filling and would harmonize with the green tones in the hall.

The "governor's room," indicated on your

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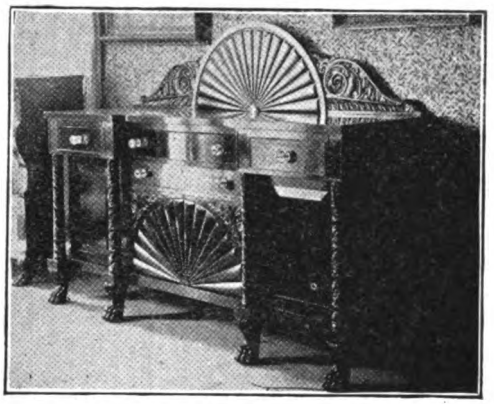
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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

plan, is not mentioned in your letter. If the room is large, a landscape paper would be attractive here. Such papers were in high favor at the time of the Revolution, and it is quite possible that the room originally had such a wall covering.

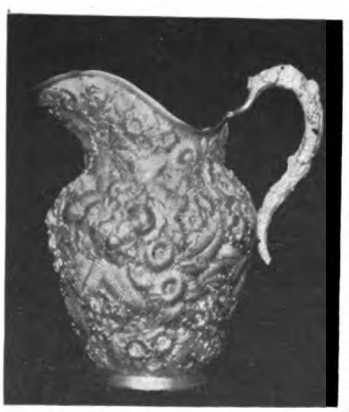
Your plan shows a delightful house, one of the few old mansions where brick ovens and great hearths have remained untouched. Mahogany furniture seems to belong by rights to this house, and so do brass andirons, candlesticks, and in fact, all old furnishings. Modern furniture should be excluded as much as possible.

One thing occurs to us as a possible difficulty in hanging new papers on an old wall. Few rooms in the early eighteenth century were finished with cornices. The paper ended in a rough edge at the angle of wall and ceiling. A broad molding, painted like the woodwork, and perfectly plain in design, would be a great addition to the rooms. This should be placed at the cornice line. This is not a picture-molding. At least its purpose is not to hold picture-hooks. Quite a sermon could be written about the placing of modern pictures in this old houes.

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Questions and Answers



The editor of this department will be glad to describe in detail the decoration of a single room, or to give general suggestions for several rooms, in reply to each letter. But it is necessary to charge a small fee for detailed plans for an entire floor or for the house as a whole. Replies cannot be sent by mail, but will be printed in these columns as soon as possible.

Colors for Exterior and Interior

Will you kindly advise me in a matter which I find a little difficult. We are building a new house, situated between two unpainted brick ones. What colors would be best between these two? Our house is thirty-three by forty-seven feet, with a broad piazza running across the entire front and half-way or more on south side. Our reception-hall, good size, well lighted, staircase four feet wide, is in northeast corner of house, finished in white oak. Could red be used with this finish, and next to a green room, or would you advise staining oak Belgian and using some other color, yellow for instance—some color that could be used next to a green, as that is to be the color of adjoining room?

For the color of a house situated between two brick ones, a deep gray is suggested, with green blinds and white trim; a second suggestion, which possibly may be more in line with the architecture of the house, is a green stain, with main roof and piazza roof stained a nut-brown.

Interior.—For the hall finished in oak and opening off a green room, a golden brown figured paper is advised. It would have the appearance of a solid background if the figure is small and well placed; yet there would be an effect of light and shade which is not possible in a plain paper.

Perhaps it is not necessary to go into detail in regard to the relative merits and prices of wall hangings, as they have been so often discussed in our columns. Cartridge papers may be secured from twenty cents a roll and upward, burlap thirty-five cents a yard, fiber papers fifty cents and upward a roll. The golden brown is not common, and combines excellently with green, yellow, and orange. Yellow could be used to advantage in your hall, and also in a slight degree in the green room. A little warm, deep orange would be very attractive. For the hall, simple curtains in pure yellow with outer hangings in golden brown serge, taffeta, or raw silk would be effective.

Serge is sometimes wonderfully good—the rough decorator's serge, we mean. It has a surface somewhat like that of "mummy cloth." For a portière between the rooms, brown velour is advised, or if a more expensive hanging can be indulged in, one of brown ooze leather would be charming. Some of the arts and crafts people have made these curtains, and notable ones have been designed by Mrs. Center, of the Krayle Company. Side lights are best for all the rooms. They give a softer light than those that are placed in the center of the room. Possibly you may like the golden brown for the library, and in that case, the yellow would be pleasing in the hall. The woodwork would not necessarily need staining.

Colors for a New House

Please give us your valuable advice as to a color or decorative scheme for our new house now under construction. House faces east on high bluff, having fine view from rear; finished in fir, to be treated as you may suggest to give best results. Hall and all first floor rooms to be waxed and have rugs, of which we have several, of best oriental. Suggest kind and color for each room. Have a grandfather clock, carved oak, and expect to add hall-seat, table, chairs, etc. Dining-room will have a china-closet built in, antique oak table, and chairs heavy and leather covered. I intend to add sideboard or buffet and small breakfast-table to stand by large rear windows. Library will have two large bookcases, antique oak table. Two or three more bookcases will be built in to match. I intend to add a couch, probably Davenport, chairs, Morris or similar. Please suggest covering to conform to color scheme. Parlor will have old mahogany suite, Heppelwhite, six chairs and sofa, now covered with original haircloth. Please suggest new covering. Have

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mahogany card or tea table and imitation mahogany cabinet; old family portrait, and fine landscape, originally property of Joseph Bonaparte; several original etchings by the old masters, and several modern ones. Please suggest best disposition of above.

Second floor.—Children's iron beds in alcove; brass bed, bird's-eye maple dresser, chairs, etc; servant's room white iron bed, suitable furniture; other two rooms will not be furnished until later. Style is colonial, and we want to add each piece of furniture or other articles to conform to some definite plan and color scheme.

R.

The color scheme suggested for the lower floor of the house is as follows:

Hall, russet or copper; parlor, pumpkin-yellow; library, green; dining-room, claret; kitchen, blue-tiled paper.

The woodwork of fir should be simply oiled, or toned down sufficiently to make a good background for the furniture of antique oak. In the parlor, where the fine old mahogany is to be placed, we should make an exception and use white paint.

The colors advised are not arbitrary. Possibly by transposing the green suggested for the library to the parlor, and the yellow to the dining-room, and the claret to the library, you will secure a disposition of color more pleasing. So much depends on the arrangement of the pictures, and just what you are planning to place in the rooms. The colors given are all harmonious with the furniture you mention. Keeping them intact, and beginning with the library, we suggest plain green covering for the davenports, chairs, etc., inasmuch as a figured paper is suggested. Plain hangings of green taffeta are advised for the windows. Double-faced portières of velour or corduroy showing the solid color of the rooms are always effective and seem to be a part of the wall. Your oriental rugs should be placed where they are most harmonious. If you retain the yellow in the parlor, the Hepplewhite chairs would be attractive upholstered in deep yellows and russet shades. With yellow paper on the walls the old portraits would better hang in the hall. A similar curtain and portière scheme is recommended here. With the exception of the claret paper, which demands a deep cream ceiling, the other ceilings would better be calcimined a tone several degrees lighter than the wall hangings.

The oils and the etchings should be hung in separate rooms. The etchings in brown frames would be effective in the library, or they would look well against the brown of the hall, but should not be hung near the portraits.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

For the upper floor, mahogany furniture would be most pleasing in the rooms for which you are to purchase furniture. One room would be unusual papered in morning-glories, purple shades predominating with the adjacent room hung in green, the color of the leaves in the flowered paper, the green to be plain in effect, either a solid color or a stripe in self-color.

The morning-glory paper we suggest is a quaint design, the trellis part of it being especially good. Sunshiny yellow would be effective in the north room, and old-rose in another. For the maid's room a blue paper would be suitable.

With the green paper in the library and the small figured claret paper in the dining-room, the latter having the effect of a solid tone, curtains of a combination of green and claret would be harmonious and would bind the two rooms together. With such a comparatively plain setting a bold design could be indulged in. Deep red hollyhocks and green leaves would be exceedingly attractive.

Yellow and Terra-Cotta

We are planning a home—a cottage—costing about two thousand five hundred dollars or a little more. The stairs to go up from living-room, and there is a large arch with sliding doors into dining-room, ceilings ten feet. I want to ask you for general color scheme for these two rooms for woodwork and walls. I do not like blues or reds very well. I love yellow. My dining-room furniture is plain oak. If I can dispose of it, I wanted some of Gustave Stickley's in weathered oak. The living-room will have brick fireplace, and be hall, library, and living-room combined, suited to our simple needs and mode of living and entertaining. The house, though our permanent home, is built on the lake front. I have four Oriental rugs to use in living-room, a little of every color in them. One is a modern Bokhara. The chairs are, one big brown leather one; one plain oak; cozy little rocker; three willow chairs, low and with pockets for papers, one stained a seaweed-green, one Flemish, with cushions of écru, green, pink, and deep red coloring; one medium oak—a mixed assortment, but each a special favorite of some one of our small family or friends. I intend to get a big, stout library table in weathered oak.

Maybe we can afford to have the living-room finished in oak. My experience with ingrain paper has been that the yellows keep their color well, while the greens fade. Would green burlap fade? I am tired of green. I love yellow or terra-cotta. I want plain walls.

G. MAC M.

The following suggestions are offered:

The ordinary pine can be stained the color of Belgian oak (the brown shade you desire),

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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

but pine is pine, not oak, and the stained pine will resemble the oak in color only. Yet it is sometimes very effective, and will doubtless serve your purpose quite as well as the other wood.

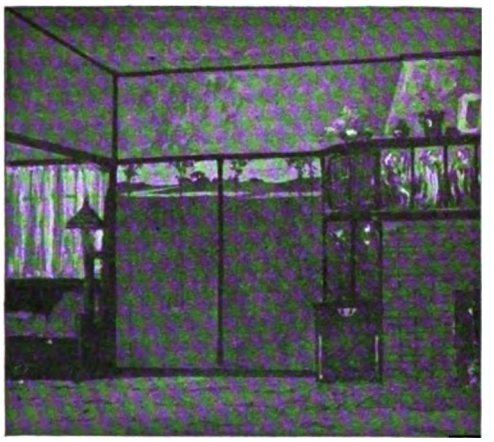
As yellow appeals to you so strongly it would be well to use it in one of the two rooms you are planning to furnish. We would suggest using it in the dining-room, partly because the dining-room has a northern exposure, and partly for the reason that a restful color is better suited to a living-room which is used constantly. Yellow is sunshiny and cheerful, and particularly adapted to a dining-room, while greens, browns, and neutral colors are more "livable," and make a finer setting for books, pictures, and the many other things that find a place in a library. Color plays a very important part in our happiness; there is a temperamental side as well as an artistic side to the question of color. Terra-cotta being a favorite with you, why not choose that for the living-room. A good shade of terra-cotta is excellent, but a little difficult to procure. Your brick fireplace and your oriental rugs must be kept in mind while making your selection. It would be an easy thing to mar the room at the outset if the walls were out of scale.

Yellow cartridge paper would be effective in the dining-room, if you are fortunate enough to find a strong yellow. Most yellow cartridge paper that comes to our notice is pale and decidedly lacking in tone. Fiber paper would be better than cartridge. A good calcimine on rough plaster would be excellent and quite inexpensive. For the living-room fiber or burlap is advised; terra-cotta can of course be secured in calcimine, but only after a long siege with the "calcimine man" and the wasting of much time in endless "mixing."

In answer to your question about the fading of cartridge paper and burlap, the greens will fade eventually in either case; they grow more olive with time, but where the fading is general this does not seem to us a disadvantage. Old paper and even old calcimine have a depth and softness that are very desirable, and which make new colors seem quite crude.

Furnishing a Studio

Will you kindly advise me in regard to furnishing a studio. It is a room twenty-one by twenty-four feet, second story (at the top of building), with no other building or trees to obstruct or reflect. Walls eight and one-half feet high. The length of studio runs east and west, and it has a double window and skylight



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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

continued above, almost to the center of roof, on the north side; width of window and skylight, six feet. Besides this light there are four other windows, two on the east end and two on south side. What kind of goods and what color would be best to curtain off light from sides? The room is extremely warm in summer. Between the double window and skylight is a space of about two feet. I have placed a shelf just above the window casing and arranged casts, pottery, etc., on it. Do you think this space between the double window and skylight would affect or injure the light?

I should like you to tell me exactly what color you think best for walls, floor, and woodwork. It is now papered in a light terra-cotta cartridge paper, with stained oak woodwork. The floor is covered with matting in the natural straw color with an odd dash of color now and then, but as the matting is much worn and soiled, I mean to have a new covering. I should like the room to be artistic, the walls and floor a harmonious background for the various drawings, paintings, sketches, and old relics, and odd things, such as a reel, spinning-wheel, old brass, and old china. I am sure it is possible to make it a very pleasing and artistic room.

I have one large round table of no particular beauty, but need it in the room. Please suggest a cover for it; also suggest arrangements for shelves. The studio is reached by a flight of steps from the outside. The whole building is of wood, very plain and unpretentious. Kindly write me what color would be suitable for the outside. The building is in a big garden of vegetables. A. L. B.

With so much sunlight in your studio, terra-cotta is too warm a color for the walls. A deep green, rather olive in tone, would be effective, with woodwork painted a darker shade of green. Matting for the floor may be obtained in green, and this for your purpose would be better than terry. When you wish to have the floor treated so you can use rugs the room will be vastly improved.

As your studio is a work-a-day one, a simple

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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

curtain scheme is advocated. Screen the light just enough to obtain the best results for your painting. Some thin material in green (one of the English muslins) with inner curtains of white would be cool in summer and attractive at all seasons. A shelf extending the length of the room, about seven inches in width, is better than a series of small shelves. The height of the shelf depends on the placing of your pictures. It must be either so low that your paintings may be hung above it, or so high that they may be hung beneath it. In a living-room the low shelf is usually better. In your studio the high shelf would be more effective. The old china, pewter, etc., would then be quite out of the way, and while sufficiently decorative, would not appear to be placed against the walls solely for decoration.

Any harmonious cover would do for the big table. If the table were a good one it would be better to leave it bare.

We cannot advise you in regard to the outside color for your studio, knowing nothing about the surrounding buildings.

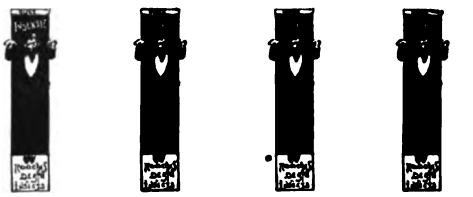
Library and Parlor

I intend to repaint, paper, and carpet my library, which is twelve by twelve feet and nine feet high, and parlor which is fourteen by fourteen feet and nine feet high. The rooms have a southwest exposure, and are flooded with sunlight all day long. As windows are wide (forty inches) delicate shades are soon faded.

My furniture is nearly all mahogany or black walnut. Will you advise me as to paint, paper, and carpet. H. C. D.

With rooms so sunny, cool colors are advised. Green would be effective for the library and blue for the parlor. For the library a plain

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paper is suggested, and in the parlor a fiber paper in a stripe. With walls nine feet high no frieze is needed. Against these colors the black wainut and the mahogany would be in harmony. It would be well to separate the woods, keeping one room in walnut and one in mahogany.

White paint and bare floors with rugs are recommended in both rooms. Muslin curtains with outer hangings in decorators' taffeta, of a plain color like the walls, would be most effective in your rooms.

Wall-Papers

Will you kindly let me know the best way in which to have a new moderate-priced home papered; by this I mean the most practical as well as effective.

The front door opens into a large reception-hall, fourteen by twenty-two, with two sliding five-foot doors opening into the dining-room and library just back of the hall; dimensions of these two rooms, fifteen by sixteen, and fifteen by seventeen, respectively. Woodwork of all natural pine, hard-oiled. Are plain or figured papers used? I have read that plain walls and lighter plain ceilings should be used; if so, where is the molding placed, and where the picture-molding? What style of moldings?

L. J. F.

Whether one uses figured or plain papers is a matter that cannot be determined by fashion. The style of architecture, size of rooms, nature of contents must all be taken into consideration in selecting wall hangings.

Where there are many pictures and much bric-à-brac, plain papers are more effective than figured ones. Again, something depends on the woodwork. With a high wainscoting, a paper in a bold design is often attractive, whereas, with a simple baseboard a solid background would be a better choice.

So many conditions must be reckoned on in deciding this question, that it is not possible for us to advise satisfactorily without a definite plan of the rooms.

Often a figured paper is recommended in the hall or dining-room with a plain paper in the living-room. In the usual house, it is well to use both plain and figured papers. A plain wall is restful and is therefore particularly desirable in a living-room. A figured paper in a strong design is in itself a sufficient wall decoration, and needs no pictures. In fact, most figured walls make a bad background for pictures.

Your letter gives us only the length and breadth of your rooms. We can suggest a color scheme, but cannot advise you about a hanging

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without knowing the height. If the walls are low no friezes are needed. We send you samples of three papers which seem to us particularly good. These colors could be reproduced in stain or calcimines, and be much less expensive. The yellow should be placed in the room with limited light, the green in the lightest room, and the golden brown in the third room. These colors may be found in cartridge paper, but all cartridge papers fade more or less.

Curtains

Will you kindly advise me as to curtains for bay-window on stair landing in hall? The window has a northwest exposure. Woodwork white enamel, walls strong red tapestry paper. The hall is furnished after colonial designs. There is a window-seat in bay. Also, what kind of curtains shall I use in a triple window in living-room, opening off hall. The window has an east exposure. The walls of living-room are plain green and the woodwork white enamel. Wilton rug is a mingled design of red and tan. Would red or green sash-curtains of raw silk be suitable? A. D.

There are many ways to curtain a window, but THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL usually advises the simple form of a sash-curtain with outer hangings the color of the walls. With a bay-window a simple valance with straight breadths at the side is an effective arrangement.

The outer hanging in the red hall should be red, the inner hanging, or more properly speaking, curtain, to be of colonial net, muslin, or nainsook.

The triple windows in the living-room should, we think, be treated in like manner. Curtains of raw silk in green, or in some figured material combining green and tan and red, would be effective.

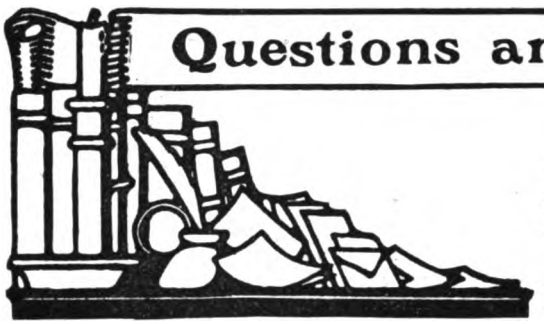
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Questions and Answers



The editor of this department will be glad to describe in detail the decoration of a single room, or to give general suggestions for several rooms, in reply to each letter. But it is necessary to charge a small fee for detailed plans for an entire floor or for the house as a whole. Replies cannot be sent by mail, but will be printed in these columns as soon as possible.

Furnishing a House

Kindly suggest a furnishing scheme for our new home. The house is one of our very familiar porch-front style with a little grass terrace in front with side and back yard, the former clear through to the street. Front north, side west.

We propose furnishing only the living-room, hall, the stairway up to the bend to the third floor, the upper hall, and the bedroom. As we are to make it a living-room-hall, will it not be better to furnish this and the dining-room next in black oak, particularly as our means are limited, and good mahogany pieces so much higher? One of my perplexities is in regard to the woodwork in the living-room and dining-room. If we furnish in black oak should the floors, stairway, and woodwork be black oak, too? I am fearful of making it too somber. We propose to bench the alcove around the front window back of the pillared arch; also to have two benches at right angles to the fireplace and to have a hooded mantel with a shelf below devoted exclusively to pewter. Would this be in keeping? I thought of a bric-à-brac shelf near the ceiling, too. I have no bric-â-brac as yet beyonda few pieces of Rookwood. What would you suggest? I am fearful of having too much dark pottery here, too. Would the lighter gilded pieces be out of place with pottery and in a room like this? I have a number of platinum reproductions to hang in the hall, and some water-colors for the bedroom. I would like the bedroom in mahogany. Would brass or mahogany bed be preferable? White woodwork or stained to match mahogany? Will you kindly take the trouble to suggest an entire furnishing scheme for these three rooms? M. MC B.

The color scheme suggested for the lower floor is as follows:

With black oak furniture and black oak woodwork, deep yellow for the dining-room, and a strong but not vivid green for the living-room-hall.

The shelf of pewter will be very effective against the green, and an agreeable effect of sunshine will be gained by placing a shelf of brass in the darkest part of the room. Copper is also very harmonious with green, but it is not wise to use three metals in one room. A little pure yellow pottery (some of the plain Japanese pieces) could be used in this room. Yellow in the upholstery and a little mandarin-orange are advised in the hall, to relieve the somber effect of so much oak. We think the oak you are planning to use will be very attractive, but good pieces are not cheaper than relative pieces in mahogany.

We like the arrangement of your hall very much. Our advice would be not to curtain the pillars in any way, and to limit the portières to the doors. Green corduroy or decorator's taffeta would be best; the former, we think, in this case. The material for walls would better be fiber paper for hall, or cartridge if you do not wish the expense of fiber (the latter costing from forty cents to one dollar and twenty-five cents a roll, the cartridge from twenty cents to forty cents). An excellent yellow can be obtained in calcimine, far better than in cartridge, and better than the usual fibers. A pale yellow ceiling is suggested for both rooms. This will bind them together, and the dark woodwork can take them well. Pale yellow curtains are advised for both rooms; plain yellow in the dining-room, and a figured material in hall, combining yellow and green, and possibly a little orange.

Unless you secure a piece of real old tapestry, we should not advise a tapestry panel. A figured material in strong design and strong colors could be stretched across the space and would be effective.

For bedroom, either a brass or mahogany bed would be fitting. We like the white painted iron bedsteads better than the usual brass ones. The iron ones are of course very much cheaper than mahogany ones. White painted woodwork is advised here, and a quaint, flowered paper,

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pink predominating, unless you have a preference for some other color.

The Gustave Stickley furniture will be very effective in your room. The woodwork in that case should be in harmony with the tones of the wood—not so black as Flemish oak.

The curtains you are planning should be placed against the window, rather than outlining the arch. Bookshelves in the inglenook, and the pine Stickley settle in a plain space in another part of the hall is advised.

The "hat-rack" question is always perplexing. A table for hats near the door is good, and an old-fashioned "tree" similar to the posts of a four-post bedstead, standing on three feet, and having big brass spikes for coats.

This tree does not take up much room, and holds a good many coats. A coat closet is the ideal thing for "family wraps." A settle with a box seat and lid is a convenient place for overshoes, etc., but you have seats and benches enough in the hall.

The brownish tones of the Stickley leather would be beautiful on the walls of your living-room-hall, although green would not conflict at all. But it should be a green that tones in with the green of the furniture, or possibly your Stickley pieces are not on the green order, but are rather on the bronze-brown tones.

The yellow and orange shades advised still hold good. For the dining-room a stain for woodwork similar to that in the hall is suggested. A soft sage-green filling would be attractive in the bedroom. A paper with Japanese wisteria in natural colors with many green leaves is a dainty, unusual wall hanging for a bedroom. Mauve in that case is the color for the small furnishings of the room. A Japanese matting is also effective with such a scheme and Japanese rugs, if the right colors are secured, are also in line.

The choice of oriental rugs for the lower floor is of course admissible.

Three Bedrooms

Will you kindly tell me how to furnish three bedrooms? The woodwork in all of them is pine in the natural finish, but I am willing to paint it if it is best.

I would like to know what is the proper color for each one, and what is the best furniture. One is fourteen by fifteen with a southeast exposure; a large tower on the southeast corner with three windows furnishes the light, making a light sunny room all day. The mantel is bird's-eye maple, and stands in the northwest corner; the tiles are a pale rose color; there are but two doors, one into a closet and one into a hall. What color shall I use in the paper? Shall I have a frieze or not, and how and with what color shall I treat the floor? What kind of furniture will look best, maple like the mantel or solid mahogany? This is a family room.

The second room is a large room fourteen by seventeen and one-half, with straight sides broken by two doors and two large windows, one facing west and the other south. It is sunny most of the day, as there are no houses near to shut off the light. What color shall I use on the wall and floor, and in the fancy furnishings, such as sofa, pillows, etc? This is a guest-room. What kind of furniture, oak, maple, or mahogany? Shall I leave the woodwork in the pine finish? If I paint it, what color should it be? Do dark-framed pictures go with all furnishings?

The third room is also a guest-room, is on the west side of the house with two west windows, one just a little to the south, gets the sun all the afternoon. What color is best for this room, for wall-paper and carpet or rugs, and what should the furniture be?

The floors are all pine, and I would like to know if you would have me treat them in some way, or lay hardwood. I have a brass bedstead and a dresser, commode, table, and rocker in solid mahogany, which I would like to use. Which room and color will they go with best? The hall has an east and north light into which these rooms open. N. M. G.

First bedroom, fourteen by fifteen, soft green; second bedroom, fourteen by seventeen, pink; third bedroom, yellow, or yellow combined with violet. The woodwork in these rooms would better be painted white or a deep moss-green.

One room at least (the third bedroom) should have green paint. The use of violet in this room is simply offered as a suggestion. Green-painted furniture, or green-stained furniture, curtains of plain violet, and a paper of Japanese wisteria and green leaves, with a very pale yellow ceiling, Japanese yellow pottery on the wash-stand, and yellow curtains possibly rather than lavender, if you find at the end that yellow is more harmonious, is the scheme recommended. Japanese rugs on Japanese matting are advised for the floor.

The other guest-room would be effective in pink. The question of a plain or figured wall-paper is almost as difficult to decide in a bedroom as in a living-room. If the room is to be used as a sitting-room, the walls should be plain, as the big-flowered papers, no matter how attractive in color and design, lack restfulness. In the guest-room, one of the quaint flowered papers would be effective, and pink is advised. The colonial stripes with flowered bands are

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very pretty indeed, and can be found in cretonnes and chintzes.

Mahogany furniture would be best in this room. The small things you ask about, the sofa pillows, etc., would better be in plain pink if the walls are figured.

The floor in this room, and in all the rooms, need not be stained, unless you prefer a mahogany colored floor. A good pine floor treated systematically with Butcher's polish soon grows to be a thing of beauty.

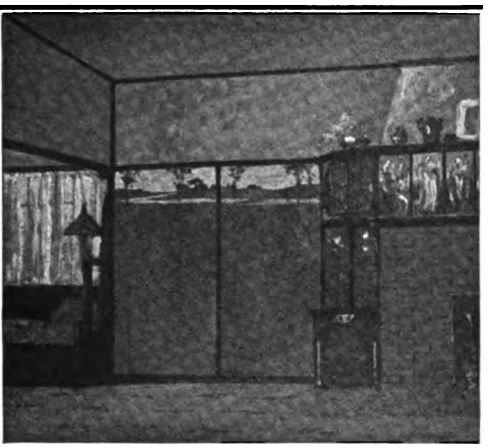
Japanese rugs in old pinks, or if you can afford it, oriental ones, will be charming here. In the family room, a soft, but not pale, green is advised. This is always restful. Touches of old-rose in curtains, upholstery, etc., will lead up to the tiles. The curtains of sheer muslin would be effective with outer hangings of cretonne combining green and rose. The furnishings should be kept as simple as possible. The furniture should be either mahogany or bird's-eye maple (like the mantel).

We are inclined towards the mahogany as being the wiser choice. It will outlast the maple and always be in place. You do not give the height of your walls, but we venture to say that you do not need friezes in any of the rooms. The ceilings, save in the second guest-room, should be cream color. The brass bedsteads would better be placed in the pink room.

The picture question is not given half enough attention, when it comes to the bedrooms. In many houses, the cast-off photographs and "paintings" that hardly deserve attic-room are relegated to the bedrooms, and many otherwise charming rooms are spoiled.

A Brown Room

Our house is being built over, and the dining-room, 19½ feet long by 12 or 13 feet wide, has two west windows, oak finish, wainscoted about five feet high. Would you suggest Flemish finish in this room? If so, how shall I paper above wainscot? This dining-room opens from the hall and sitting-room, or back parlor. The hall and staircase will be of oak, and what finish and what color scheme can you suggest here? The hall is a south front, west side with plenty of strong light. The parlors are already finished in oak, which I intend to have painted ivory-white. The two rooms have a wide opening with a hard-wood pillar on a white base on either side. The back parlor contains a very good wood mantel in oak. I had thought of green in these rooms in wall-paper. Ceilings are ten feet. Where shall I have the picture



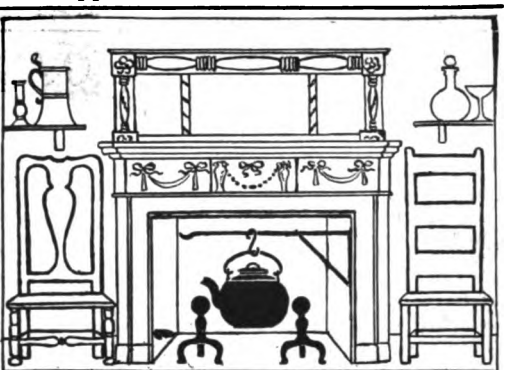
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NEW YORK CHICAGO BOSTON

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

molding placed in these rooms, and shall I paper with a border below the ceiling?

Do you think the polished oak pillars and oak mantel would be good with the white woodwork and green walls, or would it be better to have the mantel refinished in cherry or mahogany?

The library, opening out from the back parlor, will have an inglenook brick mantel, and I intend to finish this room with soft pine, and paint. I had thought of dark green woodwork and floor, soft brown side walls, and the ceiling between the beams a bright red. This color scheme was suggested to me; what do you think of it? If I carry out this plan for the library, what would you suggest for the table and other furniture for this room? The book-shelves are built for the room. M. T. S.

With Flemish oak woodwork in your dining-room we would suggest a paper of deep red, a crimson perhaps. This would harmonize with the green of the adjoining rooms. In the parlor a better effect will be gained by keeping the woodwork in one tone. Painting the wainscoting white and leaving the oak pillars and mantel in their natural state does not impress us as being a good plan. All white paint or all oak would be our advice, preferably the latter. Green wall hangings would be effective in both rooms. The molding should be placed at the angle of wall and ceiling, and no frieze should be used.

We like your plan for the library, except the red between the beams. Red and brown seldom look well together. Sometimes a scarlet is effective with a certain shade of brown, but we should not care to recommend the combination unless we knew all the conditions. Yellow—a very deep yellow—would be a safer color to use on the ceiling. The scheme for the brown walls is admirable. No color combines so well with green, and none is so easy to handle. Brown, green, and yellow are a very harmonious trio, and are recommended to the limited purse.

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MRS. CLARA G. COLLINS Western Springs, Illinois

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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

A California House With Redwood

Will you kindly suggest a color scheme for a reception-hall, parlor, and billiard-room connecting with each other by sliding doors? The hall is 10 by 12, the parlor 14 by 22, and the billiard-room 16 by 22. The hall and parlor face west, while the billiard-room faces east and west. The western windows are casement with book-shelves built in under them, while the eastern are long. All the woodwork of the three rooms is the curly redwood, simply waxed and polished. This gives a very beautiful color if viewed merely as color; whether it will combine well with other colors in wall-paper I am not so sure. The tint is a warm pale red, which deepens with time.

The hall and billiard-room are paneled with the wood as high as the doors, while the rest of the wall is to be finished by papering or tinting as the case may be. The ceiling of the billiard-room is finished with redwood beams. The walls of the parlor will have to be papered as this room is an old one and the plastering is streaked. The house is an old one, remodeled. The hall and billiard-room are additions. The floors are oak. Will you tell me what color to stain them, as I wish to use rugs instead of carpeting? Also, will you suggest some style of mantel for the parlor and billiard-room, which will harmonize with the redwood finish? I shall have to buy entirely new furniture.

The dining-room faces east. The woodwork is redwood, but not so beautifully grained as that of the other rooms. It could be stained any color. Will you tell me some pretty way of finishing the walls? L. M.

In answer to your letter requesting a color scheme for the lower floor of your house the following suggestions are offered:

Reception-room and hall, green; parlor, yellow; billiard-room, golden brown, or reddish brown shading into the color of the woodwork.

The woodwork of your house is doubtless beautiful, and the colors should be chosen accordingly. The green is advised for hall and

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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

could be a stain or calcimine. Above such high paneling a plain rather than a figured wall is always best; burlap could be used if preferred.

The bright green of the billiard-tables has to be taken into account in furnishing and planning a billiard-room. Unfortunately it is not an easy shade of green to handle. If it were a good groen, a similar shade would be effective on the walls.

Usually the red-browns and yellow-browns are more harmonious with the tables, and in your case would look exceedingly well with the woodwork. The redwood should be taken as a guide for the stain or burlap and had better be darker rather than lighter than the wood. For ceilings in the hall and billiard-room we should advise a rough plaster several degrees lighter than the side walls.

With plain walls in the hall and billiard-room, a figured hanging would be an agreeable change; for the parlor, either a yellow stripe or a figured paper. If you prefer, yellow could be reserved for your dining-room, which we note has an eastern exposure, and goblein-blue could be used in the parlor. Both colors are excellent with redwood. With blue walls a deep cream-colored ceiling is best.

The mantels in the rooms under consideration should be, we should say, of redwood, in designs in harmony with the woodwork. Yellow tiles in the parlor and yellow or red-brown ones in the billiard-room would be attractive.

The furniture for the house is a difficult question to answer. Furniture of mahogany would, we fear, not blend with the woodwork unless especially stained for the house. Possibly cherry furniture would harmonize. Black oak, on the other hand, would be almost too harsh, although in the dining-room, with deep yellow walls, it might be effective. Furniture of redwood would appear to be best, toned down with upholstery—green in the hall and red-brown in the library. The silvery blue shades of gobelin would be very pretty with redwood. We would advise leaving the floors in natural oak, literally covered with rugs.

A Plate and a Goose Platter

I have a piece of that mongrel English-Chinese ware described in an article printed in THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL a few months ago, and called "Over Colonial Tea-cups," and I would like your assistance in placing it. It is not exactly round, but twelve-sided, and of a beautiful blue on a white ground, and has what we would

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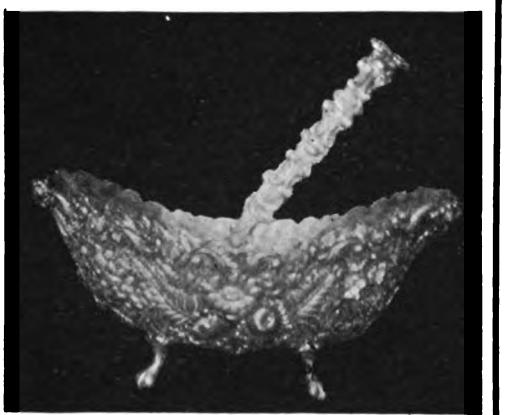
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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

call a Renaissance border and four clusters of roses, mark you, with chrysanthemum leaves and buds. Then the center has a small pagoda in the background with a tree that looks as though it might intend to bear curtain tassels. The pagoda is small and very pretty. There appears a very pretty bridge graceful and thrown across water; on it are two individuals, one evidently the owner of the pagoda, who is crossing to meet a guest with a parasol—Chinese. The owner of the pagoda carries a handkerchief very gracefully in his hand, and the caller extends his left hand, his right being taken up with his parasol. There is a very beautiful vase with flowers larger than itself, the vase having large bird handles, and two figures, a man and a woman, drawn with no regard to perspective. On the back of the plate are the words, "John Alcock, Celeste, Cobridge," in blue. It is one of the wedding set of my great-aunt. I have what is reputed to be one of the first set of Queensware to arrive in America, a goose platter, just heavy, coarse crockery, with a very dark, rough blue border. It is a sort of oval square, and was my grandmother's grandmother's. No marks whatever are on it, just a number stamped in the china. I have, too, a piece of silver luster, a sugar basin, with fluted sides and a tiny handle simulated in the top of the cover, a very quaint though entirely useless appendage. It has pretty, graceful handles at the side and is perfect.

F. S.

Your plate was made at Cobridge, England, about sixty years ago. Little is known of John Alcock, although many fine plates bearing his name are in existence. Some of the pieces are marked "John Alcock," others have an imprint of "J. & G. Alcock." An Alcock pitcher recently seen bore the mark you speak of, and was picked up in Nantucket; a plate with a similar design, bearing the name of "J. & G. Alcock," was marked "Scinde." Both pieces were flowing blue, as we imagine your plate is.

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Questions and Answers



The editor of this department will be glad to describe in detail the decoration of a single room, or to give general suggestions for several rooms, in reply to each letter. But it is necessary to charge a small fee for detailed plans for an entire floor or for the house as a whole. Replies will be sent by mail if stamps are enclosed.

The editor begs that questions be as concise as possible and written on one side of the paper only. The name of sender should be written on plans and letters.

Plans for a House

My house is twenty-two feet wide, faces north, and I wish to have the most practical and artistic results without great expense.

Since the halls will be without much light, would you advise yellow for the walls, or would you use pictorial paper? The woodwork will be white, with the top rail of the staircase in mahogany or red birch.

What color would you advise in parlor and library? They will be separated by wainscoting and columns, after the illustration in THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL album. What hangings? Where can I put the hot-water radiators so that they will be least objectionable? I wish to have them concealed under a seat in some way. In the library could the coil not go under the window?

The fireplaces in the two rooms will correspond with the white woodwork, and will be colonial.

I wish to avoid the chandelier, but I don't want dimly lighted rooms; electric light will be used; what style side fixtures do you advise?

Just inside the door leading from the library to dining-room there is an irregular space. Could not the floor of the dining-room be raised, as the ceilings of the other rooms are lowered, and the step or steps fill in that space? Should not the opening into dining-room be rather wide?

I want sliding doors between these rooms—I should like doors of leaded glass—clear or opaque. Kindly give me some suggestions regarding the glass doors. I have seen them on one or two old houses, and the effect was good.

I should also like advice concerning built-in bookcases for the library. The furniture will be mahogany for the entire house.

Shall I use leaded glass in the windows? and would you advise casement style?

With such a light dining-room, would green be a good color for the walls? What kind of hangings should I use at the windows?

The second and third floors are practically alike. I should like suggestions for furnishing three of the bedrooms. The front room on second floor is to be used as a bedroom and private sitting-room. Do you think pink would be suitable for this room? K. R. P.

The first question regarding the heating and lighting of your house can be better answered by your architect than by us. Hot-water radiators can be arranged under window-seats, and in two or three houses we have seen this plan successfully carried out. It needs a competent designer to handle the scheme, however. The volume of heat is less than when open radiators are used. As your house will be provided with fireplaces, this will perhaps not be an objection.

Side lights of good design are preferable to the usual central lights. Metal fixtures corresponding with the hardware of the room are best—iron, brass, or copper, as the case may be. A few years ago it was difficult to find good designs in either gas or electric fixtures unless they were made to order. Now very satisfactory ones may be obtained.

The plan of the raised floor seems to us a good one, so does the scheme of the staircase; but again we should advise the services of the architect. Dutch doors instead of sliding ones are suggested for the wide opening. We are familiar with the "old glass door" you speak of, but it does not seem quite in place here.

Built-in bookcases are of several varieties. The European way of arranging a library is to have the shelves form a part of the construction of the room; they are literally "built in," so that the bindings of the books are flush with the walls. Built-in bookcases in this country are usually "built-out" affairs. Low cases line the available wall space to the height of three or three and one-half feet. The upper part of the case forms a shelf, which, when not cluttered with a lot of bric-à-brac, becomes quite a decorative feature in the room. The first scheme is ideal for the housing of a large collection of books. In the usual house where the so-called "library" is usually a living-room, the second arrangement is better.

The paneled wainscot of mahogany will be

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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

very effective in the dining-room of your house. The high paneling will leave little space for paper, but this need not necessarily change your plan of using green. The green should be plain and strong, and repeated between the beams, if you use a beamed ceiling. A paneled ceiling of mahogany will be more in keeping with the treatment of the side walls. As the room is very light, this would not appear dark or heavy. We like the paneling very much, also the cabinets. The marble facing of the mantel, however, is a bit faulty, and the andirons are not sufficiently simple. A word more in regard to the mantel. The wooden part of this is good, so good, in fact, that we think the marble should be discarded. An entire wooden mantel with a facing of green tiles would be a vast improvement. The Grueby tiles would be very fine here, and the beautiful woodwork seems to justify the expense.

We see no reason why the windows cannot be placed as you desire. Plain leaded glass will be better than opaque glass. The soft yellow globes for the electric lights will be very harmonious. We like all your suggestions for this room except the pillars between library and dining-room. A door seems a necessity here. A Dutch door can be made narrow if desired, and will be much more in line with the room than a portière, hung between pillars.

It will take a very skilful designer to cope with a combination mantel and radiator. The original plan of the window-seat concealing the coils is better.

For the dark hall we would suggest a hand-blocked, yellow paper of colonial design. The papers which revive the old hand-blocked designs are especially suited to a house like yours. The paper inclosed is a reproduction of a wall hanging in an old New England mansion. This design is also printed in green, blue, and an old-fashion crimson—the latter being a color not often seen in the shops.

In the library, if the walls are lined with books, no paper is necessary. With low bookcases a plain hanging of deep russet is excellent. In the parlor, a colonial paper of formal design is advised—one that combines well with both hall and library.

There are so many pleasing schemes for bedrooms in a colonial house that it is sometimes hard to make a choice. The glazed chintzes and the glazed papers, the latter printed from blocks, are charming. There are stripes and old basket designs, and roses against latticed backgrounds, all of which are ideal for the purpose. One paper has purple morning-glories of various tones, growing against a green lattice. For the bedroom, used as a sitting-room, a plain wall is better than a figured one. An old pink will be effective in this room, with draperies in old pink and ivory.

Alterations

We have just purchased a large brick house, built eighteen years ago; it is in a good state of preservation, but the walls and woodwork are just as they were when completed; it is two-story with wing and cellar, or basement; is built on city plan, first floor one step below ground level, with stone steps leading up the front. We shall tear away these stairs, and have inside open stairway, and build a new porch.

The reception-room will have an open oak stairway, with post to support, and grille work at top, also railing from post to wall, making a vestibule, although open. The woodwork in this room now is grained oak with dark molding.

Dining-room will have open stairway at one end. The chimney is not built for fireplace or grate; do you think it would spoil draft? Woodwork in this room is grained cherry: we may put in hard pine stairway; would you grain or stain stairway? or would you tear off woodwork and put in wood like stairway?

When you go up from the reception-room you come up facing the double windows, where the double doors are now. I thought to have a seat built under these windows, and instead of having a solid partition between hall and parlor, to panel up say three feet, then have pillars to ceiling. The woodwork in both parlors and stair-hall is good, but it is grained dark. I thought first to paint it with white enamel paint, but how would that look with the oak stairs?

Please give me suggestions as to furniture, rugs, etc.; everything will have to be new. Is it necessary to have woodwork of all furniture alike? For instance, would the wood of furniture have to be like the piano? J. H. B.

We have taken up the rooms in turn as described in your letter. *Dining-room.* Your architect can tell you better than we can whether a grate will be practicable. As the staircase will not be placed in this room, the question of changing the woodwork is not involved. "Grained cherry," however, is never desirable, and if you make radical alterations in the woodwork of the house, this should be changed. Paint would help matters decidedly. The room could be quite transformed by painting the woodwork dark green.

Parlor and Hall. The woodwork here seems the gravest question; grained cherry and oak cannot be used together. White enamel paint would remedy the difficulty, and this would not be out of harmony with a staircase of oak. Painting the treads of the stairway white would also be an improvement. The little sketch you

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have made on the margin shows a good and practical idea. The grille between the parlor we are a little doubtful of. The usual grille is very poor. If you have a designer who can produce something exceptional it might be used. By "exceptional," we mean something "exceptionally simple." A plain lattice design is sometimes effective; but unless the opening is abnormally high, we should not advocate a grille.

It is not necessary that the furniture should be alike throughout the house. The same general style should be followed in each room. Mahogany for the parlors and sitting-room would be the best choice. Your plan of purchasing one piece of good furniture at a time is far better than buying all the furniture at once and having it of an inferior quality.

The samples of paper which you have sent are lacking in tone, and have an over-supply of gold. If green is your choice for the parlor, we would suggest a two-toned paper of good design without gold. As a rule, gold papers should be carefully avoided. The reception-hall paper has an excellent background, and this color, in a plain hanging would be very effective, if white paint is not used; with white it would seem a little muddy. The papers contemplated for the sitting-room and dining-room have the same fault as the parlor papers. They are not strong enough in color, the patterns are too broken, and they are too heavily carved with gold. They are, moreover, poor backgrounds for pictures. You are planning to make such extensive changes in the construction of the house that we feel that it would be a pity to mar the good results with faulty wall hangings.

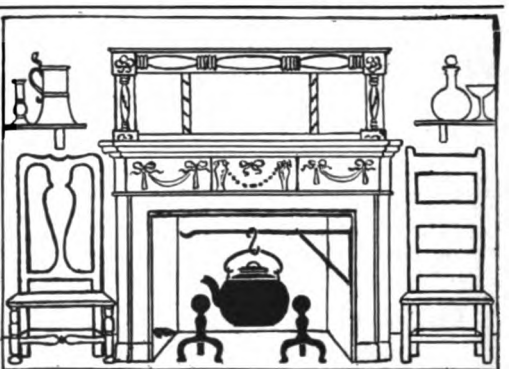
Books on Decoration

Will you give me a price for the following books, in part, and also for all. If within my means I would like to purchase the entire list, viz.: "Decoration of Houses," by Edith Wharton and Ogden Codman; "American Interiors," published by James R. Osgood; "Household Art," by Mrs. Candace Wheeler; volumes by George H. Polley, of Boston. "Successful Houses," and "Book of One Hundred Houses." F. L. L.

"The Decoration of Houses," by Edith Wharton and Ogden Codman, Jr., $2.50. "Household Art," $1.00 (without illustrations). "Successful Houses," $1.50. "The Book of One Hundred Houses," $3.50.

The volumes published by George H. Polley, of Boston, are large folios of plates without text. The volumes referred to in these columns have been the ones devoted to colonial interiors, and

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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

to colonial doors and porches. The list is a long one, and for further particulars we would suggest writing to Mr. Polley. "American Interiors," by Charles Eliot is out of print, and we doubt if it can be purchased at any of the book stores.

A Mining Cabin

Your magazine has been of great general interest to me and, as we are now planning to build, I desire to take advantage of your offer to answer questions in your columns.

The plan is to build a cabin at our mines in the mountains of northern California, to be constructed with material at hand, the products of the sawmill and forests on the property, with bark-covered pine slabs for outside finish. Fireplace of cobble-stones in center of large room; no other divisions.

Information desired in the question and answer column.

1. What height should ceiling of large room be? (Ceiling to be rough finish of rafters and beams.)

2. How would you advise placing rafters and beams?

3. Would pine rafters oiled, and side walls stained green, be a good combination? If so, what shades?

4. Could you furnish samples of burlap in green as a substitute for the stained walls, and suggest inexpensive materials and designs for draperies and coverings for chairs, seats, and cushions?

5. How should floor be finished? It can be made only of soft pine or fir.

6. Will use rag rugs for large room. What coloring?

7. Can you suggest style of roof and slant? Must be built to bear heavy weight of snow.

8. Can you suggest how to finish walls and ceilings of bedrooms? They will be plain sealed; one blue, to tone with sample; the other pinks and greens of Japanese cherry blossom: the latter room will have bamboo screen, table, chairs, etc., and split bamboo for finishing walls.

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MRS. CLARA G. COLLINS Western Springs, Illinois

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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

9. Should woodwork and ceiling in Japanese room be oiled or painted white? E. T. A.

We have answered your questions in order. 1. From the plans you send us, we should advise low ceilings. In the big room, walls nine or nine and a half feet high are recommended. 2. The man who builds your house will doubtless be equal to constructing the beaming. If a second story is contemplated, the beams will serve as a foundation for the floor of the room above. 3. Green side walls will be very effective. We inclose a few bits of green as suggestions. 4. The samples sent are all of burlap, so the third answer covers this question. Burlap is expensive and hardly in line in a rustic cabin. Rough plaster stained will be more in keeping with the character of the house. There are many inexpensive cotton materials that will make charming coverings for chairs, draperies, cushions, etc. Japanese prints are good, and so are many of the India cottons. We imagine that in your city many attractive Chinese and Japanese textiles may be found. A few years ago Japanese cotton crêpes in pine-needle designs in greens

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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

and browns could be picked up in San Francisco for a trifle. They are delightful in color. The blue and white cotton crêpes are commonest of all, and exceedingly effective. Blue and green are very pleasing together when other colors are not introduced. 5. The floor question is a wide one. An oiled floor of either fir or pine would be durable, and in harmony with stained walls and open beams. 6. The rag rug should repeat in a general way the colors of the room. 7. This question can be solved by your builder, better than by us. Japanese grass-cloth or the split bamboo fiber would be effective on the walls of the blue bedroom. We are not familiar with the prices of the bamboo fiber, but grass-cloth in this part of the country is expensive. 9. The woodwork of a Japanese room should be painted.

Changes in an Old House

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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

corner of house, has large double doors, of black walnut, with colored glass of conventional pattern. The front hall, with a colonial winding staircase, will be painted white and enameled, the treads of stairs only being stippled to correspond as nearly as possible with the mahogany rail and upright rods. It is proposed to paper the hall in a tapestry paper, with blues and greens predominating, but also containing several shades of brown; but this is simply a suggestion. Both halls, parlor, dining-room, and library are to have oak floors, living-room to be carpeted. Parlor is to be painted in white enamel also, with white colonial mantel. As it is a rather large room, what kind of paper would give a dainty effect?

All lower floor rooms have heavy plaster cornices, and windows on both floors are plate glass, two-sash, cherry sash. The ceilings will will probably be tinted, not papered.

Dining-room is finished in natural cherry, rather dark. New mantel should likewise be of cherry. Room having northwest exposure, would a plain green be best for this room?

Dark or center hall connecting dining-room and library will probably be finished in cherry.

Library with built-in bookcases and high mantel of black walnut is finished in black walnut. As light is somewhat diminished by porch, and exposure is northeast, it should have a cheerful color. Is red best for this room?

Living-room, the sunniest and pleasantest in the house, has good light, and is to be finished presumably in oak, not stained too dark.

French window opens from corner of living room, upon the porch. This living-room is to be carpeted, either with a regular figured carpet or one color carpet, with rug.

On the second floor all floors to be of soft pine, and all bedrooms except one over living room to have large rugs. Latter will probably have small ones.

All painted woodwork to be white enamel. Only hard wood on this floor is the ash wardrobes in middle hall, and rear bathroom, finished wainscoting 4 feet, in cheap cherry. This will probably be painted in white enamel, leaving wardrobes only hard wood on this floor.



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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

It is desired to make the house as harmonious as possible, and yet not too elaborate. We have Venetian blinds for windows, both floors; should they be retained?

The furniture in parlor and dining-room will probably be mahogany, and in the bedrooms oak. H. W.

The alterations for the hall of your house as indicated in your letter call for no special comment. They seem to us exceedingly good. You doubtless have some particular tapestry paper in mind combining the colors desired.

In the parlor, with its northern exposure, a yellow paper in colonial design is advised—preferably a two-toned one printed from blocks. Inasmuch as the room is large it could take a bold pattern.

In the dining-room your choice of green is excellent, but care must be taken that it is a shade that does not tend to darken the room. There are several greens that do not produce this effect, and among them may be mentioned a silvery gray-green and a blue-green, both of which are charming with cherry. In a room with many openings, a plain hanging is desirable.

For the library we would suggest a deep russet, a color that will harmonize with the brown tones in the tapestry. Possibly this color is found in your tapestry as the brown shades usually fade into russet. Red, we think, should be avoided here. While cheerful in itself, red on a wall seldom produces a cheerful effect. It absorbs the light as no other color does, and therefore darkens a room considerably. Under some circumstances red is very satisfactory, but we should not advise it on the main floor of your house.

On the supposition that you use the tapestry paper on the hall, combining blue, green, and a little brown, and that one room opening from the hall is papered in green and another in a russet-brown, the remaining room would be very effective in blue.

Such a scheme has many advantages. One room leads up to another and the hall binds them altogether. Where the three rooms may be seen from the hall, as in your house, the plan is especially recommended.

Inside shutters or Venetian blinds have many points to recommend them. As we have lately stated, they temper the light and permit of a simple scheme of curtaining, which is usually an advantage. In your house they are characteristic of the period under consideration.

Your plan for the bedrooms is admirable. With white woodwork and simple white mantels

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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

the furnishing seems an easy matter. There are many attractive bedroom papers now in the market, and cotton stuffs that repeat the exact design and color. Some of these have prim stripes, others have trellis backgrounds over which old-fashioned roses climb. These papers are dainty and are sufficiently decorative to make pictures unnecessary. Pictures seldom have any place in a bedroom unless the room is used also as a sitting-room, and then a plain wall hanging is best.

Mahogany furniture is, of course, very suitable in your house, so also are good pieces of walnut; by "good," we mean good in design. Most walnut furniture is so ugly that the beauty of the wood is overlooked.

In the parlor, if yellow is chosen for the walls, the old rose and green upholstery of the furniture would have to be discarded. Possibly old rose would meet your wishes for the dominant color of the room better than yellow.

Very good stripes may be obtained in pink, but as a rule there are few colonial designs in pink suitable for a parlor.

In regard to the tiles—should you choose yellow for the parlor—yellow unglazed tiles would be harmonious for the mantel, with brass andirons, fender, etc. In the dining-room Mercer tiles of green are suggested, with iron mantel appointments, and similar tiles in a russet tone for the library. The Mercer tiles are made in a variety of colors, with both highly glazed and dull glaze finish.

[An article in the January number of THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL, 1902, contains illustrations of Mr. Mercer's work.]

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Questions and Answers



The editor of this department will be glad to describe in detail the decoration of a single room, or to give general suggestions for several rooms, in reply to each letter. But it is necessary to charge a small fee for detailed plans for an entire floor or for the house as a whole. Replies will be sent by mail if stamps are enclosed.

The editor begs that questions be as concise as possible and written on one side of the paper only. The name of sender should be written on plans and letters.

New Plans for an Old House

I wish to refurnish the first floor of a large country house which we have just purchased. The outside must be repainted. Could it be stained or painted nut-brown with cream-white trim and shingle mark, or white with green trim? We have an acre of ground, with a row of maples and poplars on south end of lot, also row of trees on north end, with street trees in front. There are inside shutters all over the house. Should these be color of body of house or color of trim, or would you advise removing them? This hall and stairing have oak woodwork, and are seen from all rooms when thrown open.

Present paper is green and gilt, and rugs are dark olive-green with yellow and dull red figured border. How shall I treat small window under stairs?

Would you advise staining the woodwork and floor of this hall dark? What color paper and hangings shall I use? Could the ceilings of hall, library, living-room and dining-room be hobeamed or have cross striups (ornamental), s as I have seen, or must I be content with just papered ceilings? Hall opens into parlor by large square opening. Could I have an arched grille put up here?

Parlor, size, 15 feet, 6 inches, by 16 feet, 9 inches.

Floor, common pine, at present covered with yellow matting.

All woodwork pine, finished "natural." Massive brown and black matted marble mantel.

Tiled hearth and facings, yellows and light shaded browns. I would like this room in a two-toned yellow paper, or yellow and white, with white paint and mahogany furniture and floor stain; but I fear the effect would not be good with the high marble mantel.

This room opens into present library which I mean to fit up for living-room, using present dining-room as library.

Sliding doors between parlor and present library. When doors are pushed all the way back the opening is a big square, 6 feet wide, 9 feet high. Would like arched grille here also, but would have to have one on both library and parlor side. Would this do?

Dining-room to be filled up as library. Size, 15x18. Two built-in China closets reaching from floor to within foot of ceiling.

Dark marble mantel, rich red tiled hearth and facings, with green and yellow border. Present carpet is a red and yellow Brussels rug.

The walls are covered to the height of seven feet with lincrusta painted in oil a yellow color that does not harmonize with woodwork.

Above this lincrusta comes the plate shelf and picture molding; and above, the wall is covered with yellow paper, with red and yellow figures. This room worries me. Could it be changed to library, and how?

Then next comes side hall which I shall not change at present. This opens into present kitchen, which I shall fit up as dining-room.

Would you advise this change? This room is large, cheerful, and light, looking out upon lawn and garden. Size, 15x20. Floor, hard pine, woodwork same as in other downstairs rooms. Three-foot wainscoting all around room.

K. C. L.

The exterior of your house could be stained in several satisfactory ways. Brown side walls, with moss-green roof, green trim and green brick foundation would be harmonious with the setting you have outlined.

Inside shutters have many good points, and we should advise you to retain them. If they are not in harmony with the scheme suggested for the outside of the house, they could be stained the brown of the walls or the green of the trim—which ever is more effective from the inside.

In your hall a green hanging is advised, one that blends with the rugs, and which will lead up to the other rooms which we shall describe in turn; either a plain hanging, like burlap or Canterbury cloth, or a figured one likes ome of the new two-toned papers. We send you a bit of burlap, also a sample of a two-toned paper, designed by the Scotch artist Shoudkydd.

THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL does not furnish

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papers, and the samples are merely suggestive.

In the hall we do not advise stained glass in the front door. Plain glass, curtained in white nainsook or in a plain silk the color of walls, will be more effective. Casement windows, or in your house, large windows with small panes, would not be in keeping with the architecture. We understand what you mean by the monotony of so much plain glass. The window under the stairs could have small diamond panes; and any groups of small windows could be thus treated, but we think that you would gain irregularity rather than a picturesque effect, and that something would be lost from the standpoint of unity, by removing all the large panes.

The woodwork of the hall should be left, we think, in its natural state. We do not advocate staining natural oak Flemish, when time has already given it a deep tone.

The beaming of the ceilings raises another architectural question. The house was not designed for open beams, and we feel that you will gain the better effect in the end by retaining the plain ceilings throughout the house. Sometimes paneled ceilings are simulated by the use of stripes of wood. A "Remodeled House," an article in the April number of THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL, 1902, may give you some ideas on this subject.

In the parlor your choice of white paint, yellow paper and mahogany furniture is admirable. The mantel question seems to be the only serious one here. There are two ways to deal with these dark mottled mantels. One is, to accept them just as they are, and allow them to remain dark and mottled and hideously ugly, and the other is courageously to paint them like the woodwork. Even the latter course is not to be advocated, for painted marble is, after all, always somewhat of a sham. We have seen some of those old mantels painted when the result was so satisfactory that painting seemed justifiable. A great deal depends on the styles of the mantel, size, etc. We should suggest painting the woodwork the desired way, and if the mantel in its natural state does not offend, leaving it as it is. The gilt on the mantel should be removed in either case. You can gain a paneled effect in the side walls by using a colonial paper which has divisions. There is a delightful yellow paper on this order, and it would lend great dignity to your room. With this paper the ceiling should be a pale yellow.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Between the parlor and the room you expect to use as a living-room, a Dutch door would be much better than a grille and a portière.

With a two-toned green in the hall, a plain hanging in green could be used here effectively, a green that repeats the general tone of the rug. Burlap is always desirable in a room of this character, and a plain hanging, as we have often stated in this department, is the wisest choice in a living-room. In a room which is used constantly, a highly decorative wall-paper is apt to be fatiguing. Again, a living-room is apt to contain more pictures than any other room in the house.

In the library, the deep red of the tiles and carpets would better be repeated in the side walls—a plain hanging if there are many books—or a figured paper which has the effect of a plain background. If the bookcases are high and fill all the wall space covered by the lincrusta, the question of retaining or rejecting it need not be perplexing. Lincrusta has little in its favor as a wall hanging. We do not advise it in a new house or in an old one that is to be entirely done over.

The woodwork in both living-room and library would be vastly improved if it were stained Flemish, and Flemish oak furniture would be interesting in both rooms. The China closets could be stained like the woodwork and make excellent bookcases. Traceried doors could replace the doors of plain glass.

In the dining-room, which has so much light, a gobelin blue wall hanging would be attractive with white enameled paint and mahogany furniture. The rooms are so arranged that a variety of woodwork can be indulged in. Many houses are not adapted for such a mixture.

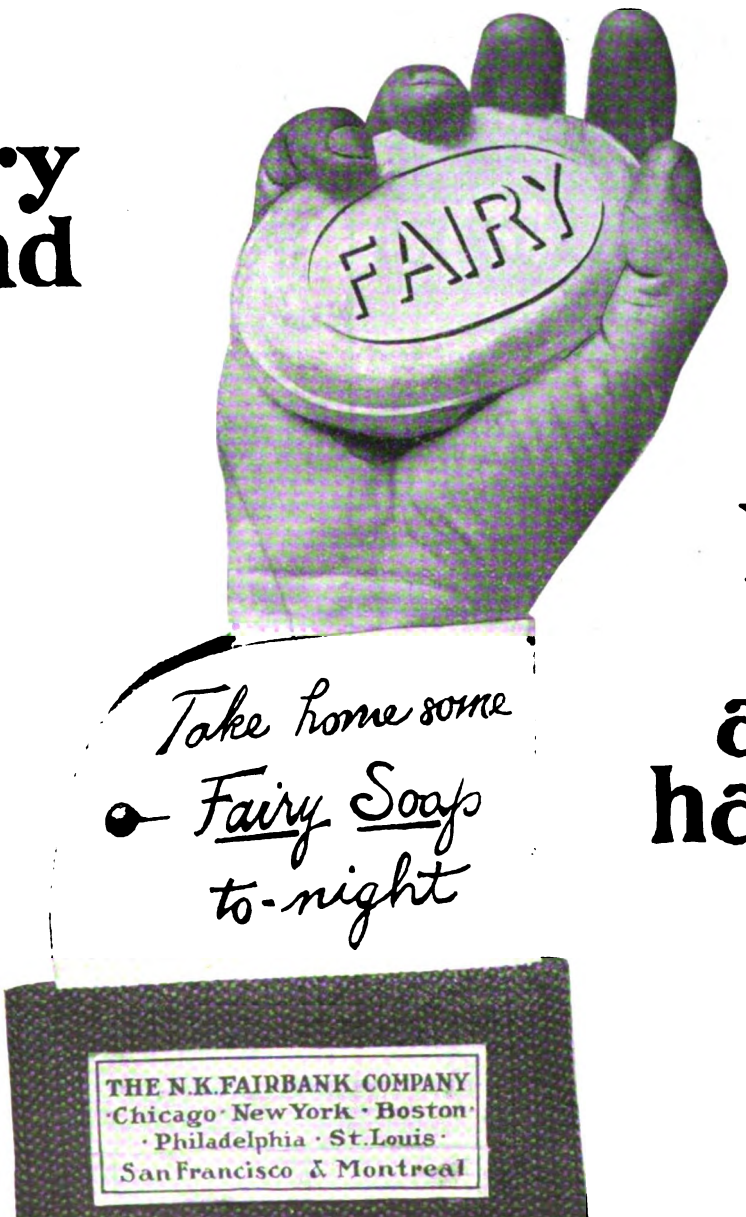
In closing, we would make a few general suggestions: that no friezes be used in any of the rooms; that the ceilings be plain of a tone in harmony with the walls; and that a wide angle molding similar to the woodwork of each room be placed at the cornice line. The effect that you wish to obtain may be secured by fine wall hangings, harmonious curtains and beautiful furniture.

With inside shutters the curtains must necessarily be constructed in a simple way. In many houses having shutters, shades are discarded, and one hanging only is used—the richness of the material to be determined by the quality of the wall-paper.

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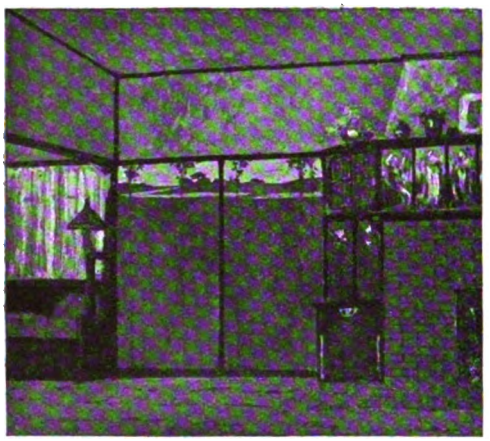
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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Inner curtains of some sheer material can be used with shutters, but the rods must be extremely small and carefully placed. In the parlor long hangings held back by brass rosettes would be in line with the colonial treatment of the room.

Painting a House

I want a suggestion for painting the outside of my house. I have used your color scheme for the interior and feel that it is charming. The lower story is light gray pressed brick, trimmed in gray stone. The house is now painted. The shingle part stained in dull dark red, the porches and cornice dark green. It looks very pretty and in keeping with the style, but I thought of changing the red to moss green or dark olive-green; then what would you say for the porches and trimming? The house is comparatively new, and no trees, except very young ones, around it, and it stands out in the blazing sun. There are many trees on the street and around the block, but only small ones around the house. Ought paint ever be put on these shingles on the upper story, or should they be kept dull in stain? MRS. P. F. L.

We would say that if the present combination is satisfactory there seems no special call for a change. There are color schemes that would make the house look cooler, and as there is little shade, a change might be an improvement on that score.

Repeating the gray of the first story in the shingles of the second, and using a green trim, would be an agreeable harmony; or this scheme could be reversed and green chosen for the shingles and gray for the trim. Paint rather than stain is advised unless the stain now on the house can be removed. Speed and economy point to paint.

We are glad that you found our suggestions for the interior of your house so helpful.

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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Furnishing a Large Room

Please help me in regard to the furnishings of a large room, which must be both living and dining room. I have a number of weathered oak and mahogany pieces, but fear they will not look well together. They might be separated, and parts used in my reception-room, which I must furnish.

The fireplace in the big room is to have a red stain. Pumpkin-yellow is a favorite of mine. If the stain is dull, could they be used together? How about tapestry papers? Could I use such a paper on the hall? I like bare floors, but am in doubt about a bare staircase, as I have several small children.

I think the ordinary window shade very ugly. Would dark draw curtains be suitable without the shades? Will you kindly describe the color "mulberry," which is mentioned so often in THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL, but which I am unfamiliar with. B. M.

In the dining-room—which is to serve the purpose of a living-room—either weathered oak or mahogany would be suitable, but they should not be combined. We know that many decorators place mahogany tables and weathered oak chairs side by side, but there is something jarring about it. While it is not necessary slavishly to follow one wood, or even one style, a *general* harmony should be maintained. The trouble

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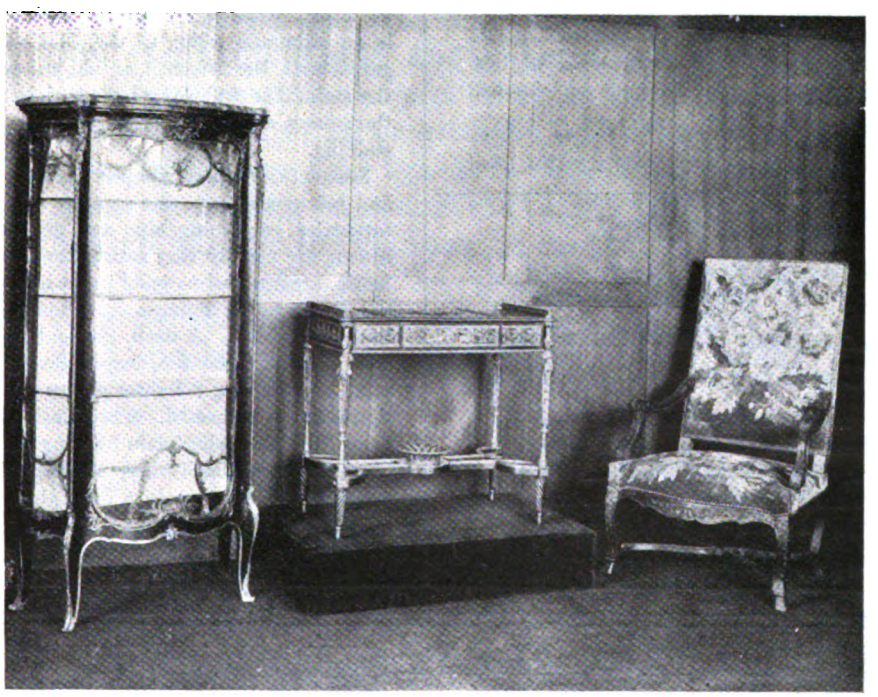
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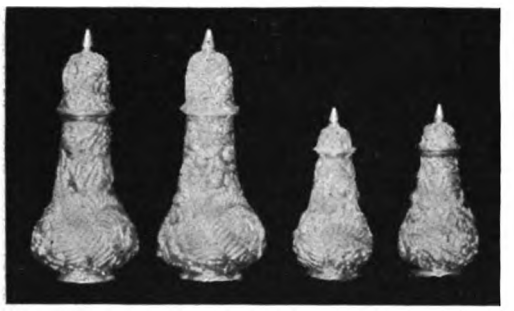
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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

with many rooms lies in the bringing together of things—*good* in themselves, but rankly *bad* when placed side by side. A sturdy chair of weathered oak placed next a bandy-legged table of mahogany is an incongruous combination; and one that even a soothing color scheme will not obviate. When delicate pieces in the French style are added, the room is plainly one where fitness is conspicuous by its absence. Therefore, we most heartily second your doubt as to using both weathered oak and mahogany in your dining-room. Select the former for the living-room and hall, and use the mahogany in the reception-room.

The oak demands strong colors—not necessarily bright colors, but tones that hold their own and which are of sufficient force to meet the deep shades of the wood. Pumpkin-yellow is an admirable color to use, and will not be garish with the bricks if an old red is used for the stain. The dull, oven-baked bricks are sometimes very artistic, and they would not require staining.

Some of the tapestry papers are very effective, and others are quite the reverse. The verdure tapestries, combining blue and green, and dull brown, are usually very satisfactory. For your house, a plain wall-hanging in the hall and in the big living-room dining-room would be better than a tapestry. A deep, golden brown in the hall, blending into the deep yellow of the big room and meeting a lighter yellow in the reception-room is suggested. The relative merits of grass-cloth and other plain hanging have been so often discussed that further comment is hardly necessary. Calcimine in a good tone is not to be despised.

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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Mulberry is an exceedingly rich color, and has the distinction of not being hackneyed. It is a deep claret-red, with a tinge of purple in it. The purple is not aggressive, and is felt in certain lights only. It is usually more desirable than the conventional bright red. Like all the reds, however, it needs to be guardedly used, and only when it is in harmony with the general color scheme of the house. In your home we should advise a brown-and-yellow scheme, with a possible introduction of olive-green, but not red, or anything bordering on red.

Bare floors are always best, and usually most economical. If, on account of the children, a bare staircase has disadvantages, a strip of plain filling, the color of the walls, could be used. There are carpets especially designed for stairs that have oriental colors, and can be used with oriental rugs.

If your house is sufficiently isolated not to need window shades for protection, the dark draw curtains you mention would be sufficient.

Plate-Rails.

Kindly let me know if the plate-rails mentioned in THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL are intended to take the place of molding and extend around the room, and at what height they should be placed. Also inform me from what firm I can procure them; also the pewter plates you mention. M. J.

The plate-rails mentioned from time to time in our columns, are narrow shelves extending around the walls of a dining-room. They are made with grooves, and are wide enough to take a plate. They are usually placed about six feet from the floor, and can be used with or without a molding. They are most effective against a plain wall, where no frieze is used, and where the picture-molding is placed at the ceiling line. In this case, the molding is simply a finish to the wall, no picture being hung from it.

Plate-rails when filled with old china or pewter plates, are very decorative indeed.

Plate racks are different, and are not a part of the wall. They are sets of narrow shelves, usually three, and can be moved at will. The racks should be like the furniture, while the rails are best when made of the woodwork of the room.

Any carpenter should be able to put up the rails, and racks can be bought at furniture shops; and sometimes from antique dealers, although genuine old ones are very hard to find.

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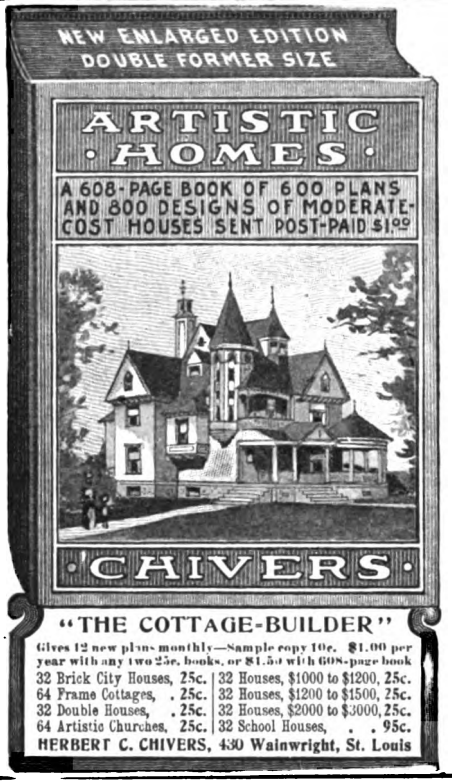
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The old ones are usually Dutch, and made of black oak. New ones can be purchased from three dollars upward.

Any furniture house could probably furnish you with any rack you should wish. Possibly some of the antique dealers could supply you with an old one. Several antique dealers advertise in our magazine, and from any of them you could doubtless secure old pewter plates from $1.50 up, according to design and hall-marks. Sometimes a plate-rail is effective with a narrow molding placed directly below it, in a Dutch room for instance, with Delft plates and old pewter on the rail, and old Dutch prints hung from the narrow molding; the effect is excellent.

If the walls of a dining-room are very high, the rail could be seven or even eight feet from the floor.



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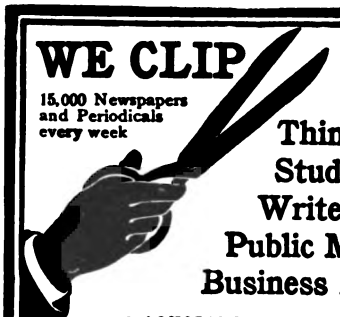
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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

The paneled ceiling illustrated in the April number of THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL, to which you call our attention, is well suited to a large room. Personally, we prefer this severe treatment to the more ornate paneling of your dining-room ceiling. There would be no monotony in using this rectangular effect in two rooms of your house. It would accord with the side walls of the dining-room, and be a charming addition to the old-rose bedroom.

The walls of the upper and lower halls should be alike. If you wish a more expensive hanging than burlap, Japanese grass-cloth is recommended as being very satisfactory. The slightly uneven quality of the fabric produces a light and shade that is not found in burlap. Citrine is an agreeable color for a hall, and has the advantage of being uncommon.

Your question about the corner cupboards leads us to say, that neither mirrors nor glass shelves are desirable. Built-in cupboards of cherry or corner cupboards of old mahogany are most in keeping with the architecture of the room, and by far the prettiest setting for rare china.

Detailed Suggestions for Cottage in California.

Note.—In accordance with the wishes of the owner, a light paint is given for the interior woodwork. Natural wood, without paint or stain, would be more in harmony with the semi-rustic character of the cottage.

Interior.—Dining-Room 15x11. Woodwork painted gray. Walls stained a grayish green. Japanese rugs in grays and blues. Curtains of cotton crêpe in blue, dull green, and gray. The Japanese iris with green leaves against a gray background is suggested. Furniture to accord with the sideboard, seat, and cupboard which, it is stated in the specifications, will be provided by the architect. The drawings of cupboard and sideboard submitted with the plans show designs similar in spirit to many of the weathered-oak shapes now on the market. Weathered-oak pieces in greenish tones are advised to complete the furniture of the room. In response to your request we have indicated in the accompanying catalogue a dining-table, a serving-table, and chairs which, in our judgment, accord with the architect's drawings. The cupboard and sideboard should be stained weathered oak. Door-knobs and other hardware should be of pewter.

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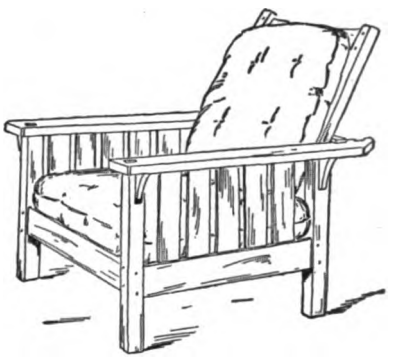
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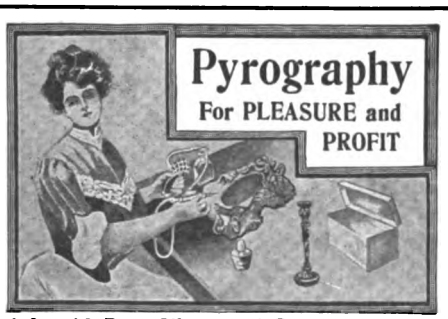
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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Living-Room, 19.8x22.2.—Walls yellow with continuation of the gray paint. Oriental rugs. Curtains of gray net, with outer hangings of yellow linen taffeta. Furniture to consist of a large mahogany table for magazines, two smaller tables of the same wood, a mahogany davenport, upholstered in figured gray haircloth, five or six single chairs of gray enamel with seats and backs of natural cane, two arm-chairs in uncolored rush, and if desired, two rocking-chairs, preferably Windsor rockers, enameled gray. The fireplace to be of unglazed yellow brick with iron hearth appointments. Hardware of pewter.

Study, 6x8.—Walls above the high oak wainscot, old blue. Ceiling, burnt orange. Curtains of old blue linen taffeta. Upholstery, old blue with a little orange in cushions, etc. Furniture of oak. Hardware of copper.

Front Bedroom, 12x14.—Woodwork painted ivory-white. Walls hung in colonial stripe in old pink. White muslin curtains with deep ruffles, held back with brass rosettes. Furniture: twin beds of iron, enameled white; mahogany dressing-table, bureau, chiffonnier; two corner wash-stands, with bowls and pitchers in colonial shapes; "light stand" for candles; chairs of mahogany and wicker. (With the excellent closet room shown by the plan, wardrobes would appear to be unnecessary.) Kay rugs, in old rose tones. Hardware of brass.

Bedroom for Guests, 12x14.—Woodwork painted green. Walls hung in a Morris paper in blue and green. Curtains of solid blue. Furniture in simple shapes, painted green. Built-in wash-stands, painted green. Bowl and pitcher of blue Owedji ware. Kay rugs in blue and green. Hardware of copper.

Son's Room, 14x9.—Woodwork stained black. Walls hung in deep red. Furniture stained black. Built-in wash-stand. Bowl and pitcher of brass. Hardware brass.

Note.—The furniture suggested for the various rooms does not call for a great outlay. Inexpensive pieces in good designs are the foundation of the painted and stained articles. Inasmuch as the owner of the house is living, at present, in a locality where old mahogany is not difficult to secure, the mahogany pieces for the living-room and front chamber will not be more expensive than relative pieces in other woods. If preferred, rattan, willow, or raffia shapes may be substituted for the lighter pieces of mahogany, such as chairs and small tables. The chairs enameled gray, as suggested for the

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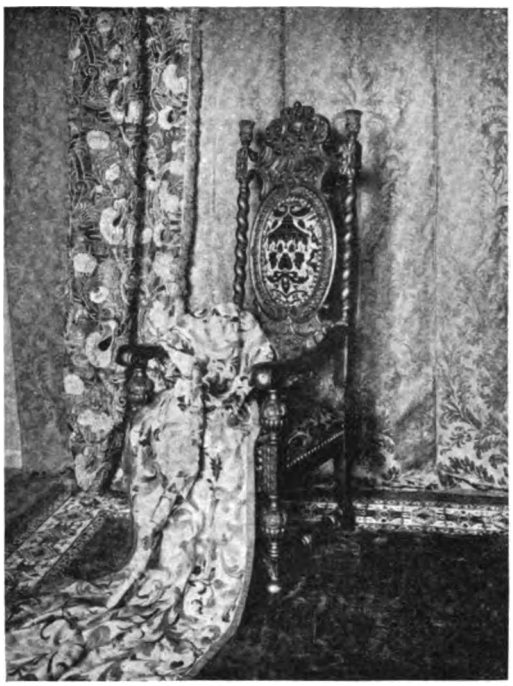
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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

living-room, are extremely effective. The frames are enameled and the cane left unpainted. Weathered-oak furniture, the many styles in use, willow and rattan, fine reproductions in mahogany, etc., may be ordered from the furniture dealers who advertise in THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL.

The arrangement of the three bedrooms is such that a different color scheme for each may be indulged in. Two of the rooms treated may seem, to the builder, to depart too widely from conventional lines. If so, the ivory paint of the front room could be continued; the walls calcimined in delicate tones; and furniture in white enamel substituted for the black pieces of one room and the green of the other.

Lights.—Candles should be generously used and firm lamps of good design. For the dining-room a Japanese lamp would be appropriate, one with a bronze base and paper shade, or one made from a coarse pottery jar carrying out the colors of the room. The Russian and Dutch jars of brass and copper make very desirable lamps. Founts and burners of brass and copper can be made for about $5.00. These metal lamps are firm, always in good taste, and last a lifetime. In the furniture recommended for the various rooms, one table, solidly built, should be set apart for the lamp-table. In the living-room two lamps will doubtless be needed, and one could be placed on the magazine-table. Sconces for candles could provide side lights, and add much to the beauty of the room.

Exterior.—Porch furniture in hickory or raffia: pieces to consist of comfortable chairs, tea-table, and magazine-table. The outside receptacle for storm coats and umbrellas would better be provided by the architect. This might be in the form of a detached piece of furniture, stained the color of the shingles, somewhat on the order of a cupboard or small wardrobe. For the wraps of visitors a table placed near the entrance inside the living-room is all that is necessary.

In the specifications we note that the exterior is to be shingled with trim of white or gray paint. As a preference for this combination is mentioned in the letter inclosed with the plans, we have made no suggestions in regard to the outside of the house.

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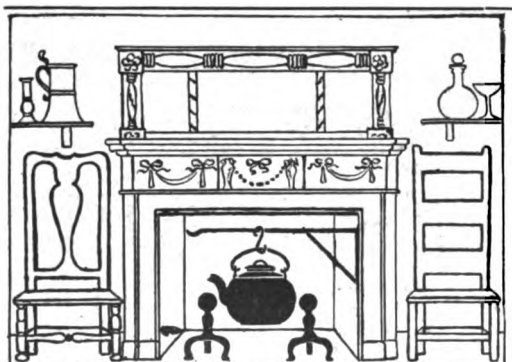
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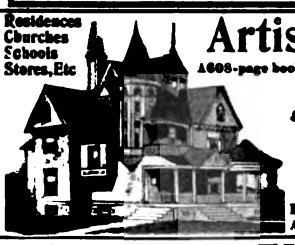
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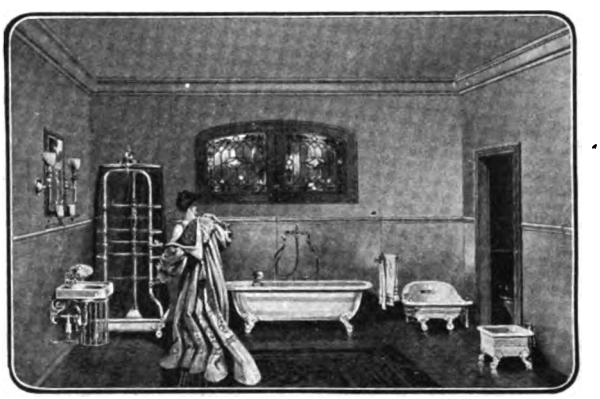
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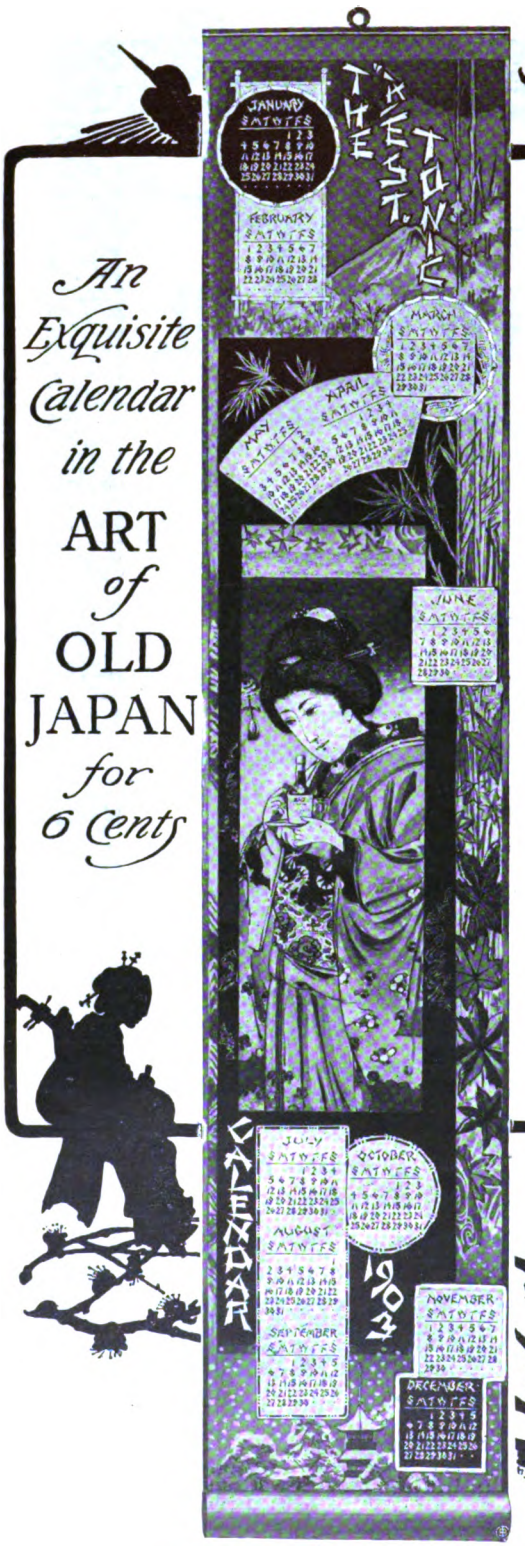
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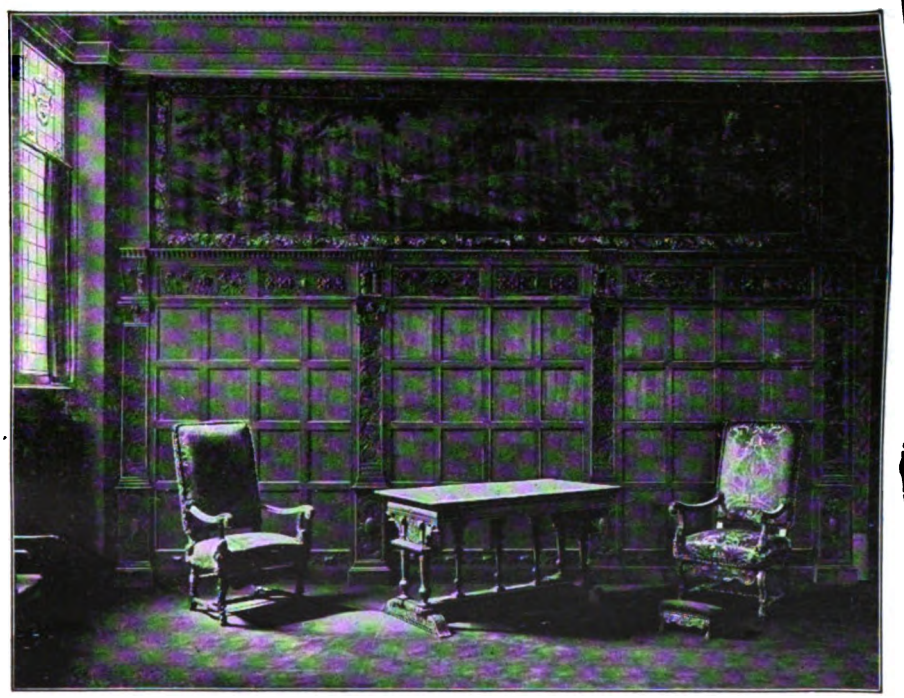
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Among the noteworthy contributions in the Christmas number, the following may be mentioned:

Abbot H. Thayer; His Paintings—An appreciative article by Pauline King on an artist whose works have the widest appeal and charm. The illustrations

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show his beautiful "Caritas," his "Madonna," and two or three other famous pictures.

An Artist's House in New York—A description of the home and studio of Mr. Everett Shinn, the well-known illustrator, with several pictures.

Some Winter Gardens, by OLIVE PERCIVAL—A delightful article on the gardens of California, with many illustrations.

An Ideal Kitchen, by ISABEL McDOUGALL—With two illustrations from photographs. This is the second article in a series dealing with the furnishing of every room in the house.

Old Doors and Fanlights, by HARVEY PEAKE—An interesting account of the colonial doorway and the various styles of fanlight used above it, with many illustrations from photographs and sketches.

Concerning Samplers, by VIRGINIA ROBIE—A most attractive article on the "fancy work" of our ancestors, with pictures of many curious old samplers.

A Hunt for Pitchers—With some consideration of cheap and humble crockery suitable for small homes, with several illustrations.

Mr. Oliver Coleman, in his **"Notes from New York,"** writes on "Bird's-eye Maple Again," "The Decorative Value of Plaster," "Three Centuries of Tapes-

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THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL

try" and "The Restorations of the White House."

Dean Talbot's "Department of Domestic Science" will continue to give the most modern imformation on the problems of the sensible housekeeper. Mr. Weed writes on **The Flower Beautiful.**

These are but a few of the contents, merely a suggestion of what the number will hold to interest its readers.

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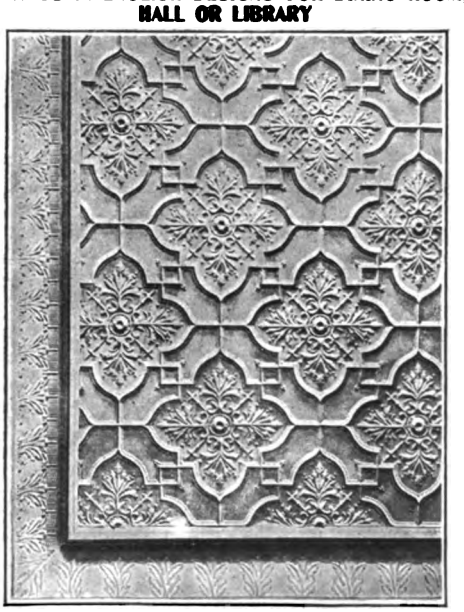
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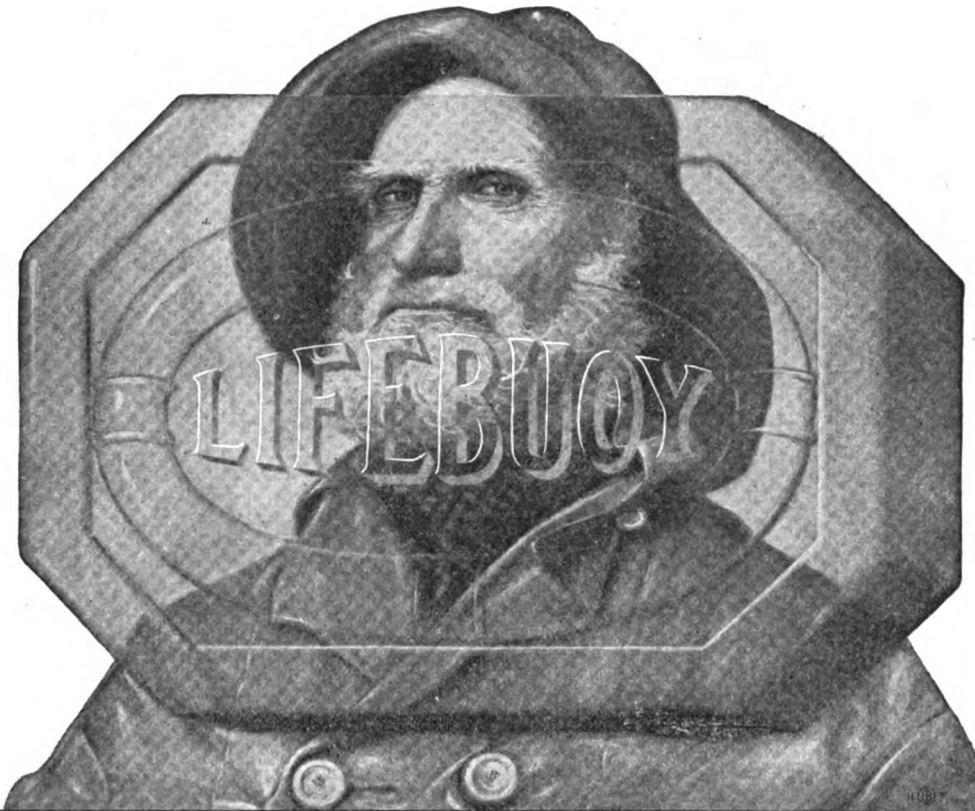
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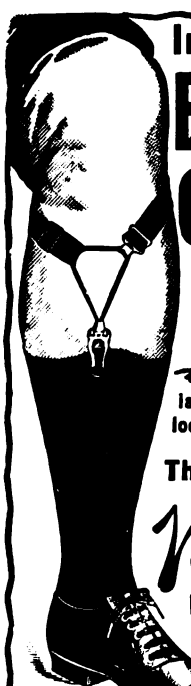
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